

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 354, Vol. 14.

August 9, 1862.

Price 6d.
Stamped 7d.

THE STATE OF PARTIES.

MR. CORBEN'S ability and position fully entitle him at the close of a session to comment on the policy of a Government and the condition of parties. In speaking, as well as in writing, his language and his reasoning are those of a logical, thoughtful, and cultivated mind, and even his growing egotism is connected with personal dignity and self-respect. In his previous attacks on Lord PALMERSTON, he had displayed unusual irritation; but his final denunciation of Ministerial extravagance and apostasy was courteous, although it was bitter. There is much truth in the complaint that the Government has discountenanced many theories which have at different times been professed by the Liberal party or by some of its sections. The Estimates have risen; and since Lord JOHN RUSSELL left the House of Commons, no Minister has thought it expedient to take his place as the official patron of Reform. Mr. CORBEN gave utterance to feelings of dissatisfaction which many zealous Liberals would, for the sake of consistency, entertain if they could. Like uncongenial attendants at a Revival, they reproach themselves for the obdurate nerves which refuse to writhe, to groan, to weep, and to confess their own sins and Lord PALMERSTON'S. According to their own principles, they are bound to clamour for Retrenchment and the Ballot, and yet they tamely allow an epicurean Minister to fortify the coasts and to abstain from botching the Constitution. As Mr. DISRAELI has repeatedly observed, different language was held at Willis's Rooms three years ago, when it was necessary to find some plausible reason for a change of Government. Lord PALMERSTON may perhaps think that a promise is to be interpreted *secundum animum imponentis* — as the majority really wishes his pledges to be kept. If he has broken his bond, the obligees are his accomplices, for two years ago they deliberately refused the tender of Parliamentary Reform. The Liberal party has acquiesced in the policy which it may not have formerly projected, and even the Opposition is willing to release any constructive liability which may have been incurred by the ejection of the late Government from office. The House of Commons shares Lord PALMERSTON'S guilt, and the constituencies are as inconsistent as their representatives. The demands for Reform at the hustings were as insincere, or as superficial, as the promises which they produced, and the only earnest desire of the country has been gratified by the attention which has been paid to the national defences. A free nation is not likely to quarrel with its rulers because they have governed it, rightly or wrongly, according to its own will and pleasure.

It is true that there is an anomalous dislocation of parties, inasmuch as the best part of the Opposition prefers the Minister to its own nominal leader; but an alliance of two extreme factions to coerce the moderate majority scarcely affords a more natural combination. Mr. CORBEN gravely exhorts the Conservatives to propose a vote of want of confidence; and he promises to meet them with a detachment of deserters sufficient to carry the motion. Mr. DISRAELI, on his part, points out to the Liberals that they ought to insist on the adoption of Mr. BRIGH'S doctrines by a Minister who forgot, at Willis's Rooms, to protest against the violence of his indispensable ally. It never occurs to either of the malcontent orators that their own concerted attack on the Government is a more flagrant compromise of consistency and principle than the temporizing prudence which they impute to their adversary. Mr. DISRAELI is ready to censure the Minister because he has not abolished Church-rates, and because he ridicules the Ballot and detests universal suffrage. It might be curious to inquire whether Mr. CORBEN is enthusiastic in maintaining "the status of the Church," and setting up "a free aristocracy" as a bulwark against democracy, as well as against some unintelligible bugbear of oligarchy. It may be admitted that, on one side of the new confederacy, no invincible prejudices

interfere with possible harmony of action; but Mr. DISRAELI, with all his gifts, is scarcely worth converting to Radicalism, unless he can bring over to Mr. CORBEN a considerable number of his present supporters. The members of the Opposition are, to a man, pledged to oppose the Ballot, which, according to Mr. CORBEN'S insinuating suggestion, would really tend to the advantage of their party; and it is highly improbable that they will act on an opinion which makes it difficult to understand why Mr. CORBEN himself should advocate a measure for the benefit of his irreconcilable opponents. If secret votes would promote the interests of a free, or any other aristocracy, confirmed democrats might be expected to prefer the ancient English practice. It is not surprising that a well-known admirer of French institutions should approve of elections where "the proceeding is as quiet and orderly as going to Church." He might have added, that the Assembly which results from the French ballot-box is as unanimous, or as passive, as a congregation under a pulpit; but the attempt to reconcile democratic innovations with Conservative prejudices was scarcely serious. After an ostensible display of cajolery, Mr. CORBEN proceeded to explain that he wished to bring a hostile Government into power for the purpose of meeting it with an active Opposition. It is supposed that, with a change of garrison, the fortress of the Constitution will be more open to assault, and yet the future defenders of the post are invited to join in the conspiracy with full notice that they will immediately be attacked by their temporary confederates.

Mr. DISRAELI is willing to accept help from any quarter, and he trusts to his own adroitness to baffle the subsequent hostility of his present ally. It was perhaps scarcely worth his while to bid so high for a support which would have been afforded to any opponent of Lord PALMERSTON. With curious inconsistency, Mr. CORBEN, while he boasts of his own superiority to party, complains of the general relaxation of party discipline. He would willingly see a majority matched with a compact and formidable minority, reserving to himself and to a faithful section of followers the right to secure the victory at pleasure to either faction. When he wishes to drive Lord PALMERSTON from office, it is disappointing to find that Mr. WALPOLE illogically declines to vote against his conscience for the sake of bringing his party into power. Mr. CORBEN himself has, as he complacently remarks, something to do outside the sphere of party, but it is presumptuous in ordinary politicians to refuse to follow their leader. By accepting the overtures of an inveterate antagonist, the Opposition might have promoted, according to Mr. CORBEN, the success of all the measures to which it is most thoroughly averse. By supporting Lord PALMERSTON in office, the Liberals secure the triumph of the principles which they happen at present to hold, not without detriment to certain doctrines which they have formerly favoured or professed. If they adopted the advice of their censorious counsellor, both parties would disregard their conscientious convictions, while one would sacrifice political power as well as public expediency.

As Mr. CORBEN required no bribe, Mr. DISRAELI'S approximation to his policy is probably dictated by a certain intellectual necessity of covering a job by a sophism. A naked bargain requires a theory to conceal it, and accordingly it is discovered that a common ground of opposition may be found in Lord PALMERSTON'S foreign policy. Both the framers of the plot feel, or assume, devotion to the French alliance, and Mr. DISRAELI obstinately shuts his eyes to the patriotic instincts which Mr. CORBEN openly despises. When it is asserted that Lord PALMERSTON is at variance with the French Government in America, in Italy, in Turkey, and in Mexico, the charge is not, at first sight, calculated to render an English Minister unpopular. If there is any foundation for the statement of differences arising out of the American civil war, France must be more eager than England to offer mediation, and, consequently, to precipitate intervention. When

Mr. DISRAELI adopts the rumour, he virtually accuses Lord PALMERSTON of perseverance in the resolute neutrality which has hitherto been maintained. In Mexico, he must be understood to recommend armed co-operation for the purpose of imposing a particular form of government on a foreign country. In discussing Italian affairs, he has never concealed his dislike to national independence and unity, and he openly advocates the temporal power of the POPE. There is some pretext for the allegation that the two Governments have inconsistent objects to attain in their Eastern policy; and as Lord PALMERSTON has steadily resisted projects of partition in Turkey, Mr. DISRAELI must be supposed to favour the league of France and Russia for the spoliation of the Porte. War with the United States, war with Mexico, war with the SULTAN, and enmity with Italy, constitute the wise, statesmanlike, and economical policy which the House of Commons is invited to sanction. If the present Ministers are somewhat careless of public approval, they have an excuse in the unfailing resource of popularity which their enemies gratuitously provide for their use. Lord PALMERSTON is protected, if not by his own merits, at least by the contrast which his acts present to the wild proposals of his rival. Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. COBDEN divide between them almost every opinion and every tendency which is most repugnant to the prejudices and to the moral judgment of Englishmen.

AMERICA.

MR. SPENCE has published another spirited pamphlet in favour of immediate recognition of the Southern Confederacy. Two of the propositions which he establishes may be accepted as indisputable, for the English Government has a perfect right to recognise any new Power; and the population of Lancashire is urgently in want of cotton. To complete the argument, it would be necessary to explain how simple recognition would tend to open the export trade of the South. The blockade can only be raised by hostile measures, and war with the North would, even if other considerations were set aside, be more expensive than the temporary stoppage of the cotton-mills. Verbal recognition would only encourage the Confederates, who want no encouragement; and it would furnish a sort of excuse for the blatant spite against England which occupies the lungs and pens of all Federal politicians. It is not desirable that the Government should perform a solemn act which would be followed by no legitimate result. The friends of the South hope that a measure which is theoretically consistent with neutrality would, either through Federalist rashness or from impatience for a supply of cotton, shortly lead to active intervention. It is possible that a more active policy may hereafter be found expedient; but it would be highly unwise to take the first step before resolving to venture the second. The best excuse which the North has assigned for its obstinate prosecution of the war is derived from the geographical formation of the two belligerent Republics. Of eighty-four large navigable rivers in the territory of the extinct Federation, seventy-two find their way to the sea within the limits of the Confederate States. It is not unnatural that the North should feel a deep reluctance to part with the natural outlets of its produce; but, on the other hand, all mankind have an interest in keeping open seventy-two chief highways of the world. The unparalleled moderation of England has excited little gratitude in the North, and it must not be mistaken for weakness. No belligerent will be permitted permanently to exclude from intercourse with Europe the vast and productive region which is now sealed to commerce by the Federal flotillas. The letter of international law has been observed by this country with scrupulous exactness; but, as English judges sometimes observe in their comments on over-subtle arguments, occasions now and then arise when it becomes necessary to exercise a little common sense. No American or foreigner can yet be certain that the Northern population may not, within a few months, be willing to terminate a ruinous contest by acknowledging Southern independence. It is far better that peace should be made without compulsion from without, and while foreign Governments abstain from active interference, they can only do harm by formal recognition of the Confederacy.

The wanton inaccuracy of the New York papers reduces the current history of the war to a process of conjecture. According to recent statements, the new levy of troops is progressing with unexpected rapidity; the enlistments amount to about one-tenth of the PRESIDENT's demand; the Governor of Ohio threatens a conscription; the whole population is eager for war; and 50,000 skulkers from M'CLELLAN's army are representing military enthusiasm in the different States of the North. It is not the custom of American

journalists to waste their time in reconciling their own conflicting allegations; but their reports of the extravagant abuse of furloughs are confirmed by their familiarity with the Parliamentary practices of Washington. It seems that, among the teeming forms of corruption which have been nurtured by the war, members of Congress have devised a system of jobbing in furloughs and discharges for the benefit of their constituents. It is said that individual senators and representatives have deprived the army of as many as 300 able-bodied soldiers apiece; and though it is improbable that a New York libel should be strictly true, the scandal has probably some foundation in fact. Reinforcements have been sent to M'CLELLAN's army, but it is doubtful whether he will be able to maintain his present position. The Confederates have undisputed possession of the right bank of the James River, and their batteries will be able to damage and annoy the Federal store ships, even if the river is too broad to be closed by their fire. For the present, disease is doing their work effectually, and it would perhaps be advantageous to M'CLELLAN if he were compelled to retreat on York Town and Fortress Monroe. In Northern Virginia, General POPE has performed a difficult achievement in publishing the absurdest general order of the campaign. He assures his troops that lines of retreat are unnecessary for an advancing army, and that it is only the enemy's line of retreat with which they are concerned. It may be true that the rank and file of an army have no business with strategy; but a general is not called upon to correct presumption by uttering arrant nonsense. In a more practical series of orders, General POPE informs his officers and men that they are to subsist on the enemy's property, and that no guard is to be allowed to private houses. A few months ago, the Federal Government proposed to England and France that private property should be exempted from hostile seizure, at sea as well as on land; and when the project was advocated in the House of Commons, Sir GEORGE LEWIS incurred some criticism by expressing his disbelief in the assumed immunity which served as the foundation of the argument. General POPE, as well as the PRESIDENT and Congress, have now declared their purpose of plundering all private property which can be found in the hostile territory; and the main objection to the Act of Confiscation was founded on its alleged superfluity, as it was asserted that no general ever hesitated to live on an enemy's country. The frantic partisans of the North in England, who were formerly fanatics for peace, will of course applaud an extension of the licence of war, arguing, perhaps, that rebels are not entitled to the rights of belligerents. The Confederate Government has, however, extorted, in the recent convention for exchanges, a qualified recognition from the enemy. There can be no doubt that the precedent of universal pillage will be followed, if the threatened invasion of Canada is ever carried into effect.

If General HALLECK is, as real Minister of War, to direct the campaign from Washington, his appointment as Commander-in-Chief is highly judicious. Mr. STANTON and Mr. LINCOLN himself have, by their control of the generals, probably shared largely in the responsibility for recent defeats. A great army scattered over a wide range of country requires professional guidance; and although General HALLECK has obtained no success in the field, he is a veteran and scientific soldier. In an able Essay which he lately published on the organization of armies, he took occasion to express a decided opinion of the qualifications of the BUTLERS, the BANKSES, and the KINGS, who have intrigued themselves into high military posts. "In our country," he says, "it seems to be thought that anybody will do for a general; and a politician or a pettifogger has only to put on epaulettes, and exchange his stump speeches or briefs for a sword, in order to qualify him to lead armies in the field, and to direct the complicated operations of a campaign, siege, or battle. While we must admire the brazen impudence of the individuals who make these sudden and wonderful transformations, it is difficult to understand why the Government, which is supposed to seek victories rather than defeats, should appoint such men to command our armies, and why a people who are supposed to value their lives and reputation should tolerate them." In the body of the Essay, General HALLECK points out the imprudence of moving, as the Federal armies have uniformly moved, on exterior lines, while the enemy occupied a central position. If the PRESIDENT can muster a second army, the ensuing campaign may, perhaps, be conducted more effectively than the ambitious combinations which were popularly compared to the folds of the anaconda. The "brazen impudence" of the civilian officer will at least be effectually restrained.

The news from the West is not encouraging to the Federalists. The canal which was to divert the Mississippi from Vicksburg has not been dug, and a Confederate ram, forcing its way through the besieging flotilla, anchored triumphantly under the guns of the fort. Commodore FARRAGUT, who lately threatened to bombard an undefended city, finds it less easy to reduce a regular fortress. He has consequently raised the siege, and returned to aid General BUTLER in securing the gun-boats the police of New Orleans. Deprived of the support of the fleet, General BUELL will find it difficult to maintain himself in Tennessee; and all Kentucky is agitated by rumoured plots and by guerilla expeditions. The boast that the great river had been recovered to the Union was altogether premature. Iron-cased gun-boats may pass safely up and down the Mississippi; but the shores are commanded for hundreds of miles by the Confederates, and the internal trade is wholly at their mercy. On the upper part of the river, the cause of emancipation is promoted by a quarrel between the Irish boatmen and the negroes. While the Northern Abolitionists are exhorting the PRESIDENT to call coloured armies into the field, the compatriots of the best and most numerous Federal soldiers absolutely refuse to allow the negro to work by their side. Excluded by legislation from the North-West, despised on the Atlantic seaboard, oppressed and persecuted on the Western Border, the negro race is not unlikely to prefer the masters whom it knows to the selfish stranger who in the moment of need invites its co-operation. From the beginning of the war, the Federalists have contrived with incredible ingenuity to alienate the sympathies of all prudent and moderate bystanders. In a short time they will probably succeed in arraying the philanthropic friends of the negro on the side of the South.

INFERNAL PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

WE have abolished the action for *Crim. Con.*, yet substantially it survives. We have never formally recognised the principle that an unmarried woman can set a pecuniary value on her chastity; yet, by a legal fiction, her parent can claim damages for loss of her domestic services during her confinement. Where there is no person to set up this claim for time lost through the accouchement of an unmarried person, no action for seduction will lie. The obvious defect in this state of the law is, that the least protected female—the orphan girl, who is without the safeguards of home and family—is left the most defenceless. The solitary lamb is the most natural and easy prey to the wolf. But there are lambs who occasionally show something of the fox's faculties. It is as though nature, in a wisely compensating dispensation, made amends for the untoward accidents of life. The wind is tempered to the shorn one. British law, in arming the unprotected female with the powers of the action for breach of promise of marriage, has made ample amends for its apparent harshness in not giving a girl a pecuniary interest in her virtue. Miss THOMAS has just tried, in her action with General SHIRLEY, the utmost capacities of this very peculiar British institution. The present assizes seem destined to test the limits to which this action can go; and perhaps a check was wanting to its elastic facilities. At Durham, a curious case has just been tried, in which an injured female who had a little misfortune has contrived to extract 150*l.* from the father of the little misfortune, on the strength of two letters containing a promise of marriage, although the said letters were written by one who, on this occasion, though otherwise not an illiterate person, forgot how to spell his own name. At York, a still more curious case, illustrating the tenderness of the law, has occurred. An aged plaintiff of sixty-one has just got a verdict with 500*l.* damages, for a breach of promise of marriage made more than forty years ago, the accompaniment or consequent of which promise was a little stranger who has been in the grave some thirty-one years. Such being the actual working of the ladies' action, even the Committee for the Defence of Women's Rights can scarcely urge a grievance in the present state of the law as regards marriage and things pertaining to marriage. The law has not defined promise, because promise is, perhaps, undefinable. Documentary evidence of promise is of course the best—so good is it that it occasionally tempts to something which, as in the Durham case, looks a little too good. If love-letters are vague and inexplicit, they can be helped out by oral evidence; and though the parties to the action are not allowed to appear as witnesses in their own case, there is generally enough of amorous talk to fasten some hints of intended matrimony even upon the coldest of suitors; and, to do them justice, British jurors, under the influence

of a flaming woman's advocate, generally construe the slightest of hints into the most explicit of promises.

In the case of THOMAS v. SHIRLEY, the fair plaintiff tried both documentary and oral evidence. But in each case she bent the bow a little too strongly. The history of this young lady is, we trust, not typical; and we should be loth to regard her as a representative woman. She presents the materials—in this instance, not the raw materials—of a novelist's heroine. An orphan, assisted by the trifling legacy of a relative, she was enabled to commence what is sentimentally styled the battle of life, under creditable auspices. She pursued the honourable calling of a governess, and in that capacity she "entered the families" of two solicitors. Whether her three years and a half experience in teaching the young scions of the law disgusted her with the work of instruction, or whether an ungrateful world scarcely appreciated her "educational" powers, we are not distinctly told, but a change came over her ambition. Under the advice of a "Miss Moon, the Lady-Principal of the Collegiate and Musical Agency Office, in Newman Street," in whose father's house she resided, she advertised for the situation of housekeeper to a gentleman. The office sought was certainly as ambiguous as the terms in which Miss THOMAS, under experienced advice, offered her services. It was from "a widower or single gentleman" that "the young lady, accomplished and of ladylike deportment, was desirous of obtaining an engagement as housekeeper." Her name being plain ANNE, she preferred to be "addressed as CONSTANCE." An advertisement so romantic and suggestive, at least to the carnal mind, was answered by a Major-General SHIRLEY, a man of family and fortune, and on the look-out for what he would style "*bonnes fortunes*," who kept a considerable establishment, and was blest with a wife, who was also blest with a separate maintenance. Brookside Lodge is the gallant soldier's residence, and his Rugby paradise only lacked a casual EVE. Although fifty years of age, the General possessed a handsome person as well as fortune; but, according to the burning words of Serjeant SHEE—for Serjeant BUZFUZ was not in the case—he "proved himself as heartless a seducer 'as ever appeared in a court of justice.'" On the one side, "a girl, young, poor, and friendless"—on the other, rank, fortune, experience of life, and every external quality which could fascinate innocence and simplicity. Nothing could be more interesting or proper than Miss THOMAS's view of so ambiguous a situation as housekeeper to such a man. It would be equivocal—it would compromise her—the cold, cruel world would misunderstand the position. To be sure, it was exactly what she advertised for; but the reality of her own suggestion appalled her tender and alarmed virtue. She positively declined the situation; but so meek and attractive was her demeanour, and "so silvery 'her voice,'" that she fairly fascinated the experienced General. The lion was in love, and so much in love that at the very second interview, the very day after they met, HERCULES "offered" OMPHALE "his hand and fortune." It was "arranged that they should meet again, and in a short 'time she should be his wife.'" Such is Serjeant SHEE's historical statement. These arrangements were carried out with a celerity and completeness which showed that the General was a veteran in the courts of VENUS as well as on the fields of MARS. He at once proposes that the young lady should "meet him at a friend's house, a most respectable woman, 'who will not in any way be curious as to our meeting in her 'house'; and further, that 'she should leave town with him 'for Saturday and Sunday, just for a run in the country or a 'trip to the seaside.'" We are led to the conclusion that this is the practice with engaged persons. It seems that, as soon as ever a promise of marriage has been given and accepted, it is our English custom for the gentleman and lady to meet at the house of a most respectable woman, in "Charlotte Street, Portland Place"—the initial letter of this street is important—and run down *solus cum soldo* to Southend. It is a trait in our national manners. In this instance, the whole train of perfidy was carried out just as in a book. The fair innocent modestly and coyly declined to meet her mature swain at his convenient and uninquiring friend's residence in Charlotte Street; but he did persuade her to dine with him a little way out of town. "After dinner, the last train had 'gone;' and 'then her ruin was effected.'" As in the famous Latin version of Miss BAILEY's sad misfortune—

Seduxit miles virginem locatus in hybernis;

or, as the jury ultimately thought—

Seduxit virgo militem.

Now, in this painful history, all that was really important was when and where the promise of marriage was given. It was

admitted that General SHIRLEY, "with a craft and cunning almost incredible, excluded from his letters almost every word which made express reference to marriage;" but, so Sergeant SHEE argued, such promise "might fairly be inferred." We are asked, therefore, to believe that, when a young person of "accomplishments and ladylike deportment" advertises for a situation as housekeeper to a widower or a single man, and when such widower or single man — only in this case he was a married man — answers such advertisement, and after a single interview addresses the lady as his "darling little ANNIE," and proposes a three days' trip to the country with her, without a single word about marriage, he means marriage all the time, and substantially promises it. This is the legal doctrine of inferential promise of marriage.

Miss THOMAS — who, after "her ruin was effected," was installed as mistress of Brookside Lodge, and passed under the name of Mrs. SHIRLEY — seems to have discovered that the inferential promise wanted verbal strength. So, with artless simplicity, she writes a pretty letter to her lover reminding him of a certain promise and demanding its fulfilment, not without a dark reference to legal proceedings; and in order to secure that little link which was wanting in the golden chain which was to secure her a husband or goodly damages, she plants a convenient and faithful friend within earshot of the General's answer to her tender complaints of her sad fate and betrayed virtue, more particularly in the matter of being obliged to wear a summer bonnet and cloak in December. The gallant General, however, though the interview was stormy, like the season, never pleaded to the promise. In dark December he forgot or denied the secret pledges and promises of May. Miss THOMAS, under the advice of the Messrs. LEWIS, attorneys, brings her action and takes nothing by it.

But society takes a good deal by it; and to Baron BRAMWELL we owe — what was only to be expected from a British judge — a profitable little essay on the difference between real and fictitious seduction. After enlarging, with what is styled "indignant emphasis," on the crime of robbing a woman of her purity and peace of mind under base and fraudulent pretences, the learned Baron proceeded to remark that there might be cases in which no promise of marriage was ever given or thought of, and that there might be women who not unwillingly were won, and who sold themselves with their eyes open, merely to extort money by the threat and terror of exposure. Under such circumstances, to give a verdict to a woman would be a most cruel wrong and a grievous injury to society. If, because a woman has a child by a man, a jury is to infer a promise of marriage, then women will be encouraged to vice and immorality. These emphatic remarks received an emphatic answer from the jury. They gave a verdict for the defendant; and, much as we may pity Miss THOMAS, public morality is to be congratulated; for, often as the action for seduction and the action for breach of promise have been used for evil and wrong, no case is conceivable in which a heavier wrong could have been inflicted on society and morals than by giving a verdict to Miss THOMAS. One thing this curious case disposes of — the doctrine of inferential promise of marriage. And another, though a minor, benefit it confers on society in general, when it teaches us in what sense to read advertisements by accomplished young ladies for the post of "Housekeeper to a widower or single gentleman." A third piece of information which it incidentally conveys is how to estimate the discretion of "Lady Principals of Collegiate and Musical Agency Offices," and of the sort of nuns in whom such abbesses take an interest.

GARIBALDI.

IT is a great misfortune that a hero should be a fool. With an ordinary capacity for reasoning as a basis for his moral enthusiasm and active energy, GARIBALDI would be one of the greatest of living men. It is not necessary that he should be exempt from the generous imprudence which is not unconnected with instinctive sagacity in discerning the weak points of an enemy. His judgment has sometimes reduced dangers to their true proportions, when cautious advisers would have recommended him to abstain from an impracticable enterprise. When he landed at Marsala, and when he afterwards marched on Naples, the result showed that he had rightly estimated the resistance which he undertook to overcome. The accident of loyalty or courage in a single regiment, or a capricious deviation, on the part of the KING, from the traditional cowardice of his family, might have baffled his conjectural calculations; but the game was worth playing, when the daring adventurer saw that there was a chance of winning, and saw nothing else. It may be urged that, in the

execution of his present projects, he may once more disappoint expectation; and, as it is uncertain whether he is aiming at Rome, at Hungary, or at Turkey, it is difficult to estimate the probability of his success. It is not, however, as an imprudent leader, but as a perversely unconscious rebel, that he is meriting unqualified and universal censure. The KING's proclamation expresses the opinion of every sane politician when it declares that hostilities against foreign Powers, undertaken without the authority of the Government, are acts of mutiny and civil war. Having made Italy one by the annexation of Naples to Piedmont, GARIBALDI now attempts to split it into two by setting up in his own person a despotic independence of the Crown and the Parliament. He appears to be incapable of understanding that a State is reduced to anarchy if even the greatest of subjects can overrule the policy of the Government. A direct attempt at revolution might be consistent with a devotion to national unity; but a claim to exercise individual discretion in questions of peace and war is incompatible with any intelligible form of loyalty. If GARIBALDI were versed in ancient history, he would know that Tyrants were private persons who relied on their popularity and their military reputation to supersede the regular magistracy of the State. It was because they disregarded the law, and not because their power was necessarily misused, that the class of usurpers became so hateful to free populations that their distinctive name has become hateful to posterity. In acknowledging the rightful existence of a Government which he at the same time refuses to obey, GARIBALDI, if he is less criminal, is more illogical than PISISTRATUS or DIONYSIUS.

A defective reasoning faculty leaves a vacancy to be supplied by some alien impulse, and at present MAZZINI, by means of his emissaries, thinks for GARIBALDI. The passive hero, like the slave of the ring or of the lamp, impartially obeys the successive masters who have the luck or skill to get possession of his intellect. ALADDIN orders the genius to build a marvellous palace, and the edifice of the Italian Monarchy springs from the ground; but when the wicked magician, MAZZINI, has the opportunity of commanding in his turn, the costly fabric is exposed to sudden and wanton destruction. It is much to be wished that the miraculous lamp could once more be safely deposited on its shelf at Caprera. RATAZZI knew its virtues, and took it down; but he failed to keep it to himself. The KING may, perhaps, by his personal intervention, once more snatch it from the hands of his adversary. It is necessary that the Italian Government should prove to the world that it can maintain its supremacy at home, and it would be far more desirable that GARIBALDI should be talked over than that his inchoate rebellion should be suppressed by force. His enlistments of troops for an unknown object are incompatible with order or with civilization. If one general can go to war on his own account, a dozen rivals may claim the same privilege, and even without foreign intervention Italy may sink to the degraded condition of Mexico. GARIBALDI himself probably intends only to assail those whom he regards as the foreign enemies of his country; but the Royal troops cannot allow him to march on Rome or on the Austrian provinces without a resistance which will be the commencement of a civil war. In conniving at the Sicilian expedition, the Government of Turin tried a dangerous experiment which cannot be converted into a precedent. After the landing at Marsala, the Northern sympathizers formed a part of the insurgent army, and the Piedmontese Government was not then bound to interfere for the protection of the Neapolitan throne. In a war for the possession of Rome or of Venice, it would be impossible to maintain even temporary and ostensible neutrality. The only enterprise which would not call for immediate interference would be an invasion of the Austrian provinces on the East of the Adriatic. As the auxiliary of a Hungarian insurrection, GARIBALDI would once more become, as in Sicily, a private adventurer, without incurring at the same time the guilt of rebellion against his own Government. There is no reason to suppose that such an expedition has been meditated, or that it is practicable, but there would be a certain ingenuity in preparing an attack on Austria by irrelevant vituperation of the Emperor of the FRENCH.

The Italian Parliament is nearly unanimous in rejecting the pretensions of a subject to place himself above the law. There can be little doubt that the sound part of the population, especially in the North, will approve the vigorous measures which have been adopted to suppress the nascent rebellion. Even in Sicily, the applause which greeted the insane speeches of the former Liberator has not, to any considerable extent, translated itself into overt acts. A few foolish young men have seized some muskets belonging

to the National Guard, and GARIBALDI has disgraced himself by visiting their encampment and sanctioning the outrage which they had committed. There is reason to hope that by this time the insurgents have surrendered to the Royal troops, and if their leader will take warning by the failure of his attempt, all parties will concur in allowing him a somewhat irregular impunity. In the course of a few weeks he has almost compensated his enemies for all the damage which they have formerly suffered at his hands. The Papal Court would not have exchanged the Sicilian agitation for half-a-dozen Irish brigades, or for a fresh batch of promises of French support. Austria sees the Italian army employed in suppressing civil commotions instead of threatening the frontier; and the dreaded enemy, who was thought to have the secret of raising the population, is the object of suspicion and repression to the Government which he lately served. Even the Emperor of the French has acquired a new hold on RATTAZI and on VICTOR EMMANUEL; and his worn-out excuses for holding Rome are freshened up by the proof which has been afforded that the Italian Government is not yet strong enough to defy anarchy and revolution. England alone, which has, with a steadfast cordiality, rejoiced in the growth of Italian independence, laments the partial disappointment of the hopes which rested in some degree on GARIBALDI's supposed loyalty. The attainment of Rome and Venice has been removed by his criminal rashness to an indefinite distance. His best officers, MEDICI, SIRTORI, and BIXIO, mourn over his delusion, and warn their countrymen against complicity with his designs. The regret of all his friends, the exultation of all the enemies of his country, ought to rouse him at last to the true character of his present counsellors.

The enemies of freedom and of right can scarcely be blamed if they improve the occasion by showing that the conqueror of Sicily is now in arms against the Government of VICTOR EMMANUEL. The practical force of their argument will be dependent on the extent and continuance of the disturbances, which will, it may be hoped, be suppressed without an actual collision. Some equivalent for the loss of GARIBALDI's services may be furnished by the experimental proof that the Government can defy even the most formidable competitor. If GARIBALDI can be safely coerced, there will be little reason to fear the malignant activity of MAZZINI. The whole transaction illustrates the imbecile incoherence of modern revolutionary doctrines. GARIBALDI's prompters belong to the faction which attempted to detach Genoa from Piedmont at a time when Florence and Naples, Modena, Parma, and Bologna still belonged to anti-national dynasties. Under the idle pretext of a proposed march upon Rome they now desire to alienate the nation and the army from their allegiance to VICTOR EMMANUEL. Preference of a particular form of Government to national independence is the worst species of treason; and it is characteristic of GARIBALDI that, although he is an accomplice in the Republican conspiracy, he has never understood the nature of his acts, nor has he repudiated his allegiance to the Crown. The few Sicilians who have joined the insurgent cause may in some degree be excusable for trusting in the leader to whom they owe their emancipation, and when the agitation is effectually suppressed, GARIBALDI himself may be pardoned, because he is GARIBALDI.

COTTON SUPPLY.

THE discussions on the petition which Lord SHAFTESBURY presented from the Cotton Supply Association, and on the Rate in Aid Bill, have brought out distinctly enough the views of the House of Lords upon the cotton crisis. There is, unhappily, but little to be done by public efforts. The distress has been caused by the reckless fury of American passion, and in a more remote, but not less certain, way by the almost equally reckless policy of our own manufacturers. The remedy is only to be looked for when wisdom or necessity shall have forced America once more to open her markets, or have driven the mill-owners of Lancashire to look elsewhere for a supply of raw material. It was almost impossible for Parliament to reject the nearly unanimous demand of the Lancashire Unions for borrowing powers, but the prudence of drawing on the future for supplies which there is abundance of existing property to furnish can only be justified by assuming an expectation, on the part of the manufacturers, that in some way or other the debt will ultimately be shifted from their own shoulders to those of the country at large. They have, by the mouths of their principal representatives, energetically repudiated any such idea; and it will be for the country to see that the pledge thus given shall not be forgotten at a future time.

The present prospect is gloomy enough, from whatever

point of view it is regarded; but it is precisely the uncertainty of the light in which it ought to be viewed that is the principal cause of the mischief. It is not merely the loss of the American supply, but rather the existence of the 4,000,000 bales of cotton hoarded in the unapproachable recesses of the Confederate territory, which is plunging the operatives of Lancashire into hopeless distress. Even this alone might not have brought the evil to its present pitch if there had been no hope of obtaining the requisite material from other quarters. But with a prospective supply from India, sufficient (if once the trade could be thoroughly organized) to replace, in a great measure, all that the American war has deprived us of, and with the possibility of a sudden flood of cotton from America at any moment when the war shall terminate, we are in a far worse condition than if the difficulty could only be tided over by strenuous exertion in a definite direction. With a suppression [of truth which deceives no one, Mr. CORDEN and others have ascribed the apathy of the manufacturers to their traditional reverence for the laws of political economy. Anything more transparently absurd can scarcely be conceived than the assertion that it is a legitimate course of business for a mill-owner in Manchester to send a buyer to Liverpool, where cotton is no longer to be had, and a wholly irregular and improper proceeding to accredit such an agent in Bombay or Dharwar, where the raw material exists in abundance. So conscious has Mr. CORDEN shown himself of this, that he has carefully abstained from grappling with the only suggestion that has been seriously urged, and affects to believe that the sole alternative open to the mill-owners is to continue their present inaction, or to become themselves the growers of the cotton they require.

If the Federal troops had succeeded in penetrating so far into the Southern territory as to force the planters to destroy the whole of their existing store of cotton, we should have heard nothing of laws of trade which are supposed to prevent the consumers of raw cotton from seeking it in India and elsewhere. While the trade remains subject to the risk of a sudden convulsion from the cessation of the American war, it is no doubt hazardous for any one, whether he be a mill-owner or a Parsee speculator, to buy cotton in India for export to England. The manufacturers prefer to leave the risk to the natives of India, and are not sparing in their complaints of the want of enterprise of the half-civilized race on whom they rely. Probably the risk has been largely exaggerated on both sides, but it has been enough to freeze up all the enterprise of Lancashire, and it is not surprising that it should have damped the ardour of Bombay or Madras.

In the meanwhile, there is one way in which the power of India to compete with any rivals may be developed without any fear of incurring a useless expenditure. Roads and canals will bear their fruits in India, even in the improbable event of an entire collapse of her cotton trade; and though very much has already been done by the authorities, there is room for more enterprise in the same direction almost without limit. But for the possible difficulty of obtaining an effective staff for the whole work, it would be by far the most advantageous policy for the Government of India to take into its own hands the entire speculation of road and canal-making within its own territories; but as there is little prospect of the work being pushed on with the rapidity that circumstances call for without extraneous aid, the alternative which Lord SHAFTESBURY pressed upon the House of Lords is recommended by unanswerable arguments. The chief objections to the employment of private capital in undertakings of this kind is removed by the offer of those immediately concerned to dispense with a Government guarantee, and to give up all profits beyond 12 per cent. to the Indian Treasury. The inconvenience of vesting canal and irrigation works in private hands has been submitted to in the case of the Madras Irrigation Company to the extent of 1,000,000*l.*; and it would be unthrifty policy to refuse the permission which they ask to expend their own money, at their own risk, in a further extension of their scheme. Means of communication and increased facilities for cotton cultivation will not, it is true, create the effective demand which is the real thing needed to establish a steady flow of Indian cotton into the English market; but whatever diminishes the cost and difficulty of transit must promote the traffic, and may have an effect sufficient to set Indian merchants vigorously to work, although it may not call into activity the more sluggish efforts of capitalists in England. It is quite established that the only demand which deserves the name is the demand in India of agents, with money in their hands, calling on the ryots for cotton, and offering rupees in exchange. This demand does not yet exist; and it is mere affectation on the part of Manchester

firms to say that the supply ought to come of itself, when the only offer they make is to purchase any Indian cotton which may arrive at Liverpool, provided nothing happens in the interval between the shipment and the arrival to make the commodity a drug in the market.

It is remarkable that, while Lord SHAFTESBURY points to the contrast between the dearth in England and the abundance in India, that which rivets the attention of those most familiar with the industry of Lancashire is not the Indian supply, but the American hoard. Lord OVERSTONE may be supposed to combine the knowledge which the manufacturers possess with a more independent and unbiased judgment as to the chances of the future; and it is to be observed that he gives full credit to the largest estimate which has been formed of the stock of cotton remaining in the Southern States, and seems to look more hopefully to the possibility of peace across the Atlantic than to the chances of a substituted supply from other sources. That this is the feeling of the mill-owners themselves has been sufficiently demonstrated; but there is, at the same time, abundant evidence of the capabilities of India, while there are weighty reasons for fearing that, in any event, the whole supply of our factories can never again be drawn from the ports of the Confederacy. The recent desperate movement in New York in favour of an Abolitionist policy is not likely to restore victory to the Stars and Stripes; but all recent occurrences point to the experiment of encouraging a servile war as certain to be tried before the contest is finally abandoned. The fidelity of the slaves to their masters may not altogether yield to such inducements, and it will certainly not be from any affection for the Yankees if they are persuaded to grasp at the freedom which is offered them. Still, the temptation is, in appearance at any rate, considerable, and the result is not unlikely to be a great diminution in the supply, and a great increase in the cost, of labour for the cultivation of Southern plantations. A permanent enhancement of price can scarcely fail to be the consequence, and this permanence is the only thing needed to establish the Indian trade on a satisfactory basis. Even the caution of Manchester capitalists, which is proof against the seductions of a market extravagantly high, would cease to exclude speculation in the markets of India, if the prices of the next three or four years were certain to range at even two-thirds of their present rates. The complete restoration of the American trade, or its utter disorganization, would equally bring relief to the distress which is caused by present uncertainties; and, without affecting the gift of prophecy, it may be anticipated that, by one event or the other, the painful and ruinous suspense which is now endured must before very long be put an end to.

IRISH CRIME.

THE Irish papers are dismal reading just now. One day, we are entertained with archiepiscopal homilies on the ethics of treason and rebellion, enriched with suggestive illustrations from contemporaneous history, and received with irrepressible delight by gentlemen who, as members of the Imperial Legislature, have taken the oath of allegiance to Queen VICTORIA. Another day, the current topic is a libel case, the interest of which consists in the circumstances under which, in the month of December last, a Mayo landlord demolished seventeen houses, and turned some eighty or ninety men, women, and children out into the snow. But the murders, the murderous assaults, and the murderous notices, of which we are constantly reading, constitute the most characteristic feature of the Ireland of 1862. After an interval of comparative tranquillity, lawless and savage passions which appeared to be gradually yielding to the humanizing influences of education, peaceful industry, and just legislation, have broken out anew, and we seem to be once more living in the worst days of Ribbonism. The series of atrocities which led to the issue of the recent Special Commissions are still fresh in the public memory, and need no recapitulation here. Every one remembers, too, how the failure of justice in the case of one at least of the foulest assassinations on the records even of Irish crime was exultingly welcomed by a populace which never sides with the murdered victim, but always with the murderer. All countries have their great crimes and their great criminals; but it is only in Ireland that we find that popular sympathy with assassination which delights to screen and shelter assassins. There is but one country on the face of the earth in which it would be possible for a Judge on the bench to deplore—as Baron DEASY did a few days ago at the Tipperary assizes—the existence of a wide-spread public opinion in favour of homicide. The witness who lately startled a Longford jury with the assertion that “many very

“decent people are fond of murderers,” merely expressed, in a grotesque form, a melancholy and notorious fact.

The latest Irish murder usually seems, for the time being, the worst; but it may safely be said, all things considered, that even Tipperary has surpassed itself in the assassination of Mr. BRADDELL. It is unnecessary to inquire how far the antecedents of the victim entitle him to any special sympathy, though he is stated on judicial authority to have been a man of humane disposition, just in his dealings, mild and inoffensive in his manners, and incapable of a harsh or oppressive act. Be this, however, as it may, the story of his assassination is perfectly unmatched as an illustration of the Ireland of the day. It was by no lonely wayside, but in an hotel situated in the most public thoroughfare of a thriving county town, and in the presence of two apparently respectable witnesses, that the deed of blood was done. The time was the middle of the day, when the pursuit and capture of the assassin might have been thought a matter of course. The weapon was a pistol, the report of which would, one might suppose, have instantly brought a score of people to the spot. The murderer was no stranger to the neighbourhood, hired from a distance in order to elude identification, but a man perfectly well known both to his victim and to the two persons who were present in the room. It is not suggested that the witnesses were accomplices, though their subsequent conduct was singular. One of them, at any rate, having succeeded the assassin, HAYES, in the post of bailiff to BRADDELL, can scarcely be supposed to have been on suspiciously good terms with his discarded predecessor. It cannot be said that the deed was committed with that instantaneous suddenness which may momentarily deprive a bystander of his presence of mind; for there was a previous altercation about rent, in which HAYES “got angry, and was “very much excited.” Altogether, it is impossible to conceive a murder perpetrated under circumstances better calculated to ensure the immediate capture of the murderer. Nevertheless, he made his escape from the hotel and from the town, apparently without risk or difficulty. There is no evidence but the unsupported assertion of Moore and his companion that the slightest attempt was made by either of the bystanders to arrest the assassin, or to give the alarm; and it is certain that no alarm was given until it was too late to seize the fugitive. Once out of reach of immediate pursuit, HAYES was safe under the protection of Tipperary public opinion. Though numbers of persons must probably have been able, from the first, to furnish some clue to justice, no one was found to give the police any assistance in tracking him out. There can be no great doubt of his eventual capture, but it is clear that popular feeling is, as usual, on the side of crime and the criminal. “Is the whole of “Tipperary at the beck of a murderer?” asks the indignant coroner. Horrible as is the thought, it is but too plain that the question can only be answered in one way. This popular complicity with assassination is the more significant, since there was everything in HAYES's previous career to repel guilty sympathies. The man had formerly been employed by BRADDELL in the eviction of hundreds of families, and he is described as one of the worst specimens of the unpopular bailiff class. The murder of a landlord's agent is his solitary, but sufficient, claim on the goodwill of Tipperary.

After all that we have heard, and half believed, of the moral regeneration of Ireland, it is with something like despair that one witnesses these accumulated proofs of the inveteracy of the worst social disorders with which a country was ever cursed. It is difficult to see what remedy the State can apply to such a disease as popular sympathy with homicide, except a rigorous enforcement of the penalties of the law; but there are other moral agencies besides those of legislation and police, and it is right to remind those who wield them of responsibilities which are, it may be feared, very imperfectly felt. It is, of course, inconceivable that the Roman Catholic bishops and clergy of Ireland can view with complacency a state of feeling which would disgrace a Pagan community; yet it is impossible to doubt that they might do a vast deal more than they have ever done yet to impress their docile flocks with the fact that their Church regards murder as a deadly sin. For many purposes, the power of the priesthood over the Irish mind is enormous, and it would be creditable to them to employ it, not merely in returning Ultramontane candidates to Parliament, and collecting Peter's Pence, but in promoting the better observance of the Sixth Commandment. We only echo the language of Baron DEASY and other Roman Catholic Judges when we express the wish that “those who have a nearer and more intimate “access to the people” than the secular ministers of the law, would energetically exert at least a portion of their influence in

discouraging murder. They have the ear of the peasantry; they are not unskilled in the arts of popular appeal; they perfectly well know how to bring an almost irresistible spiritual force to bear on any point that they are really anxious to carry; and it does not seem too much to expect from them that they should make it part of their business to teach Tipperary that it is wrong to screen assassins from the officers of justice. It is possible that the object might be only partially attained, but they would at any rate wipe away a very grave reproach from their religion by honestly making the attempt. We only wish them to show the same uncompromising zeal in discountenancing crime and its abettors which they are at all times ready to display in the pursuit of ends of questionable or, at all events, subordinate utility. A few weeks ago, the Roman Catholic archbishops and bishops of the sister country assembled in synod at Dublin, under Dr. CULLEN's presidency, and put forth a very vigorous manifesto in favour of the POPE, the Tories, Tenant-right, and sectarian schools, with a few mild phrases at the end deprecating agrarian crime, not without a hint that it is half excused by the "many injustices" of Imperial legislation. We have no right to ask them to alter the political part of their programme; but it is permissible to suggest that the first principles of religion and morality are at least as important as the distinctive objects of Ultramontane agitation. It were vain to hope that human life will be held sacred in the eyes of the Irish peasantry so long as their highest ecclesiastical authorities are lukewarm in denouncing organized murder.

THE VOLUNTEER COMMISSION.

WE believe that the Report of the Volunteer Commission will be found as satisfactory as the members of the force could possibly have anticipated. The evidence given by the commanding officers and others who were examined was remarkably unanimous, and has received the attention which the great exertions of many of those who have borne the burden of the day fairly deserved. None but those who have been actively engaged in establishing and maintaining a corps of Volunteers have any idea of the labour and expense which the undertaking has involved. At the outset, when a well-grounded suspicion of the designs of the Emperor of the FRENCH stimulated the patriotism of all classes, the means of organizing effective regiments seemed to be as abundant as the recruits who were ambitious of serving in the ranks; but it was not in the nature of things that mere outsiders, who had none of the inducements which kept the rank and file steady to their purpose, should long continue a support without which the strength or the efficiency of the Volunteer corps was almost certain to languish. It was one of the best features of the movement from the very first, that the pith and substance of the force was made up from no exclusive source. The great mass of the Volunteers have been, and still are, essentially poor men. Clerks and shopmen were found willing to give up their scanty leisure to the cause, and to pay out of their limited incomes sums which they could often ill spare to equip themselves in the first instance. Those who were unable to do this were largely assisted by the contributions of the commissioned officers; but the experience of the last year has shown that the tax was becoming too heavy to be much longer sustained, and that, without some aid from the public purse, the whole organization was in some danger of falling to pieces. Altogether, the outlay of the Volunteers has probably not fallen short of 1,000,000*l.*; and with this proof of earnestness in their self-imposed duties, it would have been impossible for the Government to continue to turn a deaf ear to their requests for assistance.

The principle on which the Commission seem to have acted is, that the Volunteer should be charged with nothing beyond his own personal expenses. The annual expenditure required to keep up the establishment of a Volunteer battalion, even with the partial aid already given in the payment of adjutants and drill-sergeants, varies from 500*l.* to 700*l.* a-year. Hitherto, this demand has, in most instances, been raised by annual subscriptions from the members of the force, supplemented to a trifling extent by donations extracted from the waning enthusiasm of wealthier neighbours; and no one, however anxious he may be to preserve the honour of the Volunteers as an unpaid army, will consider it necessary that they should submit to a further tax, beyond their own inevitable expenses, for the privilege of joining in the defence of the country. We do not apprehend that there will be any difference of opinion as to the propriety of the recommendations which the Commission has made. The contributions in kind which are

already furnished by the Government will of course be continued, and every battalion will have an adjutant and a drill sergeant provided at the public expense, together with the allowance of ammunition which has hitherto been supplied. The additional assistance which it is proposed to give is intended to be in the form of a money payment to the commanding officers in proportion to the effective strength of their corps. It will be understood that the money is to go to the general funds of the corps, and that the Volunteers are not to be offered anything which bears the smallest resemblance to individual payment, which they themselves would be the most eager to repudiate as an insult to their patriotism. When the details of the matter came to be sifted, it was found that this was the only feasible course to be adopted. Contributions in kind were proposed by many of the friends of the Volunteers who were examined; but the impossibility of determining what should be given to this or that regiment forced the Commission upon the alternative of a money contribution. The circumstances of different corps are so varied that no rigid rules could have been devised which would have done equal justice to all. If, on the other hand, the concession of this or that indulgence had been made to depend on inquiries into each particular case, the inconvenience and delay would have been so intolerable that requisitions would often have been abandoned for the sake of avoiding the wearisome correspondence with the War-Office which would almost unavoidably have resulted.

In the face of all these difficulties, the Commissioners have, we think rightly, decided that Government aid ought to be given in the form of a subsidy, and that the amount should depend on no other conditions than the strength and efficiency of each battalion or company, as fixed by the returns of commanding officers, checked by the annual inspection which every corps is required to undergo. The test of results, which was proposed to be introduced into the educational system of the country, is far more applicable to volunteer regiments, for it is certain that no commanding officer can produce an efficient corps at inspection without having kept it well up to the mark by steady drill and careful supervision. The amount of this, which may be called the drill-subsidy, is proposed to be put at 1*l.* per head; but it was sufficiently brought out by the evidence that this sum would not suffice to cover all the necessary current expenses of a well-managed corps. In order to fill up the remaining void, and at the same time to promote the most neglected part of the volunteer's training, a further contribution of half the amount is offered for every volunteer who makes himself master of his weapon, and proves his efficiency by passing the musketry classes according to the army regulations. The wisdom of this proposal will commend itself at once to all who have been practically connected with the Volunteer movement. Rifle practice is not only essential to the completeness of the force, but almost to its very existence. Defects in drill may, on an emergency, be very quickly remedied, and a battalion of a thousand untrained men could be made tolerably handy and serviceable in the course of a few months, or even weeks. But shooting can only be taught by the individual training of each rifleman; and it is only as the fruit of years of preliminary practice that we can hope to see the whole force of the Volunteers converted into an army of marksmen. Besides this, every day makes it more evident that the cohesion of the force, in the absence of special danger, depends almost entirely upon the enthusiasm which those who have once taken it up invariably feel for practice at the butt. In tranquil times, the excitement of sport is the only available substitute for the excitement of threatened danger. The want of this led to the decline of the old Volunteers, when the long war came to a close. There was no help for it then, for, as a military art, shooting had not been invented; but now that the soldier's rifle has become a weapon worthy of almost any amount of skill which can be employed upon it, it would have been a great mistake to continue the old drill test as the sole measure of military efficiency, without adding to it, as the Commissioners have proposed, the still more essential test of capability with the rifle.

It may be presumed that the Government will not hesitate to act upon the recommendations of the Commission, without waiting for the formal sanction of a vote of the House of Commons. And we may probably congratulate the Volunteers on having obtained relief from current expenses on a scale which will leave little beyond mere luxuries to be defrayed out of their own pockets. It will not be supposed that the subsidy which is offered will support the magnificent bands which a few of the Volunteer corps have organized;

but though a band of some kind cannot be regarded as a superfluity, it would be too much to expect the Government to gratify the fastidious tastes of musical amateurs. These corps which can afford it may still indulge in the luxury of fancy bands; but the State will have done its part if it furnishes the means for all that can fairly be called necessary for the efficiency of a Volunteer corps. This, so far as annual expenses are concerned, will, we think, be done by the contribution which the Commissioners recommend; but there still remains one element of expense which, more than any other, has baffled the exertions of Volunteer corps. Now that good shooting is made to enter into the official test of efficiency, it is more than ever important that the opportunities of practice should be brought fairly within the reach of all, instead of being limited, as they now are (in London especially), to those who have money to spend and time to waste. Every corps ought to have a butt of full regulation-range within easy distance of head-quarters, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that no London corps enjoys this advantage. It would not be difficult for the War Office to construct a range which would suffice for nearly all the Volunteers in London, and would almost pay for its construction by the saving of expense which is now incurred in moving the troops of the regular army to distant stations for the sake of rifle practice. The Woolwich ground is neither commodious enough nor accessible enough to answer the purpose, and it is to be hoped that, both in London and in the neighbourhood of other great towns which need the accommodation, the construction of suitable ranges will be commenced, to enable the Volunteers to avail themselves fully of the assistance which is offered only to those corps who can show a creditable class-list. Without this, the money payments which are proposed will in great measure fail in their effect. With it, the Volunteers will have all the means which they can ever desire of maintaining and increasing the efficiency to which they have already attained.

DULNESS AS A SENSATION.

THERE are few things which show a more candid mind than a frank confession of dulness. It is an admission of occasional vacuity, of self-insufficiency, which very few can bring themselves to make, and which, when made, is not always received with the humanity and tenderness such ingenuousness deserves. People who never feel weary of their own company have a contempt for those who do, and often a very ill-founded contempt; for, in the first place, the difference may be one only of circumstances—some people are much more exposed to dulness than others—and, in the next, satisfaction with our own company is wise or foolish according to the grounds on which it is founded. To be ever dull is, no doubt, a mark of human infirmity. For this exquisite mechanism of mind, thought, intelligence, ever to collapse, to lose spring and vigour, to suffer cold obstruction, should be a check to our pride of reason. But it is only felt to be so when our solitude is thus visited. To profess oneself dull in society where others are amused is a piece of pretension, a sort of boast, as implying a tacit superiority. But, in fact, this too argues deficiency and absence of power, often as great as the other. True vigour of mind and body is never dull, and can turn all painless conditions of being to an element of delight. If people are prone to feel dull, the scene of their dulness is more an affair of temperament, or at most of training, than of intellect.

We need not explain that the dulness we speak of is not any inherent quality of the mind, but a matter of feeling. It, indeed, implies a certain quickness of apprehension always to know when we are dull. There are existences so void of interesting, elevating, or inspiring circumstances that only a dull head and a dull heart could reconcile themselves to them; but the leaders of such lives make them what they are, would not change them if they could, are content with them, and value themselves on that content. Supposed immunity from dulness, then, may proceed from all sorts of causes, creditable or the reverse. It may arise from activity of mind, fullness of thought, an uninterrupted stream of occupation—which is always the assumed cause—or from slowness, apathy, and a dead sterile imagination. Thus, a man may never be dull because he contains everything within himself, or because his heavy intelligence is on an exact level with his monotonous existence. Certain it is that there are many who avow themselves perfectly satisfied with their own company whose company gives others very little satisfaction—who, if they are not dull, for anything we can see, ought to be. It is an extremely happy thing in such cases that there is this just balance; for the fact is, it is only very lively or engaging people who can own themselves dull with impunity—who can find sympathy, or even toleration, for their infirmity; and this for the obvious reason that in their case alone society is the gainer by it. Persons who are dull in both senses of the word at once are just the heaviest load social life can be burdened with. But charming people are the more charming because they are not independent of their fellow creatures—cannot pretend to the pride of seclusion—and are thus driven

as well as led by their nature, to show their best, conscious of some hidden far-off bugbear which haunts the long hours of uncongenial solitude, brightening the social scene by the contrast of its gloom. No doubt much may be done by practice and self-discipline to overcome this weakness, and every one, if he is wise, will struggle against it. But there is, all the same, an inherent difference between man and man which no effort can do away, and the man who wants companionship will always stand in a different relation to the world from the man who is independent of it. What we argue is that it may be incompleteness, not inferiority; for, wherever the affections predominate, men will be dull when they cannot exercise them, and wherever the mind and intellect are worked by fits and starts, as some people are obliged to work them—effort alternating with the indolence of reaction—these intervals will be subject to conscious dulness.

We use the word dulness because our language has no other, but it is a vast deal easier to feel dull than to know what dulness is so far as to define it. Our classical writers all treat dulness as a quality. Men are dull, and are loathed by the wits accordingly. We do not for a moment assume any of our readers to be dull—it is as much as we dare suppose, in this active-minded age, that any of them even feel dull under the ignominious condition of not being absolutely all in all, each to himself. Johnson recognises the word in our sense, but he is obliged to depart from his rule and furnish his own example:—"Dull," "not exhilarating; not delightful; as, to make dictionaries is dull work." But this does not get at the bottom of the thing. Dull work, dull leisure, dull company, dull solitude—what is the common element in them all? Theologians tell us that our nature shrinks from absolute disembodiment—that the spiritual part of us recoils from the idea of bare exposure of its essence, of being turned into space shivering, houseless, homeless. If we analyze dulness, there is something of this recoil about it. It is not otherwise easy to understand the horror with which men look forward to a threatened period of simple dulness. The protests, lamentations, self-pity expended on a brief season of dulness, are called morbid, wrong, ridiculous by the people who say they are never dull. The feeling expressed is so utterly incommensurate with the occasion—taking into account the absence of positive pain, and the brief duration of whatever suffering there is—that the whole thing is to them affected, unreal, preposterous. It is as if, like fretful children, these clamourers wanted something to cry for; and certainly if it only meant not being diverted or exhilarated, dulness would be a weak subject of dread. But it is more. There is a foretaste, a threatening, of something worse—a touch of undefined spiritual terrors in all dulness. A day of simple vacuity, of not being amused, has no analogy with the dulness our active imagination realizes. Everybody is now and then neither doing anything, nor wanting to do anything—unamused, and not wanting to be amused. Everybody is vacant sometimes, and does not dislike the sensation; but what has all this to do with dulness? A man is dull, it may be, to other people, but not dull to himself. Wordsworth prefers this state far before what he calls personal talk, i.e., gossip, the relaxation of half the world.

Better than such discourse doth silence long,
Long barren silence, square with my desire;
To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
In the loved presence of my cottage fire,
And listen to the flapping of the flame,
Or kettle chirping its faint undersong.

This is a picture of comfort—this is being at home with our household gods about us. Here the lazy unoccupied spirit misuses nothing. When people feel dull, there is a sense of deprivation and exposure. We are without something that answers to the mind for what clothing and shelter are to the body. We are weak, open to aggression; we have lost something; our completeness, our organization is affected. Time ceases to flow in this state, and prolongs itself into an uncertain sort of eternity which we are incapable of measuring. Immersed in dulness, even the future is too far off to excite hope; for dulness has in its very nature a touch of perpetuity. If we find ourselves, for example, in for four hours' perfectly dull talk, from which there is no escape, what good does it do to say, It is only four hours. What are four hours compared to a lifetime—and so on? We are not in a state to estimate the difference. Life itself will end, and we accept this truth more readily than that these four hours will, which nothing seems to shorten. Solitary dulness is, no doubt, a more awful and more mysterious infliction than social dulness can ever be, but the majority of mankind are not exposed to this extreme pressure on mind and nerve—they are not thrown for long periods utterly upon themselves. It comes to most of us in the form of uncongenial company and occupation. Whenever the mind suffers from a suspense of its voluntary processes too long, we are dull, as in protracted or mistimed instruction or amusement. We are dull in scenes which make demands on our interest and intelligence that we cannot meet. We are dull when our mind, or one side of our mind, is defenceless, has lost its usual and necessary support, whether that support be habit—a word in itself conveying all our meaning—or the intervention of fresh ideas from without, for the want of which a painful void is felt. We are dull, whether we miss the familiar scenes, faces, voices, views of things on which we are wont to lean, or are shut out from that current of external life and thought through which the mind derives its sustenance.

Habit, in a sense, is the great resource against dulness. If we live long enough, we are never dull in doing what we are accustomed to do, and hence arises the little sympathy that age often shows

to youth in this matter. Youth has acquired no confirmed habits. It is not desirable that a boy should be content always to spend one day like another—to find his book all-sufficient, or his work or play all-sufficient. His mind, if healthy, has a clamorous appetite for change. His resource is variety of occupation, acquirement, and amusement—it is never mere resting in himself. He is not doing the best for himself if he is not occasionally some trouble to his friends in finding him fitting change and diversion—something like the kicking, struggling, vivacious baby in arms which will not allow itself to be forgotten. But parents who are proud of this infantine restlessness are often little lenient to the sufferings of dullness at an older stage proceeding from precisely the same cause. Unquestionably it is very convenient to others, and in a degree a sign of strength in the boy himself, to be sufficient for his own amusement, to have contracted habits of some sort early; but those who play the most active and stirring part in the world—practical men, men of action—have needed variety in their youth, and have been dull without it, conspicuously and energetically dull, not “listless yet restless,” like the worn poet in the same case, but powerful to fill the abhorred void by some congenial solace.

But habit—the panacea, the refuge, the protector—is so entirely dependent on circumstances that there is no dullness so pitiable or so incurable as that which proceeds from the breaking-up of an accustomed course of life—the dullness which proceeds from change, whether self-chosen or inevitable. Poor Charles Lamb, always ingenuous, how frank is he in the confession of his own delusions on this point! he who fretted over his compulsory monotonous life of thirty-five years of work, defied the chains of habit, and proclaimed that “positively the best thing a man can do is nothing, and next to that, perhaps, good works,” and had his wish of idleness granted to him. If any man, he certainly had a right to trust to his resources, with his wit, his fullness of thought, aptitude for study, and felicity of expression. But these only helped him to feel, and aided him in portraying, the sufferings of his desolate unhousehold spirit. He had worked in the heart of London amid “familiar faces,” and changed it for the country with only strangers about him. How finely he insults the rural green, the varying seasons, the summer sun himself, in the dullness of his new life! “We do not live a year in a year now—the seasons pass with indifference—spring cheers not, nor winter heightens our gloom; let the sullen nothing pass.” “In dreams I am in Fleet Street, but I wake and cry to sleep again. What have I gained by health? Intolerable dullness. What by early hours and moderate meals? A total blank. O! never let the lying poets be believed who ‘tice men from the cheerful haunts of streets, or think they mean it not of a country village.’” “I dread the prospect of summer with his all day-long days. No need of his assistance to make country places dull. With fire and candlelight I can dream myself in Holborn.” Such dullness is but home-sickness, the languishing of a sensitive nature for its native air and the shelter of old associations.

Though we say that confessions of dullness seldom meet with sympathy, unless relieved by wit and humour, yet all artistic pictures of dullness make a deep impression. This was the point of Mde. D’Arblay’s Memoirs. The frightful dullness and vacuity to which her life was suddenly reduced, appalled and fascinated every reader; and all who have heard Mr. Thackeray’s lecture on George III. will not forget those evenings spent all alike in dancing three hours to one tune, and going supperless to bed. It would have been better for himself and for his sons if the poor King had realized that this was dull work; and there is a great deal of dullness in the world, not confined to courts, that passes for virtue and turns into habit, which it is well should be now and then exposed. A sense of dullness might thus become a spur stimulating to higher and better satisfactions. The world is too often unfeeling on this point, yet it needs only to enter into another’s dullness to pity it. We have heard somewhere of the inhabitants of a country town who, in their own way, were never dull. They had found out one remedy, the more effectual because they had never conceived of any other—one and all played cards. At length a stranger arrived among them who could not take a hand at whist—who did not, in fact, know one card from another. He had to confess his ignorance before a large company. The circle heard in silent amazement. At length his host, realizing the joyless blank, the utter dullness, of such an existence, exclaimed in terms which alone could convey the intensity of his sympathy:—“What, Sir! not play at cards! The Lord help you!”

MANNERS MAKE THE MAN.

WE have lately stumbled on two compendious little works, entitled, *The Gentleman’s and Lady’s Manual of Modern Etiquette*, which profess to embody the latest edition of the code of manners observed in “the highest circles.” Glancing at the preface, we found to our horror that to be ignorant of the subject-matter of these minute volumes was “necessarily to exhibit vulgarity at the table, clownishness in the drawing-room, and general unfitness for the society of the refined;” and furthermore, that here were set forth “certain fixed laws, observed by all classes claiming a respectable position.” Inexpressibly shocked at the awful consequences we must have incurred by remaining ignorant of this authoritative exposition of the edicts of fashion, we lost no time in perusing it, with the faint hope that haply our instincts might have saved us from some of the social enormi-

ties so sweepingly denounced, and that in the eyes of society we might hitherto have appeared as, at any rate, a favourable specimen of the savage.

The Gentleman’s Manual begins by setting out the ceremonial to be observed on the occasion of a morning visit. And the exhaustive nature of the treatise will be recognised by the first direction, which is this, “If you alight from a carriage, endeavour to do so in a graceful manner.” Our author has evidently a salutary fear of the London *gamin* before his eyes, for he adds, “Inattention to this matter has subjected many to ridicule.” Visits are of two kinds, for purposes of congratulation and of condolence. We do not pretend to understand the reasons which of course exist for the following caution with reference to the former:—“Visits of congratulation must be always made before dinner.” Much more intelligible is this rule for a visit of condolence, which breathes the very spirit of the “mitigated affliction department” at Messrs. Pugh’s or Jay’s:—“Take care to appear in a sober dress; and if the occasion be the death of a person even slightly related to you, go in mourning—deep or otherwise—according to the degree of relationship.” Here is an exoteric precept applicable to all visits, the full force of which the British housemaid will appreciate:—“Be very careful to scrape your feet, and to use the door-mat upon entering, if the streets be in a muddy condition.” But the very next is highly mystic and esoteric:—“Take your hat with you into the reception room, and, as a rule, hold it in your hand; if requested to do so, you may place it beside you on a table, but never put it on the ground.” Chapter II. relates to the dinner-table, and in it the programme of dinner is minutely laid down. “To married ladies,” we read, “should be conceded preference as to the order of rotation, and if it is wished to be very formal, let those of highest rank be taken out first.” The “order of rotation” can only mean that in the highest circles the ceremonial is to go in state down the front stairs, then to mount with equal pomp the back stairs, then to descend the front stairs a second time, and so on *ad infinitum*—clearly a very aristocratic proceeding, because it would result in a dinner with his Grace Duke Humphry. “The host offers his arm to the principal lady”—that is, if he wishes to be very formal—and leads the way.” “Immediately behind comes the hostess.” It is terrible to reflect that we have invariably permitted the wife of our bosom to bring up the rear. Once down stairs, here are a few of the canons for behaviour. Perhaps, in these revolutionary days, it is wise in our author to reassert explicitly a good deal that Lord Chesterfield would take for granted. At any rate, it is impossible to cavil at the following sound advice:—“Never convey the knife to the mouth. Take care to masticate as quickly as possible, and do not rattle your knife, fork, or spoon, more than you can avoid. It is not necessary to wait until anyone else begins to eat; commence the business of your dinner as soon as you are served, although it is not requisite to dart upon it like a vulture upon its prey—such a course would intimate that you are unaccustomed to such fare as you have before you.” A great instructor cannot enlarge on his chosen theme without introducing indirectly a good deal of curious scientific information. As we learnt, under the head of visiting, that a visit of congratulation must be taken, like fruit, early in the day, on pain of dyspepsia, so in the passage just quoted we are presented with a singular fact in natural history—namely, that it is the want of familiarity with raw meat that makes the vulture take to it with such unmistakable gusto. Peculiar responsibilities of course attach to the post of master of the house. There is the obvious duty “of sending a plate of any meat he may be carving, by a servant, to each guest who is not supplied, without the ceremony of first asking permission.” But he must have the subtlety of a Gladstone or a Bethell to realize and act upon the following nice distinction:—“He may inquire of each person if he prefers any particular part; not whether he would like such or such a part, naming it. If he have no choice to offer, it is out of place to press a guest to make one.” Out of place, indeed! but we can hardly believe that a host could be found of such devilish malignity as to press a friend to partake of a wing or breast when nothing but the drumstick remained. “It is mistaken kindness to persist in helping any one to a particular dish if once declined.” Again, we think the *Manual* understates the barbarity of this proceeding. It is impossible to reprobate too severely the conduct of an entertainer who should treat his guests as Strasbourg geese are treated, or the apologetic pigs that sprawl about the Baker-street Cattle Show. There are a few useful hints about taking wine. “It is not necessary to ask the pleasure of taking wine with a lady verbally—to catch her eye is sufficient. If her neighbour is so remiss as not to perceive that the service is required, a lady may politely request him to charge her glass.” The parties “should smile and bow slightly before drinking.”

Ball-givers and ball-goers may learn much from these pages. First, as to sending out invitations. “If several members of one family be invited, one card is sent to the master and mistress, another to the daughters, and another to the sons. These may all be placed in one envelope, which should not be fastened, and addressed to the mistress of the house.” The votary of Terpsichore ought to be grateful for the following suggestions:—“In a quadrille, the gentleman should, if possible, escort his partner to the top place. (N.B.—If the orchestra be placed at the end of the room, that end is considered the top; if elsewhere, the top of the room is that end farthest from the door.)” This is really hard upon the unhappy lady who

is offered the alternative of being deafened by the cornet-piston, or suffocated for want of air. Besides, what if a room should be so utterly abnormal as to have two doors? where would the top be then? This is a *casus omissus* to which we respectfully invite the author's attention. "In the Schottische, Waltz, and Polka, be very careful to avoid encircling your partner's waist, except in the lightest manner, and exercise extreme caution to prevent pressing too closely upon her; avoid pressing her hand tightly." Soft pressure, it would seem, is allowable, and does not entail any "unfitness for the society of the refined." But no further liberty would be tolerated in "respectable company;" and we may charitably infer, therefore, that "in the highest circles" a similar propriety is observed.

Hitherto, we have been drinking in wisdom from a stern, rigid Mentor. In the remarks on "Supper," we feel at once that we are listening to a man and a brother. "After attending to the wants of their fair partners, the gentlemen generally tacitly agree to stand and wait until the ladies have retired (which they should always do after a moderate refreshment), and then to sit down together to supper," of which they may, by implication, partake immoderately. Here we have the voice of nature bursting artificial restraints. Great is lobster salad, for it fairly triumphs over etiquette in the affections of this modern Polonius.

Of this manual, as of some other books, it might be said that it contains many things that are new, and many things that are true; but what is new is not true, and what is true is not new. No one, for instance, would dream of disputing the following proposition:—"Some knowledge of passing events is almost indispensable to those who go much into society;" or this—"Do not speak so much as a single sentence in company in a language not understood by those present;" or this—"To take notice of children is generally to render yourself agreeable to their parents." Again, the most unsophisticated amongst us knows that "letters should always be prepaid;" that "the flesh, teeth, and nails should be cleansed at regular and fixed intervals;" and that "the nails should never be permitted to grow to an offensive length." We have long ago arrived at the conclusion that "those who have weak eyes should wear coloured spectacles;" and the instinct of self-preservation would forbid any disregard of the following rule:—"If you use false hair, be careful that it is all of one shade." Nor do we require to be reminded that "it has an undignified and somewhat thief-like look to turn the eyes down whenever you are spoken to." The following caution, too, we regard as somewhat superfluous:—"When a marriage contract is to be drawn up, it is well to ascertain that all parties concerned agree to all the particulars set forth before the formal meeting for signing the deeds. This will prevent much unseemly discussion in the presence of the bride-elect." But we find in this volume many injunctions and many subtle distinctions calculated to make us feel acutely our own utter ignorance of modern etiquette. We do not see, for instance, how any conversation is to proceed, if the following rule be strictly adhered to:—"It is inexpedient to indulge the habit of asking questions; it may be inconvenient to answer them, or if answered, the reply may cause you to look very foolish." Again, there must be some good reason for the following precept, though we fail to grasp it:—"Do not permit yourself to be surprised at anything, except in the company of ladies." Why is one to be all agog in female company, and how long has straining eyeballs and an open mouth been a recommendation to the sex? Here is a mysterious canon:—"A formal introduction may occasionally be dispensed with in the case of persons who meet casually, and who, finding each other's society or conversation agreeable, think fit to dispense with the services of a third party." What services? and who is the "third party" darkly alluded to as haunting the steps of the two "agreeable parties?" For a good many "things not generally known," we beg to refer our readers to the head of "Letter Writing," in this pregnant little work. They will learn there that, "in addressing anyone higher in rank than themselves, large-sized paper should be used;" that the use of adhesive envelopes should be exclusively confined to business communications; that it is "contrary to good-breeding to send a letter secured otherwise than by sealing-wax to your most intimate friend, or even to your wife; that the seal should never be impressed by any fantastic device; and that gilt-edged paper should only be employed in a friendly letter." With infinite shame and contrition many of our readers must own to frequent breaches of each and all of these social observances, and particularly to having licked innumerable envelopes in corresponding with their wives about the children's whooping-cough. We are not sure that all our generous impulses towards our superiors have taken the form of a present of game, which we are assured is "the only thing that we may be certain will not give offence." Nor have we interpreted the ante-nuptial banquets of our male friends in the following cruel sense:—"It is usual for a gentleman, previous to his marriage, to give a dinner to those of his bachelor friends whose acquaintance he wishes to discontinue. This is tacitly understood as a friendly form of dismissal!"

There is great originality about the "general suggestions" given at the end of these volumes. A gentleman will note that the habit of crossing the legs is objectionable; that he must never address a friend aloud by his name in public; that in ascending stairs he must precede a lady as quickly as possible, in descending he must follow her; and that while escorting a lady from one room to another on the same floor he must give her the left arm, unless both parties are married, in which case the right arm is more correct. A lady will find much practical wisdom embodied

in the remarks on "dress." If she is so unfortunate as to be deformed, she is advised to conceal it by "attention to the make of that portion of her habiliments immediately connected with the misshapen part." If her features be large, she is to arrange her hair in large masses. She is never to appear anxious about the safety of any part of her attire in company. She is solemnly warned not to compress her feet into shoes too small, or her hands into gloves of a size less than proper for them. "Such an attempt causes the 'member' to appear larger, its uncomfortably tight appearance attracting attention; besides which, the feet are sure to be injured, and, by the formation of corns, to become larger and more unshapely the longer the course is persisted in." And lastly, let her attend to the following oracular utterance, in which we could have wished that the condemnation of crinoline had been more explicit:—"At a ball, you will pass and repass during its progress the other dancers many times. Bear this in mind, and dress, accordingly, in a costume as light and close-fitting as is consistent with the fashion."

One is tempted to ask, with whom can the author of this wonderful manual have lived? and who are the lunatics who regulate their deportment by the rules it contains? Who in the world is our anonymous instructor? We do not hesitate to say that we have penetrated his disguise. Every item in this catalogue of the proprieties smells of cast-off plush. It is our old friend Jeames, whiling away the hours of his retirement from active work by dilating on the Genteel to a circle of admiring Licensed Victuallers. There is a certain psychological value in a travesty of society regarded from the point of view of a thoroughly vulgar and illiterate mind. But there is something more of which a book of this kind is the expression. It symbolizes the essentially snobbish side of English character. The demand for such information as this impudent imposture pretends to give is created by the morbid craving which almost every class evinces to ape its betters, and do as is done "in the higher circles." Mrs. Smith wants to know the dinner arrangements observed in a nobleman's family, in order that, when she next entertains Mrs. Jones, she may astonish that lady's weak mind by imitating them as closely as circumstances will permit. The hard-worked maid of the Smith establishment does just the same thing, when she waggles about the kitchen in a hoop which she fondly imagines to be a faithful copy of Missis's style of dress. There is something almost pathetic, in an Aristotelian point of view, in this latest synopsis of the social virtues. The points which strike an ordinary reader as most ridiculous would save it from ridicule in the eyes of a philosopher. The injunctions to cleanliness and a calm temper betray something like a faint and dim notion of the principles on which true courtesy rests. They indicate a sort of twilight consciousness that, after all, it consists in something more than a set of arbitrary rules about matters of infinitesimal importance, and that it is too subtle to be subjected to this ludicrous codification. As Sheridan says of wit, so it might be said of good manners, that they are more nearly allied to good nature than shopmen imagine. While spurious politeness hinges on respect of persons and has its sliding scale of manners—these for the company of a grandee, these for every day life, and these for a poor relation—true politeness disdains to look beyond or outside of itself for a principle whereby to regulate its conduct. The true gentleman is absolutely and unalterably the same in the cottage and in the palace, simply out of respect for himself and a noble scorn of appearing for a moment other than he is. It is this which Shakespeare expresses so happily in the few pregnant words with which Hamlet rebukes the men who would have had the poor players treated according to their degree—"Treat them according to your own honour."

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE AT WORCESTER.

THE recent meeting of the Archæological Institute at Worcester has been pronounced, by common consent, to be one of the best that it has ever held. Both Peterborough and Worcester have been vast improvements over the utter mismanagement of the Bath and Gloucester meetings; and Worcester has had the advantage over Peterborough of being much more largely attended. In fact, this meeting has been successful in every way, and not the least in coming in a week when excursions were neither hindered by rain nor diminished in their enjoyment by extreme heat.

The city of Worcester is one of great historic celebrity, but it is not itself rich in antiquities. Besides the later battle which gives it its most popular fame, Worcester is a spot which ought to be venerable in the eyes of every Englishman, as the place where the writs were issued for the famous Parliament in which borough members first appeared. The position of the city, washed by the Severn, and with the noble range of the Malvern Hills at a few miles distance, is worthy of finer buildings than Worcester has to show. A second-rate cathedral, one of the least impressive in England in a general view, and a modern spire of unusual elegance, are all that Worcester presents at first sight. Nor will a more diligent search discover very much more. The parish churches are poor, and mostly modern, and there are but few ancient houses of any value. The only ancient building of any importance, unconnected with the Cathedral, is the Commandery, which retains a nearly perfect hall of the Knights of St. John—a very good example of timber architecture. In all this Worcester affords a marked contrast to Bristol, Norwich, and Coventry. The Cathedral itself seems at first sight to be one half quite new, and the other half old work of the poorest kind. The west front, without so much as a door, is probably the worst in England. Inside,

however, there is much that is both curious and beautiful, and the attached conventual buildings afford a still richer store for the antiquary. The palace contains ancient portions, but it is not striking to anyone who knows either Alby and Beauvais, or Wells and St. David's.

Worcester, however, if in itself inferior to some other cities, is an admirable place for an archaeological meeting, as being the centre of a region most rich both in historical associations and in monuments of past times. Worcester, Tewkesbury, and, above all, Evesham, are among the famous battle-grounds of England. Each of them was the last, and for a time the decisive, battle in a great civil war. In each case the defeated party proved in the end victorious. The liberties of England seemed for a moment to have died at Evesham with Simon of Montfort. They revived and were matured by the wisdom of the very prince who overthrew their founder. The hopes of the Lancastrian party seemed utterly crushed at Tewkesbury; but the crimes of the last Yorkist King turned the national feeling the other way, and the verdict given at Tewkesbury was reversed at Bosworth. The defeat of Worcester made Charles II. an exile from all his kingdoms. He was restored when he could come back as the choice of Englishmen, and not as an invader forced upon England by the Scots. The fights of Evesham and Worcester found zealous illustrators in the course of the meeting. The intermediate, and certainly less interesting, battle of Tewkesbury was left without a prophet.

In the primeval and the Roman way there does not seem to be much in the city or its neighbourhood. The Institute visited a fine camp on the Herefordshire Beacon, one of the best points of the Malvern range. There, characteristically enough, Dr. Guest had nothing to say, while a local oracle, not free from false quantities, had a great deal. But, whatever may be thought of the camp, there is no doubt about the view. The Malvern range is, in point of scenery, the natural boundary of England and Wales. Few contrasts are more striking than the wide plain of the midland counties to the east—looking, from that height, like a dead flat, which it assuredly is not—and the long ranges of hills, with a few distant mountain-peaks rising beyond them, which lie to the west. Malvern itself is essentially an outpost of the latter system. It stands out like a detached fort in advance of a vast castle. Few hills show better than Malvern how much more depends upon outline than upon the mere number of feet above the sea. We believe that their highest point is only about 1,400 feet, but their genuine mountain outline gives them a far finer effect than many elevations which, by the measuring line, are twice as great.

The parish churches about Worcester are, for the most part, not remarkable. The architectural strength of the district lies in a most striking succession of monastic buildings. Herein is a perfect contrast to the last county visited by the Institute. Nearly every parish in North Northamptonshire has a church worthy of careful study, while, except the great Abbey of Peterborough, the conventual churches have utterly perished. Worcester, Pershore, Evesham, Tewkesbury, Deerhurst, Great and Little Malvern, Gloucester itself, at no great distance, afford a wonderful series of monastic remains of all dates and all sizes. These were all visited and fully explained during the different excursions. The Cathedral, of course, fell to the lot of Professor Willis, whose lecture was, as usual, the main attraction of the week. The other ministers, with the exception of Little Malvern, were divided between Mr. Parker and Mr. Freeman. Mr. Parker also, who really seems to have a special organ of discovery that way, guided the Institute to several excellent specimens of domestic work at Buckland, Broadway, and Broad and Chipping Campden. Of the parish churches, the chief visited were Bredon and Chipping Campden. Those at Evesham are not very remarkable in themselves, but they form a singularly fine group with the bell-tower of the Abbey. Of the Abbey church itself hardly anything remains *in situ*, but large fragments have been carried off to a house in the neighbourhood.

The Worcester meeting was singularly rich in its papers and lectures. The proportion of really valuable matter was far larger than usual, even the local contributions being decidedly above the average. One thing only was wanting—Dr. Guest was present, but he gave no lecture of his own, though he gave the Institute the benefit of his comments upon several of the contributions of others. He may have thought that early Worcestershire history had been sufficiently dealt with in his Gloucester lecture on the conquests of Cædwalla. In ecclesiastical history there was no lack. Mr. Stubbs undertook the early monastic history of the district, and illustrated a very obscure subject with a clearness and power which probably no one else could have shown. Dr. Hook followed with an attractive and ingenious monograph on St. Wulfstan, which was one of the most effective papers of the meeting. Some, however, of his attempts to make the best of one who, though a very good bishop, was a very poor patriot, were more ingenious than solid. In later secular history, Mr. Hartshorne took his accustomed subject, the councils and parliaments held in the city—a subject, in the case of Worcester, of unusual interest. Mr. Freeman devoted himself to the career of Earl Simon of Montfort, in continuation of his series of patriotic heroes—Godwine, Harold, and Waltheof. Mr. Burt had a paper on the ancient documents of Worcester, from which it appears that those which are in possession of the Dean and Chapter of Worcester are in a most disgraceful state of neglect. Mr. Earle, Mr. Foss, Sir Charles Anderson, and several local antiquaries also made communications to the meeting. There was but little of the absolute rubbish which has appeared at some other meetings. The lucubrations of

Mr. M. H. Bloxam, though not very readable, always contain valuable facts. The excursions were well planned, and probably embraced everything in the neighbourhood that could well be seen. In this they formed a marked contrast to the absurdities of Bath and Gloucester. A little of the old vice of hurry now and then reappeared, but not enough really to spoil anything. Though the management of the Institute is wonderfully improved, it might be improved still farther if its managers would condescend to study and follow the far better arrangements of some of the local societies. The Museum, too, was unusually rich, varied, and interesting. Pictures, autographs, seals, weapons—all were there; and, as became the place, there was a large display of what is now-a-days called "Ceramic" art, where the workmanship of Worcester and of Limoges might be compared together. But, among many far more striking objects, nothing, perhaps, spoke more to the heart of a real lover of English history than a few relics of Walter of Cantelupe, the patriot Bishop of Worcester, who said mass and received the confession of Earl Simon and his friends before the fight of Evesham.

We thoroughly congratulate the Institute if we are right in our surmise that even its old and inveterate sin of flunkeyism is at last beginning slightly to give way. To be sure we had the old story of "Noblemen and Gentlemen giving sanction and encouragement." A man must have the mind of a gentleman-usher who cannot see the grotesque absurdity of Professor Willis or Dr. Guest needing the "sanction" or "encouragement" of anybody. As always happens, many of the sanctioners and encouragers did nothing at all; but the proportion of the inhabitants of both the city and the county who took an active and intelligent share in the proceedings was unusually large. The Institute should always cordially welcome the help of such men; but it should not degrade itself by asking for any man's "sanction" or "patronage." We ground our hope of reformation on the fact that the Worcester list of patrons amounted only to two, and that those two, as it happened, formed pretty well a *reductio ad absurdum* of the system of patronage. The two were, the Bishop of the Diocese and the Lord-Lieutenant of the County. The Bishop of Worcester was not present, and took no notice of the meeting at all. We do not in the least blame him for this. If the Bishop has no taste for archaeology, the Institute has no right to expect him to come, but then the Institute ought not to stoop to ask for his patronage. The Lord-Lieutenant, on the other hand, was insulted by being called a patron. Lord Lyttelton was something much better than a "Patron." He was an efficient and agreeable President of the meeting; and every one must see the grotesque incongruity of the same man being Patron and President—that is, of his patronizing himself. We do not know whether any subtle distinction is drawn, and whether the official Lord-Lieutenant condescendingly patronizes the personal Lord Lyttelton, somewhat as, according to feudal law, Victoria Queen of England does, or should, receive the suit and service of Victoria Duchess of Lancaster. Worcester and Worcestershire, in short, did themselves great credit. The military head of the county was efficiently supported by its civil head. The present High Sheriff, Sir Edmund Lechmere, has long been known as a zealous antiquary, and he gave the Institute throughout something much better than "patronage," "sanction," or "encouragement"—namely, real and important co-operation in many ways.

We believe that the election of Lord Lyttelton for the President of this year is meant as the beginning of a return to the old system of choosing a local President for each year. This system has been given up during the long and efficient presidency of Lord Talbot de Malahide. We certainly regret the change. Lord Talbot, though not a brilliant, is a thoroughly good and sensible President, and to exchange him for the richest man of this or that county is not likely to be a change for the better. We know by experience what that system produces elsewhere. It is, in fact, like choosing Archons by lot—you get an admirable chief one year, and an ardent blockhead the next. Lord Talbot has proposed so many healths and has sat through the twaddle of so many town-clerks that we do not wonder at his wishing to retire into private life. But why not give him a permanent successor—or a successor for several years—at any rate, a successor chosen, like himself, for merit? Will the Institute bear with us if we venture on the daring question, Need the President always be a lord? Let lords have their fair chance—let them even have a *ceteris paribus* preference; but surely that is enough. The British Association has chosen as its President for this year one of the most illustrious members of the Institute, in the person of Professor Willis. We really do not see why the study of archaeology cannot afford to be as democratic as the study of physical science.

THE PRINCE CONSORT'S MEMORIAL

COUNCILS of war never fight; and though Holy Writ says, "In the multitude of councillors there is safety," yet, as Walter Raleigh remarked on the text to Queen Elizabeth, "I have heard learned men say, that the safety spoken of is for the physicians, not for the patient." The highest authority, on a well-known occasion, when advisers were called in, or called themselves in, asked, "Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?" We should be sorry to apply too precisely such high condemnation to the Report of the Committee of Advice who were summoned to tender recommendations to Her Majesty

on the details of the Prince Consort Memorial; but the first thought which suggests itself in perusing it is of all those texts which speak of multiplying vain words. *Verbosa et grandis epistola venit* from Lords Derby and Clarendon, the Lord Mayor, and the President of the Royal Academy. The Seven Wise Men of art deliver themselves of much solemn talk. General Grey replies in oracular language; invitations are addressed to the most famous artists of the day to offer their assistance; and, after all, we are nearly as wise as we were before. There is a great deal of advice in three or four columns of sonorous language; but through the infinite haze of words nothing substantial and tangible, but an obvious desire to evade rather than to face a difficulty.

It will be remembered that, when the obelisk scheme was found to be impracticable—first, because there was no single stone to be quarried, and next because there was no money to buy the stone, if it could be obtained—Her Majesty, with great propriety, placed herself in the hands of a Committee of Advice. The Committee consisted of Four Notables, and the Four Notables immediately associated themselves with the Seven Experts. We now have the result in a Report which, we much fear, reports nothing. From first to last there appears to have been no clear and precise understanding what the Memorial was to be; and the dead lock which existed from the beginning seems destined to continue to the end. The character of the Memorial must be determined by the amount of the subscriptions; and the amount of the subscriptions must depend on the nature of the Memorial. Cause is inextricably locked up in effect; and effect must depend upon cause. But cause is not yet defined; cause rules effect; and effect is undeveloped in cause which is not known. People will not subscribe till they are assured what they are going to subscribe for; and it is impossible for artists to design who are ignorant whether to calculate upon a purse of 50,000*l.*, 100,000*l.*, or 150,000*l.*, or twice 150,000*l.* To do them only justice, the Committee of Advice have left the matter open enough. They have come forward with what they call a plan, which has at least the negative merit of vagueness and indecision. All along, there was a substantial and evident difference of opinion as to the real character of the Memorial. The term Memorial was chosen, unhappily, and, as it seems, for the very purpose of leaving that one question open which should have been closed, and closed finally, from the very first. Was the Memorial to be simply Monumental? or was it to be—to coin a word—Institutional? Either of these objects is intelligible. At least the first is intelligible at its first announcement, and the last is capable of some explanation. As far as we can understand the Committee, they seem desirous to combine the two objects, which are, we believe, entirely irreconcilable both on the score of cost and of compatibility. We say so the rather because, in the correspondence embodied in the Report, the two ideas find each their representative; and in presenting them, though the advocate of each adverts to the other plan, each strongly enforces his own, and treads but lightly over the other. General Grey's letter enlarges on the advantages of the Institution scheme, and adverts very slightly to the Monument. The seven professional artists go fully into the Monument, and though they may accept, yet they certainly show no zeal for, the Hall. The four advisers adopt both schemes; and if their advice is followed out, the result will be the failure of both.

The Report says, "that a large proportion of the public appear to be desirous of connecting the intended Monument with some institution intimately associated with the Prince's name," and they observe "that he had nothing more at heart than the establishment of a central institution for the promotion, in a largely useful sense, of science and art as applied to productive industry." This may be so, though we are sceptical as to the amount of public favour given to the Institution scheme; but if the Prince Consort had any such purpose it never took a practical form, and we doubt this general zeal on behalf of the Indefinite. It was an idea which never took shape. It has a large look and ambitious sound; but for ourselves we could never understand what it meant. It might point to an Industrial University; but as the world has never seen an Industrial University—as the dim conception might mean anything or nothing—it came to be regarded as merely a lofty phantom which looked like a glorification, in some unknown way, of the South Kensington Museum. As far as this idea—certainly never a popular one—ever descended to the region of the practical, and took shape and substance, it came out in the Report of the Commissioners of the 1851 Exhibition, when they related their purchase of the South Kensington Estate. But that Report was received generally, not only without marked approval, but with a significant absence of sympathy, not to say with positive disfavour. Some people said they did not understand what the Commissioners were driving at, and as far as they did understand it, they had no liking for the scheme. We in England had no heart to plunge into the abysses and the unfathomable. With our practical and unphilosophic character, we did not quite know what an industrial phronotisterion meant. It looked like Laputa; and even a Bacon could not recommend his House of Solomon. This great but misty idea, seems to have impressed the authors of the present Report, and they think that they are bringing it into some bodily guise, and that they are resolving the nebula, by their recommendation of a Hall as a "central point of union," as a "centre of union," to give "national organization" to future and unknown institutions which are yet floating embryologically and undeveloped in Space and the Future, in the womb of Time, and in the infinite bosom of the Unknown. For this very intelligible purpose they suggest a Hall, as "the realization

in some measure of the comprehensive idea which they desired," and which, with an amiable reliance on their own powers of language, they think, they have managed "to embody."

Of course, it may be our own fault that we do not understand all this; and we may be very dull and slow in apprehending how a Hall in which the Social Science delegates and Women's Rights advocates may meet for their annual divine talk fulfils all these solemn aspirations; but there is one very practical and common sense aspect of the matter which seems at once to have presented itself to the seven architects who took an unsentimental, not to say vulgar, view of the case. What will it cost? It is of no use discussing our coat till we have got the money in hand and the cloth to cut it from. "There are many reasons why the Memorial might be created with propriety and advantage in conjunction with such an institution, if the funds were already provided;" but, as the funds are not provided, the seven artists skip over this quaking ground with hasty step, and proceed to discuss the character of the Monument. To which sounder footing we shall accompany them. All that is at present available for the Memorial is a sum of between 50,000*l.* and 60,000*l.*, and this is not, as the architects remark, more than sufficient for a Monument. The Hall may, therefore, well remain in those clouds from which it can scarcely be said, even in conception, to have emerged. The artists dismiss the obelisk—especially, and with contempt, do they dismiss an obelisk of many blocks—and dismiss a column; and, in a sentence which is positively unintelligible, they appear to dismiss a Gothic cross, by far the most suitable, elegant, appropriate, and suggestive of monuments. They say that "the objections to an obelisk, a column, or any erection of that description, apply also to structures in any style of architecture which would assume either of those forms." Mr. G. G. Scott, to whom the public naturally looks for some really good design, has announced that the enigmatic sentence does not proscribe a cross; we, therefore, leave it in its obscurity, utterly ignorant what "structures in any style of architecture" are condemned. The architects then go on to suggest a site for the monument, to which there is certainly no objection, and they propose to connect it with fountains and a raised plateau, and also ideally, if not constructionally, with the Hall—a broad and unswerving turnpike road intervening not being considered a solution of this continuity of idea. These conditions are substantially adopted by the Committee of Advice, and a limited competition is announced, to which the seven consulted and advising architects themselves are invited, with the addition of the two sons of the late Sir Charles Barry. To Messrs. Tite, Smirke, Scott, Pennethorne, Donaldson, Philip Hardwicke, Digby Wyatt, Charles and Edward Barry, we are to look then for designs, both for Hall and Monument, to be sent in on December 1; and, as it is understood that three or four of these gentlemen will decline to compete, the race will be substantially between Classicism and Gothicism, with about three Horatii and three Curiatii on either side.

We can scarcely say that we look with much confidence to this solution of the difficulty, chiefly because it is no solution at all. What was wanted from the Committee of Advice was to decide between two separate ideas. They have decided by the clumsy device of adopting both. The result will be the non-success of either. In endeavouring to combine two incommensurable objects the failure of each is pretty certain. And to ask artists to design for two distinct, if not opposed, objects, and to divide an unknown sum, in unknown proportions, for undefined purposes, is all but a mockery; while to ask them to compete without fixing upon a common ground of estimate is unjust, and to require them to marry the utilitarian to the aesthetic without directions as to separate uses in the settlement, is almost an affront to common sense as well as to art. When one design is sent in on the calculation of 50,000*l.*, and another on that of 150,000*l.*, we foresee a professional wrangle and a public wrong. If, as is plain on the face of it, the present Report is not final, we might almost hope for a supplementary one enjoining the artists competing to estimate on a cost of (say) 100,000*l.*—which, if the design is a good one, will certainly be forthcoming for the Monument only, abandoning the Hall or the Institution to the future, and to those who like to give their money to it.

SUNDAY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

RATHER more than four years ago, an attempt was made to improve the financial prospects of the Crystal Palace Company by offering to grant, in exchange for shares, tickets entitling the holders to gratuitous admission to the Palace both on weekdays and Sundays. It was objected by a dissentient shareholder that the granting of such admissions on Sundays would be in contravention of a clause in the Company's Charter, which provided "that no person should be admitted to the building or grounds on the Lord's day in consideration of any money payment direct or indirect." On appeal to the Court of Chancery the shareholder's objection was held to be well founded, and the Company was restrained by injunction from issuing tickets in the way proposed. This exposition of the legal effect of the Company's Charter remaining unimpeached, we were rather surprised at receiving an invitation to be present at the Crystal Palace on the occasion of what was called a "Share Clubs' Excursion" on Sunday last. The circular letter which accompanied the tickets sent to us stated that the Directors of the Company had granted to the members of the

Clubs and their friends the privilege of free admission to the Palace and Grounds upon that day. The Committee of the Clubs expressed a confident expectation that order and propriety would mark the conduct of the visitors. They desired that visitors should proceed to the Palace by railway only; and they mentioned that dinners and other refreshments would be obtainable in the Palace, that the 1s. 6d. dinner would be supplied as usual, and that a selection of sacred music would be performed on the great organ in the Centre Transept during the afternoon. The Committee had made the arrangements which they had made as to refreshments "in order that visitors should not leave the Palace to obtain them." They had evidently an uneasy feeling that the eye of the Sabbatarian would be upon them, and they very much preferred that their friends should come down quietly by rail instead of shocking the propriety of Camberwell and adjoining villages by a procession of various vehicles which might have been disposed to halt at every public-house upon its route. The issuing of tickets in this way to "Share Clubs" appeared to us a singular and possibly not altogether a safe experiment. We felt some interest to see how it would work, and also a little curiosity to visit the Crystal Palace on a Sunday.

The contrast between the aspect of the Palace on Sunday and on the occasion of some attractive fête was striking, but not wholly novel. Nearly the same sense of solitude may be felt by any one who will remain inside the Palace on a week day when everybody else has gone into the garden to see Blondin. We doubt, however, whether the Palace ever looks quite so silent and sombre at any other time as it did on that Sunday. The waiters, having nothing else to do, flirted with the girls who dispense refreshments. One of these maidens, being asked for a cup of coffee, required the usual formality of a ticket, forgetting that the youth who should have issued it was engaged in an interesting conversation with herself. The small assemblage of company looked absolutely nothing in that vast building. Perhaps they seemed even fewer than they were, because they were so resolutely well behaved. We could not but confess that the national calamity which the Frenchman supposed had affected London on a Sunday might reasonably be believed to be then weighing upon the spirits of the visitors to the Crystal Palace. The members of the Share Clubs and their friends did not in general belong to that class of society which can relieve heaviness of demeanour by gaiety of dress. The tones of the grand organ were suitable to the solemnity of the scene. The visitors displayed an amount of order and propriety in their conduct which must have been highly gratifying to the Committee, although an unconcerned spectator might have found it tedious. However, the opportunity was a good one for considering the history and the present aspect of the Crystal Palace, and it was inevitable, in such a time of leisure, to contrast the programme of the Company which owns it with their performance. One might perhaps have thought, if the contrary were not plainly proved, that an undertaking which owes all the success it has obtained to the very same principles which are acted on at all places of public amusement would feel some scruple in giving out that its views are higher and purer, and the conduct of its managers more unselfish, than at other places of popular resort. But really the *Official Guide to the Crystal Palace* takes a tone of arrogant pretension which is quite amazing. We are told that after the reconstruction of the building "it again opened its wide doors to continue and confirm the good it had already effected in the nation and beyond it." After the close of the Exhibition in Hyde Park, and before the Sydenham project had been broached, a universal regret is stated to have been felt at the threatened loss of a structure "which had accomplished so much for the improvement of the national taste, and which was evidently capable, under intelligent direction, of effecting so very much more." The means by which universal regret was changed into general exultation are described in the highest official style. "It was at this juncture that Mr. Leech, a private gentleman, conceived the idea of rescuing the edifice from destruction, and of rebuilding it on some appropriate spot, by the organization of a private Company." We learn from a footnote that Mr. Leech is a solicitor; and it is remarkable that a writer who knew this fact could not state it in his text—supposing, that is, that his readers wanted any information about Mr. Leech at all. But no doubt it was thought more suitable to the high theme of the Crystal Palace to speak vaguely of a "private gentleman," instead of using the plain word "solicitor." It is to be hoped that the person most concerned likes this sort of language, for, except in the way of honour, as benefactors of their species, the originators of this Company are not likely to have derived much advantage from it. There certainly ought to be a statue of Mr. Leech, "private gentleman," at the Palace, with an inscription stating that he first "conceived the idea" of building it on its present site. The historian proceeds to state that "on communicating this view to his partner, Mr. Farquhar, he (Mr. Leech) received from him a ready and cordial approval." The claims of Mr. Farquhar to a statue are scarcely inferior to those of Mr. Leech. Then there was Mr. Leo Schuster, who, "highly approving of the conception, obtained the hearty concurrence of Mr. Laing." The stupendous result was, that "a few English gentlemen became the owners of the Crystal Palace of 1851." Their names, of course, follow in large type. "It will hardly be supposed," says the writer, "that these gentlemen had proceeded thus far without having distinctly considered the final destination of their purchase." Any one who takes the trouble to compare the writer's account of what that final destination

was supposed to be, with what he himself witnesses at the Crystal Palace, will be as capable as we are of estimating the degree of foresight shown by these projectors. It was determined that the building should form "a palace for the multitude, where, at all times protected from the inclement varieties of our climate, healthful exercise and wholesome recreation should be easily attainable." To raise the enjoyments and amusements of the English people, and to afford to the inhabitants of London, amidst the beauties of nature, the elevating treasures of art, and the instructive marvels of science, a substitute for the debasing amusements of the town—to blend instruction with pleasure, to educate by the eye, to quicken and purify the taste by the habit of recognising the beautiful—such, in an abridged form, and retrenching some of the grand verbiages of the *Guide Book*, is the statement which it gives of the intentions of the promoters of the undertaking.

It is a painful duty to contrast with this high-flown programme of intentions the conduct of the Company under the pressure of financial necessity. No doubt the author of the paragraph which refers to "the injurious and debasing amusements of a crowded metropolis," had in view some such place as the Alhambra in Leicester Square. But why should it be supposed to "quicken and purify the taste" more to see Blondin at the Crystal Palace than to see Léotard at the Alhambra? It is stated that on Tuesday last there were 45,000 persons at the Palace, and it may be safely asserted that at 4 o'clock in the afternoon 44,000 of them were watching Blondin, and the remaining 1,000 were eating sandwiches and drinking porter. The Crystal Palace is a very pretty place; the air is pure and the view around it charming; the garden is now full of lovely flowers; the eating and drinking arrangements are moderately good. It is an agreeable lounge at any time, and it is a convenient place for holding festivals of various kinds, and for exhibiting performances such as that of Blondin, which can be witnessed by many thousands of people at the same time. Lastly, tradesmen appear to find it a convenient means of advertising the commodities in which they deal. Unless the crowd at the station should cause very great delay and difficulty, there is always enough to be seen at the Palace to repay the journey thither. Even on the dullest Sunday the visitor is sure to find amusement in the pages of the *Official Guide*. Our own taste leads us to consider two hours spent in a dense crowd on a hot day outside the London Bridge station as rather too high a price to pay for seeing Blondin and the fountains. Whether the Directors consider that they are "raising the enjoyments and amusements of the English people" by keeping them struggling and pushing under the burning sun, we cannot say. Some of the crowd evidently thought this confusion very good fun, but then we should, perhaps, have called the persons who so thought "roughs"—persons whose taste had not yet been quickened and purified by the habit of recognising the beautiful, and who, if placed "amidst the trees, flowers, and plants of all countries and of all climates," would probably consider that the time and place were suitable to light a pipe.

The *Guide Book* tells us, in its grandiose style, that "it will ever be mentioned to the credit of the English people" that within a fortnight after the issuing of the prospectus of the Company a large number of shares were taken up. It might just as well be mentioned to the credit of the same people that a portion of them ate a large number of pork pies on Sunday last. After describing the building and embellishing of the Palace, the *Guide Book* expresses the obligations of the Directors to the workmen employed upon it. "To all their due! If the creations of the mind stand paramount in our estimation, let appropriate honour be rendered to the skill of hand and eye"—especially (as should be added) to that of Blondin and the cook. If the author of this *Guide Book* could have descended from his altitudes on a late occasion, he might have learned that not all the art treasures, and marvels of science, and "mechanical manufactures" of the Crystal Palace—neither the casts of celebrated sculptures, nor the magnificent collection of plants, nor the illustrations of zoology, ethnology, and geology—were worth in popular estimation one of Miss Lydia Thompson's smiles.

THE STEPHENSON WINDOW.

THE demand for a national Valhalla is become one of the crying wants of artistic England. We have before had occasion to call attention to that demand; but the Stephenson "Window" is a stronger case, as appealing to a wider range of sympathies offended and antipathies aroused, than has yet occurred. France has had for half a century its *Panthéon*, the history of which illustrates its own. Built, or designed, as a Church, and dedicated to St. Genevieve, it was diverted in the "Age of Reason" to be a receptacle of all remains that were deemed worthy of national, as distinct from local, monuments, and adopted on its front the legend *aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante*. So it stood till the last political revolution, but it has suffered reconversion to Christianity under the present empire—

Rursus et in veterem fatis revoluta figuram
and is now the Church of St. Genevieve again. Westminster Abbey has been the shrine of a continuous past, torn by no political convulsions such as could change its name or nature. The anarchy of art has, however, wrought its wildest wonders there. To walk down the nave, you might suppose

it had gone through an "Age of Unreason," as distinct in its features as that which Pantheonized one of the noblest ecclesiastical structures in Paris. The portentous freaks of sculpture which disfigure it are too well known to need recital, and too familiar to provoke remark from any one save foreign visitors, or "cousins" at once Boeotian and æsthetic. We cannot wish back again the space occupied by Triton and Britannia, and by the heroes of the periwig and the toga, by the marble flags and drums, tridents, seaweed, and cannon, nor the hundreds of thousands of pounds which they cost. Were that space now available, and that money now in hand, he would be a bold man who should propose so to occupy the one and spend the other. But hitherto marble and bronze were the sole recognised means of caricaturing posthumous greatness, and the sculptor was the sole expert in the art of making the ridiculous the vehicle of the sublime. More expressly has stained glass been rescued from the domain of Momus, and kept, at any rate in churches, in subservience to the devotional, or at least ecclesiastical, proprieties of the structure. Forming an express and essential part of the church fabric itself, windows—the

Storied windows richly light—

which thrilled the soul of Milton, till its Puritan alloy was melted in poetic fervour of devotion, share necessarily the sanctity inseparable from the pile and its uses; and to make them tell another tale to the eye is as glaring a shock to that sense in its religious associations, as it would be to the ear to bid the organ discourse jigs and sarabands. It is not a mere intrusion, like that of the monumental groups which crowd the floor or cluster round the piers, but desecration in its most salient and offensive form. Such a crime against art and devotion at once may, of course, be perpetrated in obscure rural sanctuaries, wherever the chance of the period happens to combine a pompous and tasteless squire with an indolent *Placebo* of an incumbent; but for the abomination to be flaunted, as it is, in the eyes of artistic Europe now met in London—for it to affront the religious eye in the noble church which holds the grandest elements of historical England under the sway of its associations—is a national degradation which nothing in the world of art can exceed, which nothing can excuse, and nothing expiate. One would think that a *congé d'être* regulated the proceedings of the legal custodians of a Cathedral pile in the admission of a monument, as in the election of a bishop; but many deans, we hope, exist at this moment, who would have undergone the penalties of a *præmunire*, whatever at the present day they may amount to, rather than have willingly admitted such a window into their churches. It is a sight which will revive on Continental tongues the indignant query concerning Protestantism, *qu'est ce qu'il a fait de beau?* Or, rather, it will provoke the further question, what is there of the sublime, the beautiful, and the venerable, which it cannot find the will and the way to spoil and outrage, to sully and to mar?

It is melancholy to have to connect the name of Stephenson with such a monument as the window which has been erected to his memory, as though a gulf must exist between the useful and the beautiful. That great, but humble soul would, we fancy, have recoiled from the contemplation of his honours; and his sturdy North-country vernacular would have furnished some blunt expression of disgust. A great man's feelings are eclipsed in his services, and we think, in setting up his memorial, not whether he would have liked it, but how we can best glorify ourselves, the British people from whom he rose, at his expense. He has been gathered into the garner of popular greatness, he has become so much national capital, as it were, and we proceed to draw upon him. An apotheosis itself involves a species of posthumous ostracism.

No one worth listening to would have raised any objection to a memorial of Stephenson in the Abbey, on intrinsic grounds. At any rate, if any there be who entertain queasy scruples on the subject, and whose *veto* would have carried weight, we may, once for all, renounce any sympathy with their objections. There is, indeed, an abatement to be made in the case of a great engineer from the full cogency of the argument in favour of erecting a monument to a great warrior or statesman, or even author. It is this—that his works, being material, themselves constitute a permanent memorial of his greatness. It is not that the drum, the banner, and the cannon are more worthy of the honours of the art than the spade or the hammer, but that the former are the symbols of a result which is *not* material, and which, as it cannot be embodied, can only be symbolized. The tubular bridge, in itself, is better than a pyramid, and in proportion as it fulfils the best conditions of a monument, and appeals to the man's memory in his works more directly and powerfully than could the "storied urn or animated bust," it so far tends to supersede the necessity of these secondary expressions of value for his greatness. Still, though Stephenson did so much for himself in what he did for the public, that is no reason why we should do nothing to show our esteem for him. No one, therefore, would grudge him the memorial, though, in his peculiar line of greatness, there seems a less imperative call for it than in the case of some others. When felt the felicity of the monument which this well-known epitaph claims; but amongst the minor eccentricities of bad taste which this "Stephenson Window" includes, is the disregard of the appealing *circumspice* which guards the dust of the great architect from being pressed by any manner pile than

the dome of St. Paul's. He is grouped with the other worthies who fill their various panes in the Stephenson Window, in Westminster Abbey, but his appearance there must be regarded as under protest.

There is further this objectionable feature in the whole general design—that it is, as it were, a parody on the usual Scriptural or devotional idea of a church window. There, some scene from Holy Writ, or, in older windows, from sacred legend, so reputed, is portrayed; whilst the notice of the individual to be commemorated lurks in an inscription. So it is here, save that the general idea of the window appears to be to represent the history of engineering; and the man designed to be kept in memory has his name inscribed below, and his face painted in above, either in one of the medallions, or in that "Banquo's glass" of famous engineers which "shows us many more" beside him, occupying as it does the position in the head of the window sometimes given to a cherub's head and wings on a tombstone. That is to say, devotion and spirituality are excluded, and mechanics and engineering are substituted for them. It is a profane glorification of mechanical science at the expense of all that a Church fabric should symbolize to the eye. It would be not so bad for a Townhall. It would be excellent for a Mechanics' Institute, and the very *beau idéal* of a decoration for the interior of the big hall at the Euston Square terminus. It so happens that, as the Scriptural records are among the earliest of man and his works, two or three of the structural scenes which the books of Moses detail are included, among other antiquities, to fill up vacant spaces. But it is plain that it is wholly in their structural aspect that Noah's Ark and the Tabernacle were seized upon; and on what principle the Tower of Babel was excluded from the vertical series which begins with the Ark and culminates in, we believe, Brunel's bridge on cylinders over the Tamar, it is not easy to see. The worst of the whole is, that one cannot help suspecting "Scriptural" subjects were thrown in by the designer as a sort of laudæ apologetic tribute to the fact that, after all, the window was to fill a space in a Church wall. It looks as though there seemed just enough savour of godliness in painting a "Noah's Ark" and a "Tabernacle," though simply as erections of an early period, to tinge the general effect of the window with a tone not nakedly and obtrusively secular. It was like cutting the slice of beef with a "hammy knife." There is, on this supposition, a nauseous hypocritical twang in the whole design which offends infinitely more than the most barefaced and thorough-going secularism. In consequence, either of this or of pure accident, Tubal-Cain finds a place, probably for the first time, in a Church window. Of course, "brass and iron" are the material mainstays of engineering. This was all the designer looked to when he introduced him here as the hero-father of metallurgic craft, who gave mankind in crude form what Brummagem now turns out in finished sample. His name occurred in Genesis—that was enough for our artist; for, if Pontius Pilate had not been a good man, his name would never have appeared in the Creed.

On similar principles we might have, if one, why not a series of, church windows embodying the history of every science and art? Take, as a closely cognate subject, military engineering. We decline, on the ground of conscientious scruples, the Scriptural branch of the antiquities of the subject. But one might start with the Trojan Horse. The turning the bed of the Euphrates and capture of Babylon, as described in Herodotus, might come next. The canal through Mount Athos, from the same author, might conduct the eye to the escape of the garrison of Platea, and the attempted circumvallation of Syracuse, from Thucydides. Archimedes might do duty over again, with his burning-glass, destroying the Roman fleet in the same city's harbour; or he might form the crowning group in company with Vauban, Demetrius Poliorcetes, Todleben, and Sir John Burgoyne, in a circle of medallions at top. Sections of the Roman *Valium* and *Agger*, and of Caesar's bridge over the Rhine, might fill compartments, and lead up to the earthworks of Sebastopol, the more recent iron-cased batteries, and the newest and neatest thing in pontoons. Again, in Sir Cornwell Lewis's *Astronomy of the Ancients*, any amount of antique material in illustration of that science might be found ready to hand. Far more innocent, in the eyes of some of our contemporaries, would such a series be than Brunel's locomotive, as in an actual upper compartment of the "Stephenson Window," smoking away in the face of the congregation, and suggesting to their lawless imaginations an escape from the fifty-minutes' sermon to the "Sabbath" excursion train. Once more, if the tubes of the Britannia Bridge and the winged bulls of Nineveh are to cast their "dim, irreligious light" on a Cathedral pavement, why stop at this solitary branch of decoration in the establishment of the secular principle? We recommend the heads of Watt and Arkwright for corbels; whilst Friar Bacon and his brazen head might, gargoyle-wise, decorate the exterior of the towers. Encaustic tiling might bear its part, and the mechanical powers—pulley, wheel, and axle, &c.—be represented in neat patterns, instead of the unscientific mysticism commonly current. Then, too, what a noble design might be made of the martyrdom of Huskisson—killed by the first locomotive train that ran. But we ought not to quit this subject without acknowledging, even though it should convict us of plagiarism, our obligations to the neat summary of a paragraph writer in the *Times* of July 29, who epitomizes the medallions as "representing Cheops, Tubal Cain, Noah, Euclid, Archimedes, Sir C. Wren, and others"—the only perfect, though prosaic, parallel to the world-wide fame established in verse for *The Groves of Blarney*, where

Statues grace
These happy places,
Of heathen goddesses so fair;
Great Plutarch, Neptune,
And Nicodemus,
All standing naked in the open air.

Alas, that the parallel should occur in a description of a window in Westminster Abbey, and its subject a memorial in honour of Robert Stephenson!

THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

WE do not seem destined to innovate upon our familiar traditions of bad management in the matter of the Thames Embankment. London improvements are still to be a *coup manqué*. The value of the discussions in the House of Commons for passing the measure which has now become law, and which affects only the north bank of the river, was that it presented an opportunity for a curious cross division, and for the agreeable pastime of everybody charging everybody else with a job. It was sport to see a Tory Duke and a Radical "Westminster's Glory" on the same side. It was sport to see rival Chancellors of the Exchequer in the attitude of two pugnacious dogs sidling and bristling with rage, only unwilling to fly at each other's throats because neither was quite certain that the original job, if there was a job, was not the job of his own party. But most sport of all was it to see Mr. William Cowper in the greatest mess of the Session. The crimination and recrimination of the "J. O." affair was the most lively passage of recent debate; and as anything's fun in the country, so, in the duldest of all dull Parliaments, the Thames Embankment was universally hailed with the same sort of feeling that a rat hunt is welcomed before the shooting season sets in. Not that, to do them only simple justice, one in ten of the voluble speakers cared anything for the Thames Embankment, or whether the traffic which was to be released entered at a gentle curve or at right angles to the quay, whether it was to go up-hill or down-hill, or whether Whitehall Gardens were to be bisected or Richmond Terrace laid waste. It was the personal, not the public, aspect of the matter which made it so entertaining. After all, few people have cared to follow the course of the Bill to its end. The Bill went to the Lords, and the Duke of Buccleuch made a conciliatory speech, and the Lords made some amendment, and the Commons, according to their custom, made, in the person of the recognised grumblers, some decorous, but faint, show of resistance; but in the end, perhaps in very weariness, they ate the loek, which was not a very offensive one, and the Bill is enshrined in the Statutes at Large. As may be said of all such legislation, it is a compromise and an instalment. Its value is that it pledges and commits us to something. But it may be very much doubted indeed whether it comes at present to much. Ominous language was uttered both by Lord Redesdale and the Duke of Newcastle on Monday night; and it is under sinister omens that the measure which has been delayed ever since Wren's time is to take tardy and incomplete effect. We are not to expect that London will ever have quays as fine as those of Paris, Dublin, and Berlin, says the Duke—though there is no reason on earth, that we can see, why we should not have much finer ones, seeing that our river is twice the width of their rivers. And Lord Redesdale winds up the whole matter by the sorry but certain assurance that there will be no quays at all, but only an ugly embankment, like that at Millbank.

This is probably about the truth; and the mistake throughout has been in characterizing the scheme in ambitious language. It was launched to attract the aesthetes. It was never really intended to quay the Thames. What was wanted was only some device for carrying the great Main Sewer somewhere without interfering with the Strand. To have shut up the Strand for a year would have been about equivalent to the occupation of London by a foreign army. At all events this calamity must be averted. If the line of the Strand and Fleet Street was impassable, the parallel line of the river itself was available. Given this sewer along the bank of the river, and that it must be at a certain height, and it followed that it must be covered in. Here is a roadway and an embankment of a sort. Here is a certain solid ground borrowed from the Thames. It may as well be called a quay. We may as well throw in the memories of Sir Christopher Wren and Colonel Trench. The occasion, people said, is a good one for reviving the profitable and abortive traditions of many Commissions and many Committees; so we will have a Bill for the Thames Embankment. And, now that we have got it, the difficulty will be how to use it, or to find if there is any use for it. The embankment, after all, will be a sort of double bottle—a bottle with a neck at both ends—as it were an amphibian bottle. There will be ample space in the middle, but at either extremity the narrowest possible gorge—a roadway vast, ample, and practicable all along the middle, but with Ludgate Hill and Parliament Street at each end—galloping ground when you get into it, but a double bullfincher and a broad stream before you can land on the level. Lord Redesdale was quite right (in such matters he is usually quite right) when he said that the widening of Parliament Street, and a new street through the city, that is, from Blackfriars to the Mansion House, would alone cure the glut of traffic through the main artery of London. And, curiously enough, one part of this scheme has actually been lost in, and by reason of, the successful progress of the Thames Embankment. New Earl Street, as it is called, is the street which is proposed by Lord Redesdale; and it leads

diagonally from Puddle Dock, at the side of Blackfriars Bridge, to the Mansion House. It is actually commenced—part of it already constructed; and we therefore speak of it in the present tense. But its completion is to be abandoned, because the civic corporation so wills. The city declines to prosecute this portion of the scheme. It is postponed indefinitely. In other words, the City Corporation has jobbed a job. They resisted the proposition that the Thames should be quayed from Blackfriars to London Bridge, as well as from Blackfriars to Westminster, on the understanding that, by completing the New Earl Street communication, they would effectually relieve Cheapside and Fleet Street. Having succeeded, in the interest of the Thames Street wharfingers, in defeating the total embankment of the Thames, they now decline to pay the price of their immunity. They will not embank the Thames east of Blackfriars, and they will not make the promised street; and so, for all traffic purposes, things might as well remain just as they are. So long as you lose your train or your dinner it matters little whether you are locked up for an hour, as at present, in Fleet Street, or, as it will be, on Ludgate Hill. And, for some reason or other—or probably for no better reason than that the West should be equally obstinate with the East—that easiest and most natural of all street improvements, the widening of Parliament Street, is resisted by the combined evil genius of the Government, the Board of Works, and the Metropolitan Ediles in Spring Gardens.

Turning from the North to the South, we must say that any expectations of a Southern Embankment in any real sense of the word are absolutely annihilated by the report of the Royal Commissioners just issued. In one summary sentence they assert that an Embankment from Deptford to Westminster is not wanted at all. That is to say, in the thickest of the population, in the densest haunts of business, where everything is most unhealthy, unsightly, and untidy, no quays are wanted. A new street through Southwark, already in progress, will relieve the traffic, and a better system of drainage will prevent the flooding of the Borough. If this is true of the South, it is more true of the North, and, as we have already hinted, the embankment of the North bank of the Thames is, as far as traffic purposes are concerned, a mere sham and delusion. The Commissioners for the South by their report condemn the legislation for the North. If no embankment is wanted for Southwark, none was needed for the Strand. The real reason why the Commissioners report against the Southern quays is because there are certain powerful wharfingers along the proposed line of embankment in Southwark, and especially near London Bridge, whose interests would, it is feared, be compromised by the scheme.

But the Commissioners do recommend something in the way of a Southern Embankment. It is only just to begin at the exact point of the river on the South where the embankment on the North stops. We are to have an embankment on the North side from Blackfriars to Westminster, and on the South side from Westminster to Battersea Park. It was felt to be hard and unfair to squeeze up poor Father Thames on both sides at once. The spectacle of oozy festering mud, and the stench of scrubby shoals reeking under the summer sun, were too delightful to be altogether sacrificed. If this salutary home of disease and dirt is to go in Middlesex, it must at least be preserved in Surrey. It is too much to think of having a clean and healthy Thames side on both banks of the river. If there is to be an embankment, which after all is a mere sentimentalism, it may be constructed—such is the Commissioners' recommendation—out of town. There is the healthy suburb of Vauxhall and Lambeth to embank if you like. We will make it quite ornamental opposite the Houses of Parliament, and it will be a real blessing to the nursery maids who want to go to the new Battersea Park. It will cost only 1,100,000*l.*, and we can renew the coal and wine duties for these moderate charges. This is all but the exact language of the Report of the Commissioners. If London, that is, if the coal burners and wine drinkers of London, are to be taxed for a Thames Embankment, they will cheerfully pay it provided that embankment is a real one—that is, if it embanks the river in London. And by London we mean that part, insignificant in the eyes of Royal Commissioners, which lies between London Bridge and Westminster Bridge. But whether we in London are to be made to pay for an embankment somewhere in the suburbs, opposite Cubitt's poles, and for the benefit of Battersea Park, is one thing for Royal Commissioners to suggest, and another for Parliament to enforce.

BINOCULAR VISION AND THE PAINTER'S ART.

"CAN a man paint what he sees?" On the answer to this query depends the solution of the problem involved in the disputes between the literalists in painting and their antagonists. There is a further query which requires a satisfactory reply before the matter can be practically settled. "Ought a man to paint what he sees?" But this question as to what he ought to do must be postponed to the question as to what he can do. We therefore recur to our first words—"Can a man paint what he sees?" The answer is sufficiently obvious, and yet we could not put our finger on any passage in any book where it is honestly given. A man can paint what he sees with one eye, but not what he sees with two eyes. In this proposition we venture to think that one great secret of the painter's art is contained, and that a brief sketch of the conclusions it involves will be valuable in these days of Ruskinism and anti-Ruskinism.

The impression produced on the brain by any one object results, as we all know, from the combined action of two separate optical instruments placed side by side in the human countenance, a short distance apart from one another. Each eye sees something which is not seen by its fellow. The right eye sees more of one side of a solid object, the left eye more of the other side of the same. The image produced on the retina of the right eye is thus very far from being an exact facsimile of the image produced on the left retina. By some mysterious nerve-process, these two images become practically one in the brain; and the mind, knowing all visible objects only through the brain, conceives of them accordingly. Without being conscious of seeing two separate portions of an object at once, it acquires a distinct perception of its solidity in space. The object "stands out" before it as a thing possessing form as well as colour—round, or square, or many-sided, as the case may be.

Hence, also, the mind conceives of all objects as being placed at different distances from the spectator. Though the mere lines which represent the limits of each object lie apparently in one flat plane, as when reproduced in a painting, the impression upon the brain is one of various degrees of intervening space. Altogether apart from the effect produced by gradations in tone and tint, which we know by experience are connected, through atmospheric influences, with certain variations in linear distance from our eyes, we have a sensation of nearness in the nearer objects and of distance in the more distant objects which is the immediate result of this binocular vision. When the objects observed are so far away that the effect of the binocular vision becomes virtually nothing, as in the sun, moon, and stars, all conception as to actual distance is lost. We cannot guess whether the moon is fifty miles or fifty thousand miles away from us. But, in the subjects chosen by the painter, our perception of relative distance is materially enhanced by the power which we possess of seeing two sides of a body at the same time.

When the painter shows us on canvas or on paper the visible appearances which he desires to reproduce, this binocular faculty is lost. He presents us with a flat surface, and nothing more. We look at his work with both our eyes, but each eye sees precisely the same appearance, and the result is wholly dissimilar to that which is produced by the contemplation of the real objects depicted. The union of the two images, which in actual vision is produced in the brain itself, is produced in the representation by the painter's hand. It might have been imagined that the result would be the same, but it is not so. In the latter case, we really see but one object—in the former, we imagine we see but one; but the impression on the mind in the latter case is that of a smooth plane—in the former, of a combination of solid bodies. Hence follows the necessity for a conventionalism in the painter's art little practised by many artists, and possibly by the greatest with no theoretical knowledge of the reasons for its adoption. This conventionalism consists in an exaggeration of the degrees of what is termed aerial perspective. The sense of space depending on two conditions—namely, an alteration in colour graduated by the relative distances of objects from the spectator, and a perception of two separate views of each object—the loss of this binocular perception necessitates an increase in the variations of actual tint. A picture in which each separate portion is coloured up to the tone of the original scene, presents an impression totally unlike that of the real scene when taken as a whole. It is utterly without what is technically termed "space" and atmospheric effect.

An examination of the works of the greatest artists will prove the truth of these remarks in a moment. Take those of the greatest of landscape painters. No man ever produced the same impression of space and distance as Turner. In an engraving a few inches square, Turner gives a sense of magnitude and positive physical size which borders on the marvellous. But examine the details. Everything, except the foreground, is paler than in reality. It is not only, as is generally imagined, that Turner marks the gradations of light and shade with an unrivalled accuracy of eye and delicacy of touch, but that he positively exaggerates them all, back to the very farthest horizon. No "extreme distance" ever really appeared as faint in colour as it does in his pictures. The tone of a building, say, a quarter of a mile from the foreground, is as subdued in tint, and as hazy in its outline, as if it were half a mile away. The result is, that it appears to be really a quarter of a mile distant, while the literal reproduction of an ordinary artist would have brought it comparatively close up to the spectator's eye.

It is to be remarked, further, that the brain, in combining in one the diverse images wrought upon the two retinas of the eyes, melts them together with a certain indistinctness of outline. When we look at any solid object, it is only by directing a steadfastly fixed attention on some very small portion of the whole that we can get a perception of hard, clearly defined lines. We must view it piece by piece, as a surface, and not as a solid body, if we wish to see all its distinct linear forms. The moment the brain takes in the whole, the effect of the junction of the two images becomes manifest in a slight haziness of form, increasing in proportion to the extent of the field of vision. Moreover, exactly in proportion as the lines observed lie more or less in a perfectly flat plane, so that the two eyes may perceive, more or less, the identically same image, so is the brain impressed by a greater clearness and hardness of outline. No outline of a solid form can be seen with the same distinctness as the lines of a drawing upon paper or any corresponding surface.

Acting upon this truth, almost all the greatest artists of all schools have given a certain cloudiness of outline to their pictures. Not that this cloudiness has involved an incorrectness of drawing. The sweep and movement of the boundary lines which mark the form of face or figure has been ever true to the reality of nature. Their haziness has resulted from a slight mingling of each colour with its adjacent hue, precisely as, in contemplating the real forms of life, our eyes refuse to mark off one feature from another with any sharp-cut severance. Whether or not the great painters have known why it was that they thus preserved the truth of nature, they certainly have recognised the fact that pictures painted without hard outlines possess a reality about them which is denied to a more literal bit-by-bit rendering of the objects represented.

The fashion of to-day sets in another direction. A literalistic reproduction of material forms, as they are known to the touch, is imagined to be the true work of an art which addresses itself to the eye. Aiming at solidity, firmness, and accuracy, the fashionable school, with all its undeniable genius and skill, produces works which, in some respects, are as untrue artistically as they are untrue both optically and dramatically. They are untrue, in the first place, optically, because they violate the laws of vision, and attribute to the human eye a power of seeing with equal clearness a multiplicity of objects covering a wide field, and placed at every variety of distance from the spectator himself. Thus every part of the painting thrusts itself into the foreground. Nothing retires—nothing takes its proper place. A hard, unreal, and glaring brightness of colour is substituted for that mingled brilliancy and repose which characterize the living scenes of human life or landscape beauty. Each separate small fragment of the piece may be truly rendered, if cut out from the picture and compared with its material prototype. But, viewed as parts of a whole, they are false to the laws of vision, and the impression they work upon the mind is uncomfortable and irritating, and suggests to all but the most fanatical admirers that there is something wrong somewhere. The fashion of the day is wrong, again, from its ignorance of the conventional treatment of the phenomena of aerial perspective, rendered necessary by the absence of binocular vision when a flat picture is all that the eyes can see. True as may be the linear perspective of the leaders of this school, and correct the tone of the more distant portions of their pictures, if placed side by side with natural objects equally removed from the eye, it is undeniable that their works have no "atmosphere" in them. Nothing looks in its proper place, because they substitute a slavish copying for an artistic treatment. Forgetting the limits of art, they are unable to employ its largest powers.

The errors of this school, regarded from the dramatic point of view, are less intimately connected with the optical laws to which we have called attention, but they result, nevertheless, from a forgetfulness of the practical action of the eyesight. It cannot be denied that the moment the eye is specially directed on any one portion of a scene, an increase of indistinctness obscures every detail on which the mind's attention is not fastened. The sense of light, the sense of form, the sense of colour, all grow feeble, in respect to every object except those which engross our emotions for the moment. To represent all these half-forgotten details with the same vivid minuteness with which we paint those features of a scene which fill the mind, is to violate the first principles of dramatic truth, as expressed in art. Mr. Holman Hunt's picture of "Christ in the Temple" is one of the master-pieces of the literalist school; and notwithstanding certain defects, it is a truly great and noble work. But will any man pretend that if by possibility he had been a living witness of the event portrayed, he would have seen the elaborate architectural background, the distant landscape, and the subordinate personages presented with that clearness and minuteness of detail which they possess in the picture? Such a cold-blooded cataloguing would have been impossible to any sympathizing mind. *Arta est celare artem*, is the painter's best motto; but here a great artist has succeeded in producing a result the very opposite to that enforced by the golden rule. No one can see Mr. Hunt's picture without thinking what a wonderful deal of pains he must have spent in working up a crowd of minutiae which nobody but himself would ever have thought of. Such will ever be the consequences of a forgetfulness of the true aim of art, whether in painting, or sculpture, in architecture, or in music.

BRIGHTON RACES.

THE sport on the first day at Brighton was but moderate, and the class of horses that contested the different races was, with a few exceptions, very indifferent. These exceptions were not very difficult to discover, inasmuch as public opinion designated beforehand the winners of every race but one, and it is probable that the favourite would have been successful in that race also, but for the accident of his breaking a blood-vessel just when he began to look like winning. The first race of the day was regarded as a certainty for Voltigeur, a fine daughter of Voltigeur, and she justified the confidence placed in her by taking the lead from the starting-post, and cantering in, "hands down," an easy winner. For the Brighton Stakes, which was the principal event of the day, another child of Voltigeur, called Watchfire, who ran very well last week at Goodwood, was made a strong favourite, and he also contrived to win, though not without a struggle with Fitz-Eva. The most remarkable feature in this race was Aldcroft's splendid rush on Mr. Merry's heavily-

weighted horse, Sir William. It is only very lately that Aldcroft has appeared in Mr. Merry's well-known yellow and black, in which Custance, who has now quitted Mr. Merry's service, rode so many times on Thormanby and Dundee. Aldcroft failed to catch the two horses that were in front of him, but nevertheless his riding was a fine specimen of jockeyship. The last race of the day, which was for three-year-olds, was won by Lord Stamford's Bertha, one of the best-looking animals among the many good ones of the same year who owe their parentage to Stockwell. It deserves notice, by the way, that up to the present time Stockwell's two-year-old progeny have fallen very far short of the character attained by his sons and daughters of the two preceding years. Bertha was in great force as a two-year-old last year at Goodwood, but her performances of this year have not come up to the promise which she then held out. However, she was thought good enough to have odds laid on her in the present race, which she won easily.

It will be judged from these brief notices that the sport on the first day at Brighton was not of a violently exciting character; but as the day was fine, the sea-breeze refreshing, the Stand not overcrowded, and the company in good spirits, there was, upon the whole, little to find fault with. Perhaps the only persons who were likely to be dissatisfied with the day were those book-makers who, relying on the chapter of accidents, obliged the public by betting freely against the favourites. They, however, are a philosophical, and generally prosperous, race of men, and were not likely to take one bad day very much to heart, nor to express their feelings loudly if they did. In spite of fortune's frowns on Tuesday, we do not suppose that the ring made a very bad thing of it at Brighton, seeing that that place is always full, at racing time, of young "swells" who seem to think it due to their appearance and position to have a few bets, to which the diligent and sagacious book-maker can generally accommodate them to his own advantage.

The race for the Brighton Cup, on the second day, was the last and the most interesting race of the meeting. We do not know why this important race was made the last. This arrangement, which is not usual, must have been highly unsatisfactory to those persons who were obliged to leave the course just when the saddling bell was ringing for the Cup race. It happened that the previous race was delayed for a time that seemed interminable, and the last half-hour of many visitors was spent, not in seeing a good race, but in waiting to see a bad one. It was an immense relief when at length this long suspense ended, and after a few minutes' interval signs were seen of preparation for the Cup race. There was reason to believe at the beginning of the week that Tina Whiffler, who won the Goodwood Cup, would compete for the same honour at the Brighton meeting. If he had appeared, his success would have been so near a certainty as to destroy all the interest of the race. But it was known on the course that Tim Whiffler had been sent home, and it was inferred that his owner considered that he could make sure of the Brighton Cup without his help. Lord William Powlett, who lately bought Tim Whiffler, also possesses a very fine mare called Paste, who formerly belonged to the late Duke of Bedford. The first move towards getting ready for the Cup race was the saddling of Paste under the superintendence of the veteran Rogers who was to ride her. Close at hand proceeded the toilet of a rival one year younger, the well-known Feu-de-Joie, the winner of the Oaks. She looked as handsome as last week at Goodwood; but she is undersized; and we are of opinion that Paste can very well afford to give her 1st gibs. for the difference of a year in age. It is quite true that Feu-de-Joie won the Oaks, and the Oaks is accounted a great race; yet still we do not think much of her, but rather we think poorly of the fillies which allowed themselves to be beaten by her. However, she finds plenty of supporters, who fancy that she has in her a speed which will cut down all the field. There were but four starters for this race; and all were backed with nearly equal confidence. Watchfire, of the same year as Feu-de-Joie, had won the Brighton Stakes the day before. He is a son of Voltigeur, and takes after him in look and colour. Atherstone, of the same year as Paste, had won the Champagne Stakes two hours before easily. The style in which Atherstone beat a known good horse, Camerino, in this race, would have made him very dangerous for the Cup but for the consideration that he had had a good deal taken out of him already. Still he won the race, as we have said, easily; although Fordham, who rode him in it, pretended to be making a great effort at the finish, when he knew all the time that he had the race in hand. On the whole Atherstone looked so promising that he was made the best favourite for the Cup, and considering that he is said to have a tendency to what is called "roaring," his backers certainly did not lack courage. The cantering of Paste was admirable, and confirmed the hopes we had formed of her in the Paddock. The race was ridden excellently by Rogers, or at least it so appeared to us because it was ridden according to our preconceived idea of what it ought to be. He made running throughout at his own pace, keeping well ahead with his mare still going within herself. Feu-de-Joie was very far from showing the commanding speed which her friends expected. On the contrary, she was last of the whole lot, while Atherstone and Watchfire were nearly side by side ahead of her, and considerably astern of Paste. As the horses neared the turn into the straight, those in the rear had crept up to the leader, so as to be in positions to try to win, but not, perhaps, to try to very much purpose. Indeed, Feu-de-Joie never had it in her to make the effort, although she did just manage to get near enough for making it. The only horse that pressed at all hardly upon Paste

was Atherstone, who, notwithstanding his "roaring" weakness, made such a vigorous push for the front as to compel Rogers to call upon his mare for her reserve of power. The mare answered readily to the call, and beat Atherstone cleverly by a neck. Thus Lord William Powlett has won the Goodwood Cup with Tim Whiffler, and the Brighton Cup with Paste; and, what is perhaps more remarkable, he has won the latter race after making sure of it beforehand. Occasionally one meets with a "certainty" upon the turf, which is proved to deserve the name, but doubtless the admirers of Paste will some day get their turn of bad luck, as they did of good luck at Brighton. It was much to be regretted that part of the company should have left the course before this beautiful race for the Cup was run, and we really think that it would be advisable to arrange the programme differently next year. It does not often happen that so much time is wasted in false starts as there was at Brighton; but it is always possible that the last race of the day may be run an hour after the time appointed; and, if the last race be the best, many visitors are sure to get all the accessories of the day, and to miss the principal spectacle which they came to see.

It happens very often that the animals which cause delay are exactly those whose performances excite the smallest interest. The race for the Grand Stand Plate would not have been particularly gratifying even if it had been run punctually at the time appointed. But the antics of a mare called Mary Stuart made it a trial of patience which is not often equalled. In the first place, this mare bolted from the Stand towards the sea, and looked very much as if she were going to find her death in it. The mare was not wholly to blame for this her first escapade, for the people had scattered themselves over the course, and as Mary Stuart was cantering, she very nearly ran against a woman. Whether Mary Stuart frightened the woman we cannot say, but it is certain that the woman frightened Mary Stuart, and sent her galloping frantically towards the sea. She was, however, stopped and brought back slowly to the Stand, and thence she followed her competitors to the starting-post. Having arrived there, she made a fresh bolt away from home, and then turned and galloped past the starting, and nearly to the winning-post. She was at length stopped and led slowly back, and then the contagion of her example seized a competitor who bore the appropriate name of Consternation. When the start did take place, Mary Stuart had run the length of the course two or three times already, and it need not be said that she had destroyed her chance of winning. The same thing was done earlier in the day by another horse, Knight of the Bath, who had been warmly supported for his race, which, indeed, we do not think he could have lost but for his own vehemence. There were no less than eight false starts before this race, and seven or eight times did Knight of the Bath behave as if these false starts were real ones. His backers, meanwhile, had the satisfaction of reflecting that their money was getting into greater danger every minute. When at last the race was run, and Knight of the Bath came in second instead of first, the disappointment found nobody unprepared. It is not often that a single day makes so many calls upon one's powers of endurance. The sport, except the Cup race, was tame; and almost the only noticeable incident was the success, in the first race of the day, of a horse of Lord Palmerston's called Spencer, who beat, among others, a horse called Walpole.

One of the most remarkable features of a race-meeting is the assemblage of professional Turfites in the evening after dinner. They are a strange race of men, quiet and good-humoured, but at the same time alert and suspicious. Listening to their conversation, it is almost impossible for the uninitiated to distinguish between their "chaff" and their serious talk. An offer to bet any odds may be gravely entertained, or it may be laughed at in a way that shows that none of the wise men present ever could look upon it in any other light than as an excellent joke. The majority of these bookmakers are burly well-to-do middle-aged persons, who might be commercial travellers, or corn-factors, or cattle-dealers. They are not conspicuous for "hossiness" either in attire or conversation. A calm, business-like air pervades the whole assemblage, and the members of it never appear flurried. They do not look like men averse to good living, or unused to strong potations; but though, in the large room where they congregate, each man orders something for the good of the house, very little liquor is consumed. They have a very comical way of mixing up small sums with great ones. "Will you give me half a crown to lay twenty ponies?"—or in other words, to bet 500*l.* to 25*l.* This may be all "chaff," but it sounds curiously like earnest. If it had any serious meaning, it must have been this, that the speaker had a commission to lay the twenty ponies, and desired to stipulate for the small fee of half-a-crown to himself for doing so. One respectable Northern bookmaker in settling after the race for the Cup tendered in payment a note of a Macclesfield bank. On its being objected that Macclesfield was a long way off, he said, "Well, give me sixpence and I'll find a man to change it." On receiving the sixpence he produced from his own pocket a Bank of England note for the same amount, and seemed amazingly pleased with the transaction. It could not be thought possible, unless the fact were experimentally ascertained, that in the midst of paying losses, requiring the transfer of bank-notes, a man's mind would be alive to the chance of getting back sixpence. Could it be that the bets were made on commission, and that the bank-notes came out of the purses of employers, while the sixpences and half-crowns went into his own? To some extent, perhaps, this might be true, but not wholly.

The talk of this fraternity whenever there was a moment's

leisure from the work in hand, turned, whether in jest or earnest, almost wholly on the Doncaster St. Leger. So far as could be learned on Wednesday evening, the odds between The Marquis and Caractacus would be about six to five. But according to some reports the odds would have been rather the other way next morning. The causes of these fluctuations would be very curious to trace. Sometimes there are good reasons for the movements of the ring, and sometimes there are none at all. Perhaps nothing is, or can be, known about these horses, beyond what was known the day after the Derby. We mentioned last week a report that the Marquis had made and havoc of Cape Flyaway and the Wizard in training gallops. It might have been added, that Mr. Hawke bought a horse called Phantom specially for this work, and that Phantom was in danger of being reduced to the shadow of his former self. It was agreed by the bookmakers at Brighton, that Buckstone was likely to show himself a much better horse at Doncaster than he was at Epsom; also that Old Calabar is now free from lameness, and at work, and doing well. Then there is Sir Joseph Hawley's Argonaut, a very fine horse, who came to the post quite unfit to run at Epsom. There is also Carisbrook, who won three races and had a fourth given up to him at Ascot; and lastly, it is possible, in spite of the inglorious failure of Feu-de-Joie, that another surprise like that of Caller-Ou may be awaiting the racing world at Doncaster. All things considered, the St. Leger of the present year promises to be one of the most interesting ever known, and it is now near enough at hand to give importance to other race meetings, where betting upon it is largely carried on. Considering the size of Brighton, and its accessibility from London, it is perhaps surprising that the sport there should not be of a higher quality. There was a lack, not of speculators, but of material upon which to speculate.

REVIEWS.

ANAGRAMS.*

MEN have tortured their minds as well as their bodies in all times. Some have gone mad in attempting to square the circle. More have got into gaol by poring over books and crucibles in quest of the great Elixir and the philosopher's stone. Desire to invent a universal language has unsettled many brains; and Alexander Cruden, he that compiled sanely enough the Concordance of the Bible, was thoroughly insane in every other work he took in hand, from a broadside addressed to the Lord Mayor to his projects for reforming the State addressed to the Prime Minister. We can, however, hardly conceive a more effectual method for getting into Bedlam than to set up as an inventor of the various kinds of brain-torture enumerated and described in Mr. Wheatley's learned and entertaining little volume; and when we opened it, we expected to find in it more than a few instances of madness produced by devising "Lipograms, Chronograms, Logograms, Palindromes, and Anagrams." It does not appear, however, that fatuity, mania, or any known form of mental disease was the result of such pursuits, and we are accordingly driven to the conclusion that anagrammatists are gifted by nature, like colliers, porters, and other muscular Christians, with strong constitutions. For what system, short of what is commonly called the constitution of a horse, could withstand the wear and tear implied in the composition of the "Poème Spirituel et Chrétien en xii livres," entitled, "La Magdelaine au Désert de la Sainte-Baume en Provence," in which the author, Pierre de Saint-Louis, "anagrammatized the names of all the Popes, of the German Emperors, of the Kings of France, of the Generals of his Order, and of many other Saints." After this feat Lengley du Fresnoy's scheme for reading in ten years and six months all the histories that ever were written from the days of Moses to those of Ménéage must hide its diminished head.

Upon the worth and merit of such feats doctors differ widely in opinion. Addison thought that "the acrostick was probably invented about the same time with the anagram, though it is impossible to decide whether the inventor of the one or the other were the greater blockhead." On the other hand, Drummond of Hawthornden, a better poet than Addison, and Camden, the antiquary, a more profound, if a less elegant scholar, deemed this kind of wit important enough for serious discussion and formal rules; while Peacham in his *Complete Gentleman* ranks anagrams among the conceits of art and pleasant invention that no well-bred gentleman should be ignorant of. Kings and Emperors have disagreed on this question no less than scholars. For, whereas the Emperor Rudolph recompensed liberally Martin Cuthenus, Syndic of the city of Prague, for an ingenious chronogram, Henry of Navarre told an anagrammatist that it "was no wonder he was in needy circumstances, for he had taken to such a beggarly trade." In this instance, there may have been some private, if not professional, pique, for the king was an adept in the anagrammatic art, and the needy gentleman had punned, in very doubtful fashion, on his name of Bourbon—Bourbonius being either "*Bonus orbi*," or "*Orbus boni*." "*Non nostrum est tantas componere lites*," but we

may remark that Drummond, Camden, or Peacham belonged to an age when Euphuism was in fashion—that nothing delighted Queen Elizabeth or her successor, in their royal progresses, more than flattery in quaint forms—and that Addison, as Mr. Wheatley observes, overlooks in his censure the skill which such transpositions, to be successful, demand.

Before entering on the main subject of his monograph—anagrams proper—Mr. Wheatley passes in review other kinds of eccentric composition, that at some time or other have found favour with the learned or the idle. Chronograms—a sort of artificial memory for names and dates; punning mottoes, dear to heralds and antiquaries; Palindromes and Sotadic verses, which read forward and backward; Lyon verses, in which each entire word is bodily reversed in its position in the sentence; Leonine verses, in which the middle and the end of each line rhyme together; Rhopalic verses, in which the words rise in regular scale from the opening monosyllable to the concluding polysyllable, "each succeeding word being larger than the one preceding it;" shaped verses, in which whole sentences or poems were cast into the figure of eggs, axes, and altars; echo and equivocal verses, lipograms and acrostics, and other species of elaborate wit or dulness, make up the contents of this olio of oddities. If the samples collected in this little volume are among the idle fancies and least profitable exercises of the mind, the collector of them has, in his concluding page, supplied a valid excuse for the pains he has taken:—

I have [he says] passed rapidly through many centuries, and found the art of anagrammatism taking root in almost every country of Europe. I must now conclude this essay with the observation that, though anagrams and all kinds of play upon words are in themselves trivial, there is no doubt that, on the presumption of recreation being necessary in a life of toil, the mind will at times find amusement and delight in trifles; and it is not as follies, but as curiosities, and illustrations of the relaxation of the human mind, that I have endeavoured to collect into one focus what I have found scattered through many works, and thus to form a monograph of one of the many curious phases of the intellect.

"Abridgements," says Lord Bacon, "are but flashy things," and we shall not attempt to abbreviate the brief volume before us, further than may serve to show that it performs all that it promises. We proceed to select a few samples of the curious, and, for the most part, superannuated humour collected by Mr. Wheatley. Even trifles have often a serious side. An epigram has more than once caused bloodshed, whether in the form of duels or of "war in procinct." A street-ballad has kindled the wrath or roused the indolence of nations. Prophecies, rumours and dreams have set up or pulled down thrones. A window out of repair, and a rebuke for delay in having it mended, made Louvois light up a war in order that his master Louis might have more urgent matters in hand than inspection of works at Versailles; and a quip of his good brother of France brought William the Norman with fiery speed across the water to wipe off the untimely jest. Anagrams have broken the slumbers of more than one king and pope; and the inventor of Palindromes—Sotades, a Greek poet of Thrace—found it but ill jesting with princes, for Ptolemy Philadelphus had him thrown into the sea in requital for an unpalatable lampoon. Mr. Wheatley has forgotten to mention one of some note in its day, which is credited to the same Ptolemy. It seems there was in the Museum of Alexandria one Sosibius, who went by the name of "the apologist" (ὁ ἀπολογιστής), or answerer of objections. He had made, in the King's opinion, an unwarrantable use of the figure Anastrophe, by which grammarians shifted words or syllables from one member of a sentence to another, as might best suit their own convenience. Ptolemy applied this figure to the apologist himself. He ordered the treasurer of the Museum to withhold Sosibius's pension, and to declare that it had been duly paid. The answerer of objections could not, perhaps, answer his creditors, and being "hard up," appealed to the King. His Majesty called for the account-books, and maintained that Sosibius had received his quarter's salary. "Look here, Sir," he said, "here is your name:—so much to Professor Sotes, so much to Sosigenes, so much to Bion, so much to Apollonius; anastrophize these syllables, and you find a receipt from So-si-bi-us." Anagrams are treated of by Mr. Wheatley under the heads of the principal languages of Europe. Our own country contributes its full share to the volume, and some of our native performances in this line are very creditable to the skill and patience of their authors. Since these, however, are probably more familiar, as they certainly are more accessible, to the reader generally than foreign anagrams, we shall confine our notice to the foreign anagrammatists.

Perhaps we may detect in Anagrams some traces of national physiognomy. The Jews, a grave and saturnine race, and the graver sort among them, the learned and ascetic Talmudists, delighted in such feats of legerdemain. In words and letters they found mystical and moral significance more extravagant even than the dreams of philologists. "Some of their transpositions," Mr. Wheatley remarks, "are most ungallant, for they have found, by transposing the letters of the Hebrew word signifying 'Man,' the new one 'Benediction,' and in 'Woman,' 'Malediction.'" But they also discovered that Abraham wept but little for Sarah his wife, because a remarkably small letter—Caph—is used in the Hebrew word which describes Abraham's tears, inferring from the size of the letter the limited nature of the Patriarch's grief. This is most "excellent fooling;" yet perhaps a sound Talmudist might allege that there is some colour for Abraham's resignation,

* *Of Anagrams; a Monograph treating of their History from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time*, &c. By H. R. Wheatley. Printed by Stephen Austin, Hertford. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

since he consoled himself by taking another wife, even Keturah; and although in her lifetime Sarah had worshipped her husband, "calling him Lord," yet she had more than once displayed a shrewish temper.

The lively-witted and ingenious Greeks, on the other hand, were, as we might expect, adepts in the anagrammatic art, for which, indeed, their flexible language afforded no ordinary advantages. Their performances in this line of wit ascend into remote eras, and, like more important arts and sciences, are ascribed to Homer as their inventor. No samples, however, have come down to us of the old minstrel's skill; neither have we any reason for thinking that Euripides, so ingenious in his ethical sophisms, was an anagrammatist. The earliest specimens preserved came from Alexandria, a soil fertile in quips and quiddities and suchlike branches of learning. Of the seven poets who composed the famous *Pleiades*, Lycophron was one; and unless the Alexandrians were fanatically fond of riddles in verse, crabbed enough to have puzzled Oedipus himself, and to have saved the Sphinx from self-destruction, he must have owed his poetical honours not to his unreadable *Cassandra*, but to the delicate compliments he paid, anagrammatically, to his patron Ptolemy Philadelphus, and his patron's sister and wife, the beautiful Arsinoë. Πτολεμαίος, Lycophron transmuted into ἀνδρῶν πέλας, and Ἀρσινόη into ἴσος ἥσας, an image the worth of which Shakespeare helps us to estimate by one yet more exquisite:—

Violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes.

Sometimes anagrams proved as double-edged as oracles, and, like them, led the credulous into mischief. "When Constantine III., son of the Emperor Heraclius, was about to give battle, he dreamt that he took the way through Thessalonica into Macedonia." One of his courtiers thus expounded the dream. Dividing Θεσσαλονίκη into syllables, he made of it Θες ἀλλὰ φέρειν—leave the victory to others. Constantine disregarded the anagram, "fought the battle, and was beaten."

Italy has proved, both of yore and in modern times, a barren soil as regards such distortion of words and letters. The old Romans, who occasionally made respectable puns, were clumsy anagrammatists, never getting beyond such palpable divisions of syllables as that of *Terminus* into *Ter-minus*—an anagram within the capacity of "babes and sucklings." Yet on this slender foundation some particular blockhead, quoted with applause by Aulus Gellius, raised an enigma "very tolerable and not to be endured." Neither have the modern Italians cultivated the anagrammatic art with better success than their ancestors. According to Camden, indeed, they were "*seri studiosum*," beginning only in the sixteenth century to rack their brains in quest of "meanings never meant." The slackness of Rome and Italy, in this respect, is the more remarkable if we consider how readily the Latin language lends itself to such transmutations. There are, probably, more anagrams in Latin than in any two or three modern languages taken together; indeed, modern names and words must often be turned into Latin before they will consent to become anagrams.

Next to the Greeks, the French, who in many other respects resemble the Athenians, have proved adroit and fertile anagrammatists. They held, indeed, the art in such esteem, that in the reign of Louis XIII. they had "a salaried official," whose duty it was, not to write birth-day odes, or to drink a butt of sack annually, but to twist names into pretty conceits. The office, however, was short-lived. Thomas Billon was, Mr. Wheatley believes, the first and last who held it. His appointment by Louis XIII., the son of the great Henri, is significant. The Béarnese was himself so expert an anagrammatist that he might have "served both for king and for poet." His conversion of "*Marie Touchet*," the beautiful mistress of Charles IX., into "*Je charme tout*," is most felicitous. To whom, of all conceivable people, does the reader suppose that the invention of anagrams in France is to be ascribed? We might allow as much latitude for conjecture as Madame de Sévigné allowed for guessing whom M. de Lauzun was to espouse—"*dimanche au Louvre*." The inventor of such ingenious trifling was grim John Calvin! We might almost as soon have expected him to devise "*le menuet de la cour*." John, we suspect, discovered that transposition of letters was an admirable mode of saddling his foes with stinging and clinging nick-names. Of Rabelais, Latinized into "*Rabelaisius*," he made "*Rabio-lesus*;" and the great Pantagruelist, without help from Latin, returned the compliment by converting Calvin into *Jan Cul* (jack-ass). The fashion once set, theologians took very kindly to anagrammatising. Père Coton defended his order—the Societas Jesu—from the charge of stimulating Ravaillac to assassinate Henri IV. Whereupon "*Pierre Coton*" was turned into "*Perce ton Roi*;" but inasmuch as the Jesuits suspected Pierre Dumoulin of thrust in carte, they thrust in tierce, and out of "*Petrus Dumoulin*" fabricated "*Erit mundi Lupus*." Frère Jacques Clément, the murderer of Henry III., afforded letters enough for *C'est l'enfer qui m'a créé*. Nor were anagrams by divines always weapons of offence; frequently they were tributes of admiration. The celebrated Jesuit, Claude Ménétrier—his real name contained an intractable *s*—became "*Miracle de Nature*;" and among numerous compliments of the kind to Ignatius de Loyola, not the least happy is that of "*Digna esto Oliva Dei*." The following anagram we commend to the special attention of Pio Nono, should he chance to be among our readers. "*Supremus Pontifex Romanus*" becomes after certain profane contortions, "*O non sum super petram fixus*!"—

a piece of wit that might have ranked in earlier days among the best productions of the Delphic tripod. Kings and queens came in, of course, for their full share of panegyric and pasquinade. Louis XIII. was thus complimented upon his skill in falconry—" *Ros très-rare, estimé dieu de la fauconnerie* "—a clever permutation of his name and title, "*Louis XIII., Roi de France et de Navarre*;" and Marie Thérèse d'Autriche, wife of the Most Christian king his son, was stated with the precision of a registrar of births and marriages to be "*Marie au Roi très-chrétien*." While the great of the earth were thus applauded, Mary Magdalen must be considered as peculiarly unfortunate—some anagrammatising reprobate discovering that "*Marie Madeleine*" was convertible into "*Mauvaise Hâleine*."

Scholars were not behind the clergy in this race of wit. Scioippius changed *Scaliger* into *Sacrilège*, and we do not find that either Julius or Joseph, prone as they were to wrath and revenge, replied in kind. The great bibliographer Magliabecchi afforded Father Finardi a brave opportunity for displaying his skill—since *Antonius Magliabecchius* becomes, after due coaxing, *Is unus bibliotheca magna*. An admirer of Voltaire was less happy in discerning that the name yields "*O alte vir*;" for among his many extraordinary, and some excellent gifts, loftiness of mind was not one. The reader, perhaps, needs hardly to be reminded that Voltaire is itself an anagram. Arouet le jeune, before he commenced authorship, used to sign himself "*Arouet l.j.*," and these letters—the *a* becoming *v*, and the *j* *i*—he transposed into a name celebrated "*ultra Sauromatas et glaciale oceanum*."

The pseudonyms of writers whom regard for their necks or innate modesty has led to veil their baptismal names have furnished matter for volumes. Nor is the list likely to close, since the practice is by no means extinct. One of the most gifted of living dramatic writers, whom, indeed, we may reproach for having contributed so little to the theatre, since what he has written for it is so excellent, supplies a modern instance of such concealment. Bryan Waller Procter is *Barry Cornwall*, poet; though, indeed, this anagram belongs to the class which Mr. Wheatley tells us is called "impure," inasmuch as an *r* is dropped in the transmutation, and an *e* substituted for an *e*. He suggests that there may have been a reason for eliminating the *r*, since, were it retained, we should read for poet—*to-per*. "*Frip*" was the common signature of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter to his contributions to *Reviews*—it is an anagram of his initials. Many of these *noms de plume* were as good as an *alias* to gentlemen in trouble, or likely to get into it, through their writings. Calvinus assumed the name of an earlier divine, and one whose fame was once high in all the Churches. On the title-page of his *Institutes*, published at Strasburg in 1539, he is inscribed *Alcimus*—an almost palpable metamorphosis if compared with that of the author of the once famous *Zodiacus Vitæ*, since none but expert bibliographers and anagrammatists would detect in the words *à Marcellio Palingenio* the real name *Pierre Ange Manzoli*. Portentous even as the style and title of some wizard or alchemist, is the designation *Alcofridas Nasier*. Its owner might, on the strength of it, bestride Astolpho's Hippogriff, or conjure with Friars Bacon and Bungay. Being interpreted, we find an old acquaintance, no other than *François Rabelais*. Even Horace Walpole thought it necessary to disguise his proper name when he set forth his *Castle of Otranto* as a translation from the Italian. Of the supposed version, the supposed author is "*Onuphrio Murallo*"—a rude anagram enough of Horace the younger. The curious in pseudonyms will find many other examples of such masquerade in Mr. Wheatley's volume. At the end of Barbier's *Dictionnaire des Ouvrages Anonymes* he may meet with at least a century of such politic or fanciful disguises, and all from French literature alone.

The few samples we have given of Mr. Wheatley's rich collection will, perhaps, induce some of our readers to consult his book for themselves. It is well and scholarly executed, and, if it does not exhaust the subject, is a very useful contribution to the minor curiosities of literature.

PRINCIPLES OF TAXATION.*

ADAM SMITH'S first maxim of taxation—that the subjects of every State should contribute as nearly as possible in proportion to their respective abilities, &c.—has been generally accepted by political economists without question, and has even been treated in financial controversy as if some theory of verbal inspiration were applicable to it. The exact words which the philosopher happened to use have been appealed to as if they were the expressions of infallible wisdom. Controversialists have put their own meaning on them, and have condemned each other without mercy for dissenting from the canon of economic truth. Yet, apart from any doubt that may be thrown upon the meaning of the maxim, or upon its application with mathematical accuracy to every possible case, it may be objected that equality of taxation, in any sense which can be put upon Adam Smith's language, is, after all, not a principle the justice of which lies on the surface. If a poor man has to pay exactly as much as a rich man for everything else, irrespective of his ability, why should he pay less for the services of the State in proportion to the inferiority of his means? Mr. Neate is, we believe, the first economist of any note who has

* *Three Lectures on Taxation*. By Charles Neate, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Oxford. J. H. & J. Parker.

ventured to set aside Adam Smith's maxim altogether, substituting for it, as "the fundamental principle of taxation," the maxim that every man should be taxed in proportion to the benefit he derives from the State. This principle is, according to Mr. Neate, founded on the very nature of a tax, "which is that of a payment to the State for the work it performs." The chief benefit, he argues, which a man derives from a settled form of government is security for his savings, and there are myriads who have no savings. Indeed, if Mr. Neate is not mistaken, there are "thousands of men in this country with whom it would be a question whether they would not prefer to their present lot that of the naked Britons, who were at least sufficiently well fed to make a vigorous resistance to Caesar and his veterans." But this is rather a rhetorical than a conclusive argument. There might have been many natives of Britain perishing for want of food at the very time that others were bravely contending with the Roman troops. If a modern Caesar were now to invade Great Britain, he would meet with many natives sufficiently well-fed to make a vigorous resistance, although weavers might be starving in Lancashire, and although some of the soldiers in the British army might have been badly fed up to the day of their enlistment. When people talk of hardy barbarians, they are apt to forget that all barbarians are not hardy, and that even the hardiest of them often suffer cruel privations. The climate of this island was more inclement in Caesar's time than it is now, and "naked Britons" must have often perished for want of shelter and clothing. If there are really any persons in this civilized world who would be ready to exchange their own lot for that of the ancient Britons, it is because they are imperfectly informed as to what the lot of the latter really was. It was, for the most part, and with the servile classes in particular, one of surpassing misery, for a parallel to which in modern times we must look to the condition of the most savage tribes of Africa, and even they are exposed to fewer natural hardships. The law now exacts the same penalty for the murder of a peasant as for that of the highest noble, but the blood of the hind was held cheap by our barbarous ancestors. Even in better times, before a general government was solidly established, feudal servitudes and exactions were the price the poor had to pay to the rich for protection; and "Spend me and defend me" was the saying of the Irish peasantry. It is far from being true, as Mr. Neate has assumed, that the chief benefit of a settled government is security for savings; for life, and limb, and liberty, and wife, and children, are dearer to a man than gold, and the cottage is more easily assailed by the ruffian or the brigand than the castle. And we need not tell Mr. Neate that those who have no savings benefit largely from the savings of others, since wages are paid out of capital. If, in addition to the protection which the poorest classes now enjoy, we take into account all the institutions of the country established for their especial benefit, it is impossible to deny that Mr. Neate's fundamental principle of taxation is adverse in the extreme to the interests of poverty. If payment were exacted by the State in proportion to its services, the poor would be called upon to pay considerably more than the rich. We have already observed that the justice of taxation in proportion to ability has generally been assumed as an axiom. Yet a labourer cannot buy a loaf or a pound of meat cheaper than a capitalist; and why, therefore, should he get cheaper service from the Government? The reason is, that the State looks upon him simply as a citizen—that it shows him a favour accordingly which he meets with nowhere else—and that it is an establishment for the benefit of all classes, but of his class in particular. The poorer a citizen is, the more it does for him, and the less it asks in return.

After setting aside the ordinary canon respecting the measure of taxation, Mr. Neate intimates his dissent from the doctrines of political economy in another matter, in regard to which he thinks it happy for the country that its practical statesmen have not been guided by the "strict conclusions" of the science. We might suggest that political economists are not political economy, and that a science does not consist of all the doctrines of those who study it, but of the sound philosophy and truth at the bottom of their reasoning. If any economists have contended that the imposition or removal of a tax on the necessities of life makes no difference to the labourer, this does not prove that the strict conclusions of political economy are false, but only that the economists in question have reasoned inaccurately from the doctrine of population. Mr. Neate, however, disputes the general dependence of the rate of wages upon supply and demand. The minimum rate of wages means practically, he says, "the lowest point to which the interest, the humanity, and the fears of the employer will allow him to reduce them;" but the recent fluctuations of wages in Lancashire establish with terrible force the strict truth of the economic law that the minimum of wages is fixed, beyond the control of either capitalists or labourers, by the proportion of capital to labour.

Mr. Neate argues at some length that the financial reforms of modern legislation have been more favourable to the rich than to the poor. But it is remarkable that, in estimating the weights in the two scales, he omits to take the Income-tax into consideration. He also asserts that the rich share largely in the benefit of reduced taxation on the necessities of life—which involves the fallacy that masters have gained the reduction in the price of their labourers' bread by the repeal of the Corn Laws; and he specially refers to the repeal of the duty on soap as a

chief benefit to the wealthy classes, "for there is no want which increases more rapidly with wealth than that of cleanliness." We should think, however, that few rich men wear one more shirt in the day, or wash their hands once oftener in the week, than they would if the duty on soap had been left as it was; whereas its remission is of considerable importance to the mechanic in a dirty business, and to the ploughman who puts on a clean smock every Sunday.

The vexed question of the proper taxation of incomes of different durability is, in Mr. Neate's judgment, easily solved by reference to the general principle he has laid down of contribution in proportion to benefit, from which he thinks it follows at once that incomes should be taxed in proportion to their capitalized or market value. "Upon this principle," he says, "all direct taxation should be framed." He seems to arrive at this conclusion by the following steps:—First, a man is benefited by the State in proportion to the amount of his real income, and should pay in that proportion; secondly, the amount of his real income is what he can prudently expend; and thirdly, he can prudently expend only the interest of the sum which his source of income would fetch in the market. We have already shown the fallacy of the first of these propositions. But, as regards its application to permanent and terminable or precarious incomes, Mr. Neate urges that a fixed income, such as that of a fundholder, depends entirely upon the stability of Government and the assistance of the law, while the income of a professional man—of a surgeon, for example—might even increase in a time of anarchy. This may be answered as it was by Mr. Babbage ten years ago, in his evidence before Mr. Hume's Committee on the Income-tax:—"The professional man can produce nothing unless he is protected; unless you had all the apparatus of Government, a surgeon could not ride across a country to his patients—he would be robbed coming home." An invasion, moreover, would ruin half the people in trade in England, while the owners of the soil would only lose their rents while the invasion lasted, and where the invaders could reach to levy contributions. As to the proposition that a man's real income is to be measured by his proper expenditure, it is impossible to lay down any general rule respecting proper expenditure; but it would be hard to name a rule less in conformity with both the practice and the obligations of individuals than that adopted by Mr. Neate. Take the case of a professional man earning a thousand a year. An actuary, examined before Mr. Hume's Committee in 1852 as a witness who had given special attention to the valuation of professional incomes, considers this thousand a year as worth only seven years' purchase, or 7,000*l.*, the interest of which sum in the 3 per cents. would be 210*l.* Is it to be supposed for a moment that a barrister earning a thousand a year is bound to put by 790*l.*, and to live on 210*l.*? As Mr. Mill puts the case generally:—"Owners of life incomes are not bound to forego the enjoyment of them for the sake of leaving to a perpetual line of successors an independent provision equal to their own temporary one; and no one ever dreams of doing so. Least of all, is it to be required or expected from those whose incomes are the fruits of personal exertion that they should leave to their posterity, without any necessity for exertion, the same incomes which they allow to themselves." But, although we believe it to be impossible to tax with precise equality in reference to the precariousness of incomes or any other standard, there cannot be a doubt that the continual fluctuations in the rate of the Income-tax under Mr. Gladstone's administration prevents its pressure from settling down to the nearest approximation to equality. Yet there are obvious exceptions to the generally sound doctrine that a perpetual tax cannot be unequal, whatever be its nature, the economy of life and business adjusting itself in time to every special burden. The French peasant, before the Revolution, had a just complaint against the *corvée*, though it had existed from time immemorial. A class-tax of any sort is a special burden, so long as it lasts, if the members of the class cannot remove to any other class; and the fact that they were born under the burden does not prevent them from suffering from it to the end of their lives.

From the consideration of equality of taxation as regards incomes of different amount and durability, Mr. Neate proceeds to consider it in its relation to different subjects of property, such as land and money. This leads to a special examination of the burdens on land; and Mr. Neate certainly deserves credit for surveying a department of the field of taxation which other economists have carefully, or carelessly, avoided. His lectures contain information which is not accessible elsewhere than in Blue-books, where ordinary readers are never likely to look for it. We cannot, however, admit the accuracy of all Mr. Neate's propositions in reference to this portion of the subject. The meaning of "land" in political economy is different, he observes, from that which it bears in the language of the law, in which the soil carries with it all that is built upon or fixed to it, *usque ad celum*. "In the language of political economy, land means that of which the value consists in its annual produce or capability of produce. Houses and buildings (on the other hand) are, in the eyes of the political economist, the signs and productions of commercial and professional industry and wealth, and of pecuniary accumulation, from whatever cause arising." He speaks of this as an important distinction. But would not land, by this definition, include not only the milch-cow to which Mr. Disraeli compares it, but also shops and houses

let for so much a year? And, not to mention the Bedford Level and all the reclaimed soil in the kingdom, is there not land in every country which is owned by families to whom it came by professional or commercial industry and wealth, or by pecuniary accumulation, of which it is the production and sign? Immediately after this correction of the legal vocabulary, we are surprised to find Mr. Neate deserting the principles of the political economist for those of the lawyer. It is urged, he says, that the poor-rate is an unequal burden upon landed property, since all property ought in justice to contribute to the support of the poor. To this he replies:—"But while the law remains as it is, we are bound to assume that it is right; the State at least, which has made the tax local, cannot admit, on the part of those who pay it, a plea that it ought to be general." But upon the same principle, since every tax is imposed by law, we are bound to assume that every tax is right, and all a political economist has got to do is to look at the Act of Parliament and say what the law is.

Mr. Neate argues for a special tax upon the rent of land, in consequence of its tendency to increase independently of any exertion or outlay on the part of the landlord; but he appears not to have weighed any of the serious objections to such special taxation. In the first place, if the future increase of rent has been foreseen by recent purchasers and sellers of land—and political economists have not left them in ignorance of the prospect—a special tax on rent would in every such case be an unequal tax on a particular investment. In the second place, those who bought land shortly before the imposition of the succession duties have been already subjected to a deduction from the produce of their investment which they did not take into account. But the gravest objection arises from the impossibility of distinguishing the natural increase of rent from the profit of agricultural outlay, and the discouragement which such a tax would oppose to the improvement of land. Although we find so much to differ from in Mr. Neate's Lectures, we readily admit that they are not without solid and unostentatious merit.

ESQUIROS' ENGLISH AT HOME.*

THE only fault of this book is its title. The words, *The English at Home*, would certainly, to an English reader, convey the idea of something different from what he will find M. Esquiros' volumes to be. The essays contain a great deal which it will do both Frenchmen and Englishmen good to read, but the "English at Home" are just what M. Esquiros does not write about. The title would lead any Englishman to expect something about the domestic life of England, which is the very thing he will not find. M. Esquiros writes about our army, our gipsies, our fairs, our clubs, our theatres, our newspapers, but nothing at all about our homes. He is not one of those travellers who go into a country, lionize its capital, go to one or two frequented places elsewhere, and then think that they have seen the whole land. He has evidently been in many different parts of England, and has seen English life in various aspects; but, as far as his account goes, there is nothing to show that he has seen the inside either of an English manor-house or of an English personage. There is no mention of the Universities, no mention of the great manufacturing and commercial towns, none of those smaller cities and boroughs which still form no unimportant feature of the country. The book is therefore hardly, in the common sense of the word, an account of the "English at Home."

We say this as criticism wholly of the title, and not at all of the book itself. If M. Esquiros had written a formal work about England, we should say that there were several important deficiencies in his book. But he has not written a formal work about England, nor has he at all undertaken to describe English life in all its forms. What he has written is a number of essays in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on such points about England and the English as specially struck him, or such as seemed best suited to answer his own purpose. He was in no way bound to write about everything, or to make his detached essays as exhaustive as a formal description of the country and its inhabitants. We have, therefore, no right to blame M. Esquiros for not treating this or that particular subject. And it is not to be wondered at if Englishmen of various pursuits should be able to catch him in a slip or two here and there in the special subjects of each. Nor is it any real objection that some of his matter is obviously secondhand. M. Esquiros is writing primarily, not for Englishmen, but for Frenchmen, and he is writing with an object for which every Englishman must thank him. He is also not writing a book, but a series of articles. We must, therefore, judge him according to his own standard—one widely different from that of a political philosopher or a writer on statistics.

M. Esquiros, then, writes for French readers, as a friend of England, anxious to promote good will between the two nations, and to explain many matters which Frenchmen are apt to misunderstand. This object comes out most specially in those parts of his book which deal with military matters, and particularly with the "Volunteer Movement," whose course M. Esquiros has evidently

studied carefully. He looks upon the institution of the Volunteers as permanent, and expects a variety of important results to arise from it. England is no longer disarmed, or an unarmy nation. Moreover, he looks for both social and physical results. The bodily strength of classes hitherto sedentary is to be increased, and social distinctions are to be in some degree diminished through the brotherhood of the rifle-ground. But of course the main result of the change is the different aspect which it gives to England in the face of other nations—a subject on which it is well to hear the judgment of so intelligent and so friendly a sojourner as M. Esquiros:—

Will not the new force England has given birth to also exercise an influence on the foreign policy of the kingdom? Lord John Russell's recent circular on Italian affairs may aid us in answering this question. The movement, I am bound to say, was developed at first without any political afterthought, and solely to support the English Government in defending the country; but, while removing the true or imaginary danger of invasion, while showing statesmen that they had an armed nation at their back, the Volunteers also intend to supply the Government of Great Britain with the means of proving itself firm and worthy, though always moderate, in its relations with Europe. They say loudly that they wished to save their country the humiliation of courting strength.

The object of this inquiry was to dissipate certain errors as to the more or less disarmed state of England: these errors, I allow, were propagated by our neighbours themselves about a year ago, and I will not blame them for it, because nations are like men—they fall from the day when, believing themselves invincible, they defy destiny. If the English were afraid, they are no longer so, for, even supposing that the swarms of Volunteers, helped by the regulars, did not succeed in checking an invading army, or blocking the road to London, an organized force would still be left in each town and village. To conquer England the English must be exterminated. Behind England would remain Scotland, with her citadels of granite, built by the hand of Nature, and her rude children, who would descend from the mountains like an avalanche. Great Britain would recover from her wounds, and then woe to the conqueror!

France, therefore, will do well to adhere to her commercial treaty with England. I do not write this for the French Government, which, of course, knows what opinion to form of the forces grouped beyond the Channel, and which, besides, has always protested its good feelings for our allies; I answer writings which caused a painful sensation in England, perhaps, too, elsewhere. War cries were raised by the French press, and we may assume that these threats possessed force, as they alarmed the trade and population beyond the Channel. The English, for their part, seem not at all to understand these superannuated feelings of national vengeance. Why talk to them about avenging the defeat of Waterloo? People do not take vengeance for a misfortune, but for an insult. In truth, I do not believe that the invasion of the British Isles was ever a serious project with soldiers: it will be less so than ever since the organization of the Riflemen. But it is well to combat chimeras, which, at times, have more weight with the unreflecting mind of the masses than wise and prudent advice. M. Thiers said, one day, in the National Assembly, that "his lengthened experience had taught him how important it was to refute false ideas in political economy as soon as they display themselves." There are other utopias beside those of political economy, and the dreams of the national ambition are not the least obstinate or the least dangerous. These reflections, I fear, run a great risk of being unpopular; but what matter, if they be true? It is only too easy in France to flatter the love of glory, and if that is called patriotism it surprises me. The true patriots are those who, in 1812, and beneath a perfectly calm sky, pointed out to France the black point in the foreign coalition.

The modern Volunteers carry back M. Esquiros to the old Volunteers of 1803. He goes to see the grand review of 1860, and finds an old gentleman who gives him a full account of the grand review fifty-seven years earlier. We never feel quite sure about M. Esquiros' English informants, whether they are real persons, or whether they are simply a Homeric *ric* called up to give more dramatic effect to the occasion. Certainly they make longer speeches, and word them in more rhetorical language, than is the wont of Englishmen in private discourse. But we must allow something for speeches first reported by M. Esquiros in French, and then translated by Mr. Wrexall into English.

The military part of the book will be the most generally interesting just at present. But M. Esquiros deals with a great number of other subjects, and he gets together a great deal of curious information, much of which will often be new even to Englishmen. As he has fulfilled, in his Second Series, the promise of continuation which he gave in what, if it be not a bull, we may call the concluding Preface of his First Series, we hope he may still go on telling us what he thinks of us. As yet M. Esquiros seems to have mainly seen London, the military establishments elsewhere, and some particular aspects of English life as displayed at particular times. But what he has examined he seems certainly to have examined to the bottom. He wants to know about the gipsies and about the strolling players; so he fairly goes and fraternizes with them, and sees and hears a great deal which will be just as new to most Englishmen as to any Frenchman. He knows a great deal about the minor trades of London, and about hop-picking, paper-making, and salt-mining in other parts of the country, which is certainly known to few of ourselves save those whom business or curiosity leads to a more special knowledge of those particular crafts. He has got up our theatres, our race-courses, our rag-and-bottle shops, and all of them more minutely than most Englishmen who do not specially devote themselves to those several lines. He is as learned in chimney-sweeps and shoe-blacks as Lord Shaftesbury himself. The clubs of London he has studied as a matter of archeology as much as of modern society—he has put together all that he could find about their earlier days, from the *Spectator*, from Macanlay's *Essays*, or anywhere else. An inquisitive foreigner naturally finds out, in all these things, much which a native either does not know or does not think about. He who is "in the line" takes everything for granted, and does not remark upon what seems to him a matter

* *The English at Home*. By Alphonse Esquiros. Translated and Edited by Lascelles Wrexall. Two volumes. London: Chapman & Hall. 1861.
The English at Home. Essays from the "Revue des Deux Mondes." Second Series. By Alphonse Esquiros. Translated by Lascelles Wrexall. London: Chapman & Hall. 1862.

of course. He who is not in the line has far less will, and far less opportunity, to find out about other men's lines than a stranger who is avowedly getting all of them up. In every branch that he touches on, an inquirer like M. Esquiros will give some information, and will do still more to stimulate thought, while each class must forgive a few slips in the details of its own special department.

But, after all that M. Esquiros has seen, he has really done little more than graze the surface of English life. The "English at home" he has not yet seen, or, at least, has not yet written about. We heartily wish he would go and look a little deeper into our ways, as we are sure that he could do it without violating any of those sanctities of private life about which some travellers are so reckless. M. Esquiros has still something to see. Speaking of the performance of *She Stoops to Conquer* at the Haymarket, he says:—

There was, however, one character which stood out from the general exaggeration with the colour of life and local truth: it was that of Tony Lumpkin, performed by Buckstone. The actor is too old for the part: but you find in him the country Squire, such as he existed a century ago, and such, I fear, as he still exists in some rural districts of England. This great spoiled child, who is more than twenty years of age, and does not know how to write, a haunter of taverns, a lover of horses, dogs, and cock-fights, trusting to his fortune to cover and excuse his ignorance, rough in his manners, jovial, malicious, but good-hearted withal, is, thanks to Goldsmith and Buckstone, one of the most excellent paintings of manners the English stage can offer.

Now, such odd things do turn up that we cannot positively deny that some rural district of England may contain such a prodigy as a squire who cannot write. Certainly, an assize court a few years ago did reveal the existence of such a monster in a Welsh county. A defendant to a suit appeared, who, as the owner of some two or three thousand a year, and the son of a county magistrate—happily, not a magistrate himself—was doubtless entitled to be called a "squire," but who nevertheless could not write. But to say that this sort of squire "exists in some rural districts" implies at least that there are several of the breed. We have always looked on our Welshman as a sort of dodo, standing altogether by himself. It would be quite a point for M. Esquiros to look into, whether he really has any congeners.

M. Esquiros begins his inquiries with a survey of English geography and ethnology. He is not very strong in the latter department. He is not so much positively inaccurate as weak in the way of repeating after others what he does not fully enter into. Still, even this may be useful to M. Esquiros' countrymen, who generally find it so difficult to understand the quasi-nationality of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, and who, if they grasp it at all, are tempted to exaggerate the diversity, and to look on the United Kingdom as something like the Austrian Empire. M. Esquiros, we are glad to see, knows that cromlechs were tombs, and not altars, though it is somewhat rash to assume that they must necessarily be the tombs of Celts. It is probably Mr. Wraxall who is guilty twice—therefore, not purely by accident of turning the name of the great primeval monument of Kent into Kits City House.

M. Esquiros' inquiries into the gipsies are very curious, and many will read with interest his accounts of Richardson—not the novelist, but the showman—and of the (in later days) better known name of Wombwell. Altogether, whether on grave or trifling matters, we shall be always ready to welcome more of his sketches of ourselves.

RAVENSHOE.*

MR. HENRY KINGSLEY'S serial story *Ravenshoe* has come to an end in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and invested itself in the ordinary habiliments of a three-volume novel. The juncture of this inevitable metamorphosis of a successful tale is one at which fair criticism becomes, for the moment, very difficult indeed. When the growing boy, whose personality in a tunic and bare legs is perfectly familiar to his circle of acquaintance, suddenly appears on a Sunday morning in a jacket and trousers—or when the short frock of the growing girl, whom one has known from her childhood, blooms out at once into the ampler and more sweeping skirts of the young lady—the novel aspect of a well-known object renders a just appreciation of its intrinsic fitness or elegance perhaps less easy than if that object had never been known under the old shape at all. It is not until our eyes are more or less familiarized with the new state of things that we can rightly compare the general effect and appearance of our newly jacketed or newly gowned young friends with other specimens of the classes of girls and boys into which they have respectively risen. So it is with the serial novel of which we have watched the growth from its first chapter, when it ceases growing, and bursts into a complete work. We have to analyse it from a fresh point of view, and determine its merits by a new test. The qualities which tend to secure a chronic interest in the story published by monthly numbers are by no means necessarily those which must win over the critical sense of a reader who reads the three volumes connectedly. As long as the month's chapter is sufficiently seasoned with incidents, brilliant conversations, or even picturesque descriptions, to engage attention for itself and itself only, the consecutiveness and proba-

bility of the successive numbers may be very slight indeed, without shocking the perception of an intermittent audience. And if the stories of a magazine are expected to carry on the interest of that audience through the serious duty of skimming the essays on all subjects which fill the remainder of its heterogeneous pages, the story-tellers will find great difficulty in resisting the temptation to paint up to their situation. A quiet chapter, written for its proper place in the novel, when imbedded amid the padding of its serial, looks as thinly coloured and undertoned as the conscientious and accurate copy of nature which we have admired in the artist's studio does when it is hung between two gorgeously tinted rivals upon the Academy walls. The habit of centering the whole interest of a magazine in the stories which are successively advertised at the railway stations as the current attraction for the travelling purchaser, tends to spoil at once the editor, the writer, the critic, and the general reader. Some palliation of a growing imbecility of the public taste might be found in the administration of a kind of temperance pledge to all magazine buyers, by which they should be bound seriously to read and digest all the hard-headed and useful articles of the number, before entering upon the lighter ones. We would gladly advise a total abstinence from the stories until they were completed, were it not obvious that in that case very few magazines would be either read or purchased at all.

Ravenshoe has not passed unscathed through the dangers incidental to the method of its composition. There are situations in the story verging on the improbable, characters of doubtful texture, and here and there touches of that melodramatic kind of mannerism which seems to address itself more easily to the volatile magazine-public than to the constant and serious novel-reader. In short, Mr. Henry Kingsley is not absolutely free from the imputation of being a "rollicking" writer. We do not mean that he is in any degree prone to the ostentatious vulgarity of unduly displaying his own personality in his pages merely to catch the attention and sympathy of the public for his story, which is the worst form of rollicking. The chronicler of Charles Ravenshoe's history is too thoroughly an educated gentleman to be caught in the use of this favourite artifice of literary cockneyism. But there are many shades of method in telling a story between the extreme limits of a flagrant rollicking and a quiet narrative style; and where the story itself is so full of merit as *Ravenshoe*, the more the style in which it is told approaches to the dignity of simplicity, the better will it be for the enduring popularity of the story.

Ravenshoe is a better novel than *Geoffrey Hamlyn*, in so far as it maintains a more continuous chain of interest. A strain upon the novel-reading faculties is involved in the obligation to follow one's heroes and heroines not only to the Antipodes, but across a jump of a good many years from youth into middle life. Many of the characters of the first volume of a story so constructed are found to have become practically unnecessary, and even to have been forgotten by the author himself, before the end of the third. Even the principal characters are so modified in the progress of time and circumstance as to affect us with a sense of duplicity rather than of continuing unity. There is no obvious reason, for instance, in *Geoffrey Hamlyn*, why we should identify the enthusiastic damsel of the quiet English village with the solid matron of the Australian sheep farm, or the fascinating young scoundrel who carries her off in Vol. I. with the hardened grizzly bushranger who reappears on the scene in Vol. III. The reader, who is not conscious of being himself appreciably older at the end of a novel than at the beginning, feels that he is made to live too fast by cramming together within so short a compass the emotions developed as he stands at two so entirely different points of view. It is true that such may be the course of real life; but then in real life there are no spectators belonging to this planet who can look on from a position of such relative immobility as that enjoyed by the novel-reader in regard of the adventures of the novel. We are able to take up the thread of a partly acted drama and follow it to the end; but if the curtain falls for some score of years between the acts, we cannot but feel, when it rises again, that the interest has to be created afresh, and that the plot, the actors, and the audience, are in truth all equally new.

In *Ravenshoe* all the introductory part of the drama is worked through much more concisely than in *Geoffrey Hamlyn*. The key of the whole story is to be found in the matrimonial embroilments of an earlier generation of the family of Ravenshoe; but the history of that generation is not dwelt upon at greater length than is absolutely requisite to explain the situation that afterwards arises, and to provide instruments for the working out of the problem. The reader is not called upon for any absorbing personal interest in the character or fortunes of Denis Ravenshoe, the last predecessor of the Ravenshoes who are the central figures of the story. Nor is he tempted to follow the steps by which the mutual inclination of a youthful Lady Ascot and Lord Saltire has calmed itself down into the Platonic attachment and affectionate gallantry of their old age. For the purposes of the novel they are there as connecting links with the Ravenshoes that are past, and as happening to be among the main unravellers of the destiny of the Ravenshoes that are on the stage. The incidental hint of their own romance belongs to an antenatal age with which the reader has practically nothing to do. As clever studies of character, they are sufficiently pleasant and natural personages to attract a fair share of attention. But the active interest of the story circulates round the younger generation alone; and Mr. Henry Kingsley has

* *Ravenshoe*. By Henry Kingsley, Author of "Geoffrey Hamlyn." 3 vols. Macmillan & Co. 1862.

told his story in such a manner as to keep up that interest very strongly all through.

As *Ravenshoe* has been for so long gradually unrolling itself before the eyes of the reading public, we do not feel bound to analyse its plan or epitomize its details. We have said that some of the events might be characterized as verging upon improbability; and we might say that the sequence of events upon which the whole genealogical plot turns is a very highly improbable combination indeed. That a suppressed marriage in one generation of Ravenshoes, involving the right to the whole family estates, should have been followed in the next generation by a secret change of two children at nurse, which practically, but unconsciously reversed the injustice of the former proceeding—at least for one of the children of the person whose right of inheritance had been originally violated—is certainly an extraordinary instance of the compensations of fortune if looked upon as an historical fact, and a bold and ingenious piece of poetical justice if considered as a fiction. There is equal boldness and ingenuity in the plot by which the Jesuit father confessor of the family is enabled to use his knowledge of the double mystery for his own ends, by letting the light fall upon the latter half of it only, while the key to the earlier half lies unavailable in the hands of his opponents, for want of the knowledge where the requisite evidence is to be procured. But there is so much vividness in the circumstantial pictures of the story, that the reader is hardly conscious of the daring of the author in the use of machinery at once so slight and so intricate, until he has come to the end. And when the reader turns into the critic, and reviews his general impressions by a more particular investigation, he will not be inclined to deny that Mr. Henry Kingsley has certainly the power of constructing a story which hangs well together, whatever be the quality of the pegs upon which it is hung.

But the power of telling a story is not Mr. Henry Kingsley's only merit as a writer. Like his brother, Mr. Charles Kingsley, he has the eye and the imagination of a poet; and although guiltless (for all that is proved) of ever having written a verse, he is also gifted with a strong poetical power of expression in prose. He is able to put the details of a great scene upon his canvas with a clear and vivid picturesqueness which does not interfere with the simplicity of the general effect; and he groups and sketches the figures of the scene well and effectively. He paints the sea-coasts of the West of England, and the fisheries of those coasts, with the truth of one who knows and loves them, as Mr. Hook paints the fishermen of Sussex, and the short waves of the Channel. Mr. Henry Kingsley has seen the wonders of sea and land in many latitudes, and has already shown in *Geoffrey Hamlyn* the faculty of putting forcibly upon paper what he has seen. But one of the deepest tests of the power of description, both of character and scenery, is the truth of the touch with which a writer draws that with which he has been familiar from his childhood. To photograph Cornish fishermen, or Northern operatives, or Midland poachers, in a book so truly that the reader who has not lived among them, and the reader who has, can equally look into their minds and see that their portraits are true, argues an instinctive sympathy, and an intuitive power of selection and grasp, which are among the most distinctive qualities of a good novel-writer. There is a wide difference between the mere faculty of sketching a provincial manner with superficial accuracy, and that subtle insight into the inner nature of which the manner is the expression, which gives such a value to some of the works of Miss Evans and Mrs. Gaskell. Mr. Henry Kingsley has not wandered long enough among the back-settlements of Australia to forget the freemasonry of the Western counties.

But if the author of *Ravenshoe* writes like a poet, he also writes, or wishes to write, like an experienced man of the world. He displays an obvious intention to interweave in his story as many varieties of human character as can well be fitted into it, and to trace the reaction of each character upon the thread of the story very accurately. Upon the whole, he has worked out this problem with considerable success. The moral of the book is eminently the moral of a good-natured man of the world—that a good fellow, in fustian or in broadcloth, in high or low estate, engaged in the highest or lowest, the most earnest or the most frivolous pursuits, is always a good fellow. In illustration of this principle, the big, burly, sporting savage Lord Welter, after behaving, through most of the book, like a consummate blackguard in every shape and on every possible occasion, is rescued by a kind of *tour de force* from utter condemnation at the close, and rehabilitated among the list of good fellows with whom the reader is expected to sympathize. We think that, for the sake of making things pleasant, Mr. Henry Kingsley has carried the application of his principle a little too far. In Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* there are few conceptions more skilful than the character of Rawdon Crawley, redeemed from absolute iniquity by a few slight touches of kindly feeling and good fellowship. But the Lord Welter of *Ravenshoe* is drawn as a colder, cleverer, more calculating, and more unscrupulous blackguard than Rawdon; and if we concede to Mr. Kingsley the best right to judge how far the creatures of his own pen are susceptible of reformation—and, therefore, to Lord Welter the right to behave better than might have been expected of him—we are still justified in speaking of Lord Welter ourselves as we find him altogether, and asserting that he is not a good fellow beyond skin depth at the end of the book any more than at the

beginning. The liberality or partiality of the author in treating him as such is a charity which verges on cynicism. This is the only quarrel we have with Mr. Henry Kingsley.

THIERRY ON THE ROMAN EMPIRE.*

AMÉDÉE THIERRY has evinced a tenacity of character unusual among his volatile countrymen. From the day when he inscribed to his elder brother, the distinguished author of the *Conquest of England*, the first edition of his *History of the Gauls*, he has devoted himself with unwavering constancy to the elucidation of one most interesting subject—the foreign affairs of the Roman Empire. The *History of the Gauls* is, for the most part, entwined with that of the action of Rome in the north of Europe, and Thierry's general work upon this subject was fitly followed by a special account of the administration of Rome in Gaul. His monograph on Attila was adapted still further to elucidate the character of Roman civilization in the provinces. His last work, now before us, which purports to be a picture of the Roman Empire, is a summary of the results of Roman conquest, and carries the reader from the *urbs quadrata*, the rectangular city or encampment on the Palatine, to the frontiers of the realm of Augustin and Trajan on the Atlas and the Carpathians, the Tyne, and the Euphrates. His earliest publication was a narrative of a particular Roman conquest; his second, a specimen of Roman administration; his last sums up the theory of the Roman Empire in general. By his devotion to a single subject, wide and varied as it is, the author has deserved to hold a place in the highest rank of contemporary historians. If inferior to his brother Augustin in originality and imagination, if second to Guizot in philosophical penetration, he is much superior to the one in accuracy and sober judgment, and to the other in animation.

The younger Thierry has another merit, rare among the literati of the Second Empire. He can write a whole volume on Roman History without an allusion to modern France. Most English readers are tired by this time of the pretended historians of the day, who would have us believe that history can reproduce itself after the lapse of fifteen or eighteen centuries, and confuse our knowledge of the ancient times by insisting on superficial analogies with the present. It is high time that the Second Empire should be estimated on its own merits, and not prejudged, for good or for evil, by mere names and shadows.

Roman history, it has been often asserted, presents us with the most striking and, perhaps, the only complete instance of a recorded rise and progress, decline and dissolution, of a nation. If ever the often presumed analogy between the life of a people and the life of a human being has been actually realized, here, it is said, is a conspicuous example. Often as such an analogy has been presumed, it has been as often sneered down. Doubtless it is true that, physically, no such analogy can exist. No one supposes that the physical life of a people can perish; nor, indeed, can it be born. Descent of blood continues and must continue, in *omne volubilis ævum*. The maintainers of such an analogy hold, we imagine, a different view from what is so flippantly set aside. They mean that every people is generally distinguished by some leading idea, some characteristic principle of action—determined sometimes by local circumstances, by geographical position, or climate, by its political condition, and that of its neighbours, by its religious conceptions, its social aspirations—which gives a colour to its history, waxing and waning in a regular progress throughout it, until, its inward force being exhausted, or its outward force overborne, the moral identity of the people itself becomes lost or obliterated. In this view Roman history presents undoubtedly a peculiar unity and completeness. The principle of Roman national life consists in the appetency for expansion. This expansion we understand in its proper sense, not as a mere aggregation of conquests subjected to a central rule, but as the absorption of the conquered people into one common body. The history of Rome seems to be unique in the mutual action and reaction of the conquerors and the conquered upon one another, which pervades it. No nation, the ancients themselves observed, imparted its polity so freely to its subjects as the Roman; and no nation, it was not less frequently remarked, accepted so freely in return the ideas and sentiments, the social and moral principles of its subjects. *Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit . . . Victi victoribus leges dederunt*. The character of this assimilation has been traced in the most valuable portion of Niebuhr's historical speculations. He has shown exactly wherein the original difference lay between the Roman and his subjects or allies, between the Patrician and Plebeian; and he has traced the steps by which the difference was gradually effaced, and the rival bodies coalesced. He has shown, indeed, that the Romans were as reluctant as other people to make the concession, or to admit the reaction; but the principle working blindly within them was too strong for their prejudices, and effected even against their will a progressive revolution, which became at once the great distinction of their history and the salvation of their polity.

The admission of the Plebs to the full privileges of the State was among the first of the internal revolutions by which Rome was periodically saved and invigorated. Another, not less important, was the admission of the Italians. The Social War, as it is

* *Tableau de l'Empire Romain*. Par M. Amédée Thierry. Paris: 1862.

called, is the more curious from the analogy it bears in some respects to the war now raging in America. The Southern States of America, indeed, are fighting for separation from a commonwealth with which they have hitherto been united; while the Allies, or Italian nations, contended nominally for admission or incorporation with one which jealously excluded them. But, in fact, they had been actually united before on unequal and disparaging terms. The Italians bore the burden of an alliance which, as they complained, was not an equal union; just as the Southerners now complain that they have been unequally yoked with their more powerful and exclusive neighbours. The Italians sought a more complete and intimate connexion, by which they would acquire certain valuable privileges hitherto withheld from them. The Southerners think, more wisely perhaps, that no union between them and the North can henceforth be equal or secure. The Romans succeeded, from their strict unity, if not from superior courage or more abundant resources, in finally crushing the Italians; but no sooner had they thus succeeded in the field than they found it necessary to concede in council the very points for which so much blood had been vainly shed. They offered to the conquered enemy, of their own accord, the actual terms for which he had contended. The Italians were finally admitted to a full and equal participation in the franchise from which they had been excluded, and in all the honours and emoluments which flowed from it. And so, it seems certain that, if the North were to succeed in crushing the rebellion of the South, its first act, after sheathing the sword, must be to grant the separation it now so violently opposes.

But the political lesson we draw from this contest does not stop here. Although the incorporation of the Italians with the Romans now took place, and added materially to the strength of the united people, the wars which had been waged to prevent it proved directly fatal to the liberty of the State. The armies which had been levied by exhausting efforts to prolong this futile struggle could not be disbanded. The chiefs who had risen to their head would not descend to the level of plain citizens. The political wranglings of the Gracchi and the Drusi in the forum were succeeded, at the conclusion of the Social War, by the military conflicts of Sulla and Marius, of Cinna and Fimbria, in the field; and the first of the Civil wars left a seed of political animosities which bore fruit again and again in the second and the third. The contests of Caesar and Pompey, of Octavius and Antony, were derived directly from the fatal legacy of the Social War—a debauched soldiery and a restless tribunate. If Rome had had the wisdom and virtue to yield the point in dispute with the Italians without a war, it seems quite possible that she might have lapsed peaceably and prosperously into the state of constitutional freedom under a limited chiefship which had once been the aspiration of Scipio and became the vain regret of Cicero.

But the law of expansion by which Rome was governed could not cease to operate. The Republic held vast possessions beyond Italy; and from these possessions also there rose in due time a cry for incorporation. The policy of Caesar and Octavius was a response to this cry. The battles of Pharsalia and Philippi crowned it with success. But in this case the success of the provinces was the salvation of the metropolis. The good fortune of Rome again prevailed over the suicidal policy of her self-constituted rulers. The oligarchy which was baffled on those fields had been bent on governing the State on the same principles of exclusion which had been routed at least twice before in the course of its history. Again, the vital principle of expansion triumphed. The system of the Empire raised the provinces more and more to political equality with Italy. But for this good fortune Rome paid highly. The victory of the Italians had cost her the Civil wars—the triumph of the provinces cost her her freedom. The Cæsars ruled by the swords of an army of foreigners, of soldiers of foreign birth; for the legions were henceforth recruited entirely from beyond the Alps, though Italian or Roman privileges became widely extended to the soil of the provinces. The ruling power, the armed men, had no sympathy with the forms of the republic, and the veil of constitutional government which the Cæsars threw over their autocracy was but loosely worn as an indulgence to the Senate. Rome had now become a despotic monarchy; but though she had lost her freedom, she had extended her sympathies, and had advanced the sense of nationality from the heart to the frontiers of her empire.

At last, under the tyrant Caracalla, the whole civilized world was legally constituted a single nation. But there remained another step to be taken for the complete assimilation of the Roman races in one body. While the public law of Rome was undergoing this progressive expansion, her private law was gradually subjected to similar modifications, not less complete, though far less conspicuous on the page of history. The earliest Roman jurisprudence determined the religious and social usages of the patrician or genuine Roman only. The status of the plebeian was recognised by custom and gloss before it was sanctioned by any written enactment. But the vestiges of the primitive monopoly survived in innumerable forms and phrases ill explained and little regarded down to a late period of political development. The laws of the Twelve Tables continued to mark for ages a real practical distinction between the citizen and provincial. At home, where the citizens vastly preponderated over the foreign sojourners or visitors, the praetor might persist in recognising this exclusive code as the sole standard of law and procedure. But in the

provinces the case was altered. Roman law might hold good as between citizens; but the subjects of the proconsul were mostly foreigners, living under laws and customs of their own. Upon them the proconsul did not attempt to impose Roman law; for, among other reasons, Roman law was mainly founded on religious ideas in which the foreigners could not participate, and to which it never entered into the head of the Roman governor to introduce them. But it was necessary to invent some general system of law under which the Roman and the provincial might meet on common ground. This was discovered in the *Law of Nations*—the invention of the Roman tribunals, at home and abroad, which tempered the specialities of Quiritary law by general principles of equity. This Law of Nations had, in fact, been growing up from the first contact of the conqueror with the conquered. Slowly, and almost unconsciously, it modified the glosses of the jurisconsults and the decisions of the praetors. In the time of Cicero, Roman law was in the crisis of transition—a crisis which lasted, indeed, for two or more centuries, but of which we almost entirely lose sight during the period of the Cæsars and Antonines. When Roman jurisprudence emerged from this obscurity into the full blaze of the Institutes of Gaius, and the codes of Theodosius and his successors, the exclusive principles of Quiritary law had been almost wholly obliterated, and the Roman people, now embracing every free man of the Empire, was subjected to the mild and equable pressure of a common and uniform system. Thus, with the one great exception of the slave population, the whole civilized world was reduced or elevated to a uniform status in the eye of the law, and the principle of expansion had been carried to its full extent. The idea of the Roman polity, which distinguishes it from all ancient and, perhaps, from all modern politics, had been fulfilled. The Roman people had run through its destined cycle, and its moral progress, which, in its life, had reached its consummation. In this sense, as we have said, the life of the Roman nation may fairly be compared with the life of the individual man.

THE PARSEES.*

Second Notice.

THE so-called Fire-worshippers certainly do not worship the fire, and they naturally object to a name which seems to place them on a level with mere idolaters. All they admit is, that in their youth they are taught to face some luminous object while worshipping God (p. 7), and that they regard the fire, like other great natural phenomena, as an emblem of the Divine power (p. 26). But they assure us that they never ask assistance or blessings from an unintelligent material object, nor is it even considered necessary to turn the face to any emblem whatever in praying to Ormuzd. The most honest, however, among the Parsees, and those who would most emphatically protest against the idea of their ever paying divine honours to the sun or the fire, admit the existence of some kind of national instinct—an indescribable awe felt by every Parsee with regard to light and fire. The fact that the Parsees are the only Eastern people who entirely abstain from smoking is very significant; and we know that most of them would rather not blow out a candle if they could help it. It is difficult to analyse such a feeling, but it seems, in some respects, similar to that which many Christians have about the Cross. They do not worship the cross, but they have peculiar feelings of reverence for it, and it is intimately connected with some of their most sacred acts.

But although most Parsees would be very ready to tell us what they do not worship, there are but few who could give a straightforward answer if asked what they do worship and believe. Their priests, no doubt, would say that they worship Ormuzd and believe in Zoroaster, his prophet; and they would appeal to the *Zendavesta*, as containing the Word of God, revealed by Ormuzd to Zoroaster. If more closely pressed, however, they would have to admit that they cannot understand one word of the sacred writings in which they profess to believe, nor could they give any reason why they believe Zoroaster to have been a true prophet, and not an impostor. "As a body," says Dadabhai Naoroji, "the priests are not only ignorant of the duties and objects of their own profession, but are entirely uneducated, except that they are able to read and write, and that, also, often very imperfectly. They do not understand a single word of their prayers and recitations, which are all in the old Zend language."

What, then, do the laity know about religion? What makes the old teaching of Zoroaster so dear to them that, in spite of all differences of opinion among themselves, young and old seem equally determined never to join any other religious community? Incredible as it may sound, we are told by the best authority, by an enlightened yet strictly orthodox Parsee, that there is hardly a man or a woman who could give an account of the faith that is in them. "The whole religious education of a Parsee child consists in preparing by rote a certain number of prayers in Zend, without understanding a word of them; the knowledge of the doctrines of their religion being left to be picked up from casual conversation." A Parsee, in fact, hardly knows what his faith is. The *Zendavesta* is to him a sealed book; and though there is a Guzerati translation of it, that translation is not made from the original, but from

* *The Parsee Religion.* By Dadabhai Naoroji. Liverpool: 1861.

a Pehlevi paraphrase, nor is it recognised by the priests as an authorized version. Till about five-and-twenty years ago, there was no book from which a Parsi of an inquiring mind could gather the principles of his religion. At that time, and, as it would seem, chiefly in order to counteract the influence of Christian missionaries, a small Dialogue was written in Guzerati—a kind of catechism, giving, in the form of questions and answers, the most important tenets of Parsiism. We shall quote some passages from this Dialogue, as translated by Dadabhai Naoroji. The subject of it is thus described:—

A few Questions and Answers to acquaint the Children of the holy Zarthost Community with the Subject of the Mazdiashna Religion, i. e. the Worship of God.

Question. Whom do we, of the Zarthost community, believe in?

Answer. We believe in only one God, and do not believe in any besides Him.

Q. Who is that one God?

A. The God who created the heavens, the earth, the angels, the stars, the sun, the moon, the fire, the water, or all the four elements, and all things of the two worlds; that God we believe in. Him we worship, him we invoke, him we adore.

Q. Do we not believe in any other God?

A. Whoever believes in any other God but this, is an infidel, and shall suffer the punishment of hell.

Q. What is the form of our God?

A. Our God has neither face nor form, colour nor shape, nor fixed place. There is no other like him. He is himself singly such a glory that we cannot praise or describe him; nor our mind comprehend him.

So far, no one could object to this Catechism, and it must be clear that the Dualism, which is generally mentioned as the distinguishing feature of the Persian religion—the belief in two Gods, Ormuzd, the principle of good, and Ahriman, the principle of evil—is not countenanced by the modern Parsis. Whether it exists in the *Zendavesta* is another question, which, however, cannot be discussed at present.

The Catechism continues:—

Q. What is our religion?

A. Our religion is "Worship of God."

Q. Whence did we receive our religion?

A. God's true prophet—the true Zarthost (Zoroaster) Asphantamán Anoshirwán—brought the religion to us from God.

Here it is curious to observe that no question should have been asked as to the claim of Zoroaster to be considered a true prophet. He is not treated as a divine being, not even as the son of Ormuzd. Plato, indeed, speaks of Zoroaster as the son of Oromazes (*Alc. i. p. 122 a*), but this is a mistake, not countenanced, as far as we are aware, by any of the Parsi writings, whether ancient or modern. With the Parsis, Zoroaster is simply a wise man, a prophet favoured by God, and admitted into God's immediate presence; but all this, on his own showing only, and without any supernatural credentials, except some few miracles recorded of him in books of doubtful authority. This shows, at all events, how little the Parsis have been exposed to controversial discussions; for, as this is so weak a point in their system that it would have invited the attacks of every opponent, we may be sure that the Dastoor would have framed some argument in defence, if such defence had ever been needed.

The next extract from the Catechism treats of the canonical books:—

Q. What religion has our prophet brought us from God?

A. The disciples of our Prophet have recorded in several books that religion. Many of these books were destroyed during Alexander's conquest; the remainder of the books were preserved with great care and respect by the Sassanian Kings. Of these again, the greater portion were destroyed at the Mahomedan conquest by Khalif Omar, so that we have now very few books remaining; viz. the *Vandidad*, the *Yazashné*, the *Visparod*, the *Khordeh Avesta*, the *Pistap Nusk*, and a few Pehlevi books. Resting our faith upon these few books, we now remain devoted to our good Mazdiashna religion. We consider these books as heavenly books, because God sent the tidings of these books to us through the holy Zarthost.

Here, again, we see theological science in its infancy. "We consider these books as heavenly books because God sent the tidings of these books to us through the holy Zarthost," is not very powerful logic. It would have been more simple to say, "We consider them heavenly books because we consider them heavenly books." However, whether heavenly or not, these few books exist. They form the only basis of the Zoroastrian religion, and the only source from which we derive any authentic information as to its origin, its history, and its real character.

That the Parsis are of a tolerant character with regard to such of their doctrines as are not of vital importance, may be seen from the following extract:—

Q. Whose descendants are we?

A. Of Gayomars. By his progeny was Persia populated.

Q. Was Gayomars the first man?

A. According to our religion he was so, but the wise men of our community, of the Chinese, the Hindus, and several other nations, dispute the assertion, and say that there was human population on the earth before Gayomars.

The moral precepts which are embodied in this Catechism do the highest credit to the Parsis:—

Q. What commands has God sent us through his prophet, the exalted Zarthost?

A. To know God as one; to know the prophet, the exalted Zarthost, as the true prophet; to believe the religion and the Avesta brought by him as true beyond all manner of doubt; to believe in the goodness of God; not to dis-

obey any of the commands of the Mazdiashna religion; to avoid evil deeds; to exert for good deeds; to pray five times in the day; to believe on the reckoning and justice on the fourth morning after death; to hope for heaven and to fear hell; to consider doubtless the day of general destruction and resurrection; to remember always that God has done what he willed, and shall do what he wills; to face some luminous object while worshipping God.

Then follow several paragraphs which are clearly directed against Christian Missionaries, and more particularly against the doctrine of vicarious sacrifice and prayer:—

Some deceivers, [the Catechism says,] with the view of acquiring exaltation in this world, have set themselves up as prophets, and, going among the labouring and ignorant people, have persuaded them that, "if you commit sin, I shall intercede for you, I shall plead for you, I shall save you," and thus deceive them; but the wise among the people know the deceit.

This clearly refers to Christian missionaries, but whether Roman Catholic or Protestant is difficult to say. The answer given by the Parsis is curious and significant:—

"If anyone commit sin," they reply, "under the belief that he shall be saved by somebody, both the deceiver as well as the deceived shall be damned to the day of Rastá Khez. . . . There is no saviour. In the other world you shall receive the return according to your actions. . . . Your saviour is your deeds, and God himself. He is the pardoner and the giver. If you repent your sins and reform, and if the Great Judge consider you worthy of pardon, or would be merciful to you, He alone can and will save you."

It would be a mistake to suppose that the whole doctrine of the Parsis is contained in the short Guzerati Catechism, translated by Dadabhai Naoroji, still less in the fragmentary extracts here given. Their sacred writings, the *Yazna*, *Vispered*, and *Vendidad*, the productions of much earlier ages, contain many ideas, both religious and mythological, which belong to the past, to the childhood of our race, and which no educated Parsi could honestly profess to believe in. This difficulty of reconciling the more enlightened faith of the present generation with the mythological phraseology of their old sacred writings is solved by the Parsis in a very simple manner. They do not, like Roman Catholics, prohibit the reading of the *Zendavesta*; nor do they, like Protestants, encourage a critical study of their sacred texts. They simply ignore the originals of their sacred writings. They repeat them in their prayers without attempting to understand them, and they acknowledge the insufficiency of every translation of the *Zendavesta* that has yet been made, either in Pehlevi, Sanskrit, Guzerati, French, or German. Each Parsi has to pick up his religion as best he may. Till lately, even the Catechism did not form a necessary part of a child's religious education. Thus the religious belief of the present Parsi communities is reduced to two or three fundamental doctrines; and these, though professedly resting on the teaching of Zoroaster, receive their real sanction from a much higher authority. A Parsi believes in One God, to whom he addresses his prayers. His morality is comprised in these words—pure thoughts, pure words, pure deeds. Believing in the punishment of vice and the reward of virtue, he trusts for pardon to the mercy of God. There is a charm, no doubt, in so short a creed; and, if the whole of Zoroaster's teaching were confined to this, there would be more truth in what his followers say of their religion—namely, that "it is for all, and not for any particular nation."

If now we ask again, how is it that neither Christians, nor Hindus, nor Mahomedans have had any considerable success in converting the Parsis, and why even the more enlightened members of that small community, though fully aware of the many weak points of their own theology, and deeply impressed with the excellence of Christian religion, morals, and general civilization, scorn the idea of ever migrating from the sacred ruins of their ancient faith, we are able to discover some reasons; though they are hardly sufficient to account for so extraordinary a fact. First, the very compactness of the modern Parsi creed accounts for the tenacity with which the exiles of Western India cling to it. A Parsi is not troubled with many theological problems or difficulties. Though he professes a general belief in the sacred writings of Zoroaster, he is not asked to profess any belief in the stories incidentally mentioned in the *Zendavesta*. If it is said in the *Yazna* that Zoroaster was once visited by Homa, who appeared before him in a brilliant supernatural body, no doctrine is laid down as to the exact nature of Homa. It is said that Homa was worshipped by certain ancient sages, Vivanháo, Athwya, and Thrita, and that, as a reward for their worship, great heroes were born as their sons. The fourth who worshipped Homa was Pourushaspa, and he was rewarded by the birth of his son Zoroaster. Now the truth is, that Homa is the same as the Sanskrit Soma, well known from the *Veda* as an intoxicating beverage used at the great sacrifices, and afterwards raised to the rank of a deity. The Parsis are fully aware of this, but they do not seem in the least disturbed by the occurrence of such "fables and endless genealogies." They would not be shocked if they were told, what is a fact, that most of these old wives' fables have their origin in the religion which they most detest, the religion of the *Veda*, and that the heroes of the *Zendavesta* are the same who, with slightly changed names, appear again as Shemshid, Feridún, Gershásp, &c., in the epic poetry of Firdúsí. Another fact which accounts for the attachment of the Parsis to their religion is its remote antiquity and its former glory. Though age has little to do with truth, the length of time for which any system has lasted seems to offer a vague argument for its strength. It is a feeling which the Parsi shares in common with the Jew and the Brahman, and which even the Christian

missionary appeals to when confronting the systems of later prophets. Thirdly, it is felt by the Parsis that in changing their religion, they would not only relinquish the heirloom of their remote forefathers, but of their own fathers; and it is felt as a dereliction of filial piety to give up what was most precious to those whose memory is most precious and almost sacred to themselves.

If in spite of all this, many people, most competent to judge, look forward with confidence to the conversion of the Parsis, it is because, in the most essential points, they have already, though unconsciously, approached as near as possible to the pure doctrines of Christianity. Let them but read the *Zendavesta*, in which they profess to believe, and they will find that their faith is no longer the faith of the *Yazna*, the *Vendidad*, and the *Vispered*. As historical relics, these works, if critically interpreted, will always retain a prominent place in the great library of the ancient world. As oracles of religious faith, they are defunct, and a mere anachronism in the age in which we live.

On the other hand, let missionaries read their Bible, and let them preach that Christianity which conquered the world—the genuine and unshackled Gospel of Christ and the Apostles. Let them respect native prejudices, and be tolerant with regard to all that can be tolerated in a Christian community. Let them consider that Christianity is not a gift to be pressed on unwilling minds, but the highest of all privileges which natives can receive at the hands of their present rulers. Natives of independent and honest character cannot afford at present to join the ranks of converts without losing that true caste which no man ought to lose—namely, self-respect. They are driven to prop up their tottering religions, rather than profess a faith which seems dictated to them by their conquerors. Such feelings ought to be respected. Finally, let missionaries study the sacred writings on which the faith of the Parsis is professedly founded. Let them examine the bulwarks which they mean to overthrow. They will find them less formidable from within than from without. But they will also discover that they rest on a foundation which ought never to be touched—a faith in one God, the Creator, the Ruler, and the Judge of the world.

MARTHA BROWN.*

THERE are a swarm of minor novels which rise like insects, as it were, to enjoy the favouring sunshine of the day which calls them into existence. To read such novels is a minor pleasure; but we are not ungrateful for the little harmless distraction which some industrious authors provide for us at the dull season of the year, when books are voraciously and not very discriminately devoured. The promise of a first story is not usually fulfilled; reputation too often declines as volumes increase; and, without this being precisely the case with the author of *Dorothy*, we feel that she has certainly not made much progress in her art. *Dorothy*, unpretending, clever, and fresh, attained an immediate success, and seemed to point out its writer as one likely to be foremost in the ranks where Miss Yonge leads and so many humbly follow. Since the first story, several years have passed, and the author's pen has not been idle nor, in a manner, unsuccessful; but whether the novelty of *Dorothy* led one to expect more than there was to come, it is certain its successors have been somewhat disappointing. *Martha Brown* is no exception to this general remark, but rather an illustration of it. One proof of sagacity is, that the writer, knowing her own powers, prescribes a certain limit for their exercise, and does not venture beyond her depth—simply seeking to reflect life as it appears on the outside to an observant mind, and avoiding description of emotional experience, which is often unwholesome writing and dreary reading.

There is one favourite type of character which, under various modifications, we detect running like a vein through several of this author's stories. The character is that of a warm-hearted lady, clever and satirical, affecting bluntness and downrightness as a shield to sensitive feeling, partly because every one else is so polished, insincere, and hollow. This high-spirited piquant young lady was very charmingly portrayed in *Dorothy*, her little petulance of temper and sarcasm being condoned for the sake of nobler qualities. There is a family resemblance between her and Martha Brown; and in both instances, love, the master-spirit, is supposed to soften the asperities of their natures. In a less degree, Lance bears some relation to Ambrose, both being feeble representatives of their sex, and the latter unworthy of the love lavished on him. The construction of *Martha Brown* is very unsatisfactory, and there is nothing at all striking in the volume. The delicacy which a high-minded poor man would feel in seeking to win the love of an heiress—his attraction to the woman, and his repulsion at the idea that his motive may be considered mercenary—though not a new is a good theme, as bringing many conflicting feelings into play, and exhibiting variety of character; yet the opportunity, in this instance, has been lost by the hero having no character at all. We shall attempt a brief sketch of the story up to a certain point.

Martha and her uncle are, in the first chapter, supposed to be passing a joyless Christmas time in Bedford Square. "The feeble paralytic old man sat in his easy chair, his head half-dropped upon his breast, and his only companion was a girl, or woman, for hers were not the form and features of extreme youth, who leaned her head upon her hand, and looked dreamily at the fire. 'Ah, well!'

said the old man, rousing himself from an uneasy sleep, 'I shall not live to see another Christmas.' His niece looked up, and did not make merely a silent assent—'I do not think you will,' she said, after a pause." The two characters are well brought out in a few pages of conversation. Both are hard in their manner to each other, but not indifferent. The old man is not frightened at the thought that his end is fast approaching. It is time, he thinks, that he should make room for others, and he says, "I have made the money, it is your turn to spend it; eh, Martha?" An expression of scorn and grief flitted across Martha's face, and she made no direct reply. "Mr. Arnold said I should tell you of your state, Uncle Oliver, so that you might set your house in order." "Very obliging of Arnold; but I have no intention of making a codicil in his favour. As you know, Martha, my will was signed and sealed long ago. I have left everything to you, tied up and strictly in your own power, whether you die married or single." They talk on in a jarring strain, the niece resenting her uncle's remark about his young doctor, that preaching is not a bad way of ingratiating himself with young ladies, heiresses or otherwise. Here we find the key to the whole story. Mr. Brown has tried to impress on Martha's mind his own sentiments as to the base and sordid motives of mankind, which her more generous nature rejects, although she admits that the set in which they live justifies his cynicism tolerably well. The caustic and once vigorous old man is softened when he sees tears rise in Martha's eyes at his taunt. He is grieved to think of the lonely life she will lead when he is gone, and fears that her 20,000*l.* a year will prove a tempting bait for some hungry adventurer. He has taught her to be so fearful of such a fate that, repelling all who would know her, she stands alone, isolated by her wealth—she, who might be loved and loving, were it not for the golden bar sinister.

In the second chapter we find ourselves in a country parsonage, the inmates of which are discussing the arrival of the city heiress, Miss Brown, who has taken Elwood Manor. Old Uncle Oliver is dead. In spite of bickerings and want of sympathy between them, as Martha acknowledged to him, in a rare moment of feeling—"You have indulged me too much, and when you are gone there will be no one left to love me for my own sake." Mr. Erle, the clergyman of the parish, his wife and pretty daughter, are bent on finding an acquisition in Martha—Mrs. Erle as lady patroness of various charities, Helen Erle as a distraction from the routine of home and parish duties, of which she felt sometimes weary. "Although she did not wish to go out into the world in search of dissipation, she had indulged a hope that dissipation might have come to their doors." This young lady does duty as *seconda donna*, and is rather a natural specimen, if not just a little more composed and ready than slight fair country girls of seventeen usually are. At first, Martha strikes her as alarmingly clever and decided, but the heiress is bent on cultivating an intimacy with the Erles, and Helen is a more congenial companion than her meek duenna and ex-governess, Mrs. Jenkins; besides which, it comes out in the singular, yet not unfrequent, chain of events, that Ambrose Arnold, the unworlly young doctor, is Mrs. Erle's brother. The lady laments that her clever brother should be so unpractical. He chose his profession chiefly as affording scope for a high and disinterested career. She is convinced he will never succeed. Uncle Ambrose is a prime favourite with all his nephews and nieces, who quote him as an authority; and when he arrives on a visit, Pippin, the youngest boy, invites him to share his peaceful retirement and occupation in making dirt pies in a ditch. Ambrose is a florid young man, with an "ever-varying expression"—his yellow hair, blue eyes, and ruddy complexion giving him a boyish air, which is counteracted by a firm, sad expression about the mouth. It may be remarked that no hero was ever depicted with a weak mouth and chin, the contrary being a *sine quid non* of novelists, especially lady novelists. It would be as easy to get up an interest in a squinting heroine as to imagine a hero without a firm jaw.

All details of local interest are fully discussed, including the sayings and doings of the new neighbour, whom Mrs. Erle pronounces good-natured though rather strong-minded. Ambrose, who talks in no measured terms, gives his opinion that Martha is a hard, overbearing woman, with all the pride of riches, which is even more offensive than the pride of birth. Poor Martha has made a scheme with Mr. Erle—only partly philanthropic on either side—to establish Mr. Arnold in a newly-populated moor-district of the parish, where new tile works made the improvement of the place highly desirable, as neither church nor school were to be found on the bleak bit of moor. Miss Brown was bent on improving the sanitary arrangements of the hamlet in the first instance, her notions being eminently practical. Mr. Erle pointed out two public-houses, to which she replied, "in her odd way, that we also had souls to be saved, and yet thought it necessary to eat and drink." This observation Ambrose stigmatizes as just like her, making a parade of false and shallow-hearted cynicism. When they meet, there is a great display of pugnacity on either side—antagonism on Ambrose's part, and uncommonly plain speaking on both. Martha has never had a lover, so Ambrose escapes the odium of comparison. The heiress had, it is true, a matrimonial overture from Mr. Lionel Benson, who, with his father, are her sole trustees, but he was scornfully rejected. After a good deal of fighting, Ambrose decides to settle on Hedworth Common. Helen, with a mind unprejudiced and unistructured by novel reading, shows the ingenuity of the female nature by discovering that her uncle and Martha are in love with each other. She confides her views to her mother, who scouts them as

* *Martha Brown, the Heiress*. By the Author of "*Dorothy*." London: Parker, Son, & Bourn.

'I shall not do that,' she said, 'but as Helen is pertinacious, she sets her down by saying that it would be impossible to argue her out of a theory which she had taken such pains to construct. She desires her daughter to dismiss the subject from her mind, and takes the first opportunity of imparting Helen's suspicions to her father, who exclaims, "Those two in love! Pray, my dear, send for the trashiest novel Mr. Barfoot's shop can produce to drive such nonsense out of Helen's head." Thus Helen's intuitive knowledge was ridiculed, but her sagacity was in the end triumphant.

Miss Brown creates a sensation by giving a party, which introduces the Bensons, father and son, on the scene. Helen informs her father that Miss Brown said she hated them both, and should swamp them in company—which remark proper Mr. Erle presumes to be a quotation, and advises his daughter not to adopt her new friend's style of talking, which was more forcible than ladylike. Helen, being self-possessed, good-looking, and unused to society, appreciates an interchange of small talk with Mr. Lionel Benson, against whom she has been warned by Martha. He is described as refined in appearance and manners, and Helen's prejudice against him wears off more easily as he is not insensible to her charms; and he takes Ilex Lodge, a cottage on the outskirts of the parish, as a summer residence. The heiress has a peculiar aversion to Mr. Lionel Benson, who, she thinks, affects candour to conceal his schemes. The writer gives play to her talents for light half-bantering conversation, in which Helen plays a very creditable part, and we feel more interested in the progress of her intimacy with Mr. Benson than in following the obvious course of Martha's fortunes. She and Helen go to stay at Sir Henry Wentworth's, whose brother has serious designs on Martha's money. Mr. Benson is also a guest, much to Miss Brown's disgust, as she perceives that he watches her, and has won Helen's good graces. Ambrose contrives, during a call, to make a very ambiguous speech to Martha in a *tête-à-tête*; but, receiving no satisfactory response in the confusion of the moment, he rushes off without betraying his love. In the unguarded confidence of the moment, Miss Brown is surprised into telling Helen that she has long loved Ambrose, and complains bitterly of the cruel pride that estranges them. Helen, without saying a word, writes to her uncle, suggesting his going to Elwood. He takes the hint, and, after having tried to hate and succumbed to love, he tells Martha the truth, and they are engaged.

Now comes the absurdity, acknowledged as such by the writer, but apparently intended to protract the story. Ambrose insists that their engagement shall not be declared for a year, in which time he shall be in a position by his success to claim her before all the world. The writer adds, "Even at such a moment, the absurdity of supposing that twelve months' practice as a country surgeon could make any great difference in their relative position and means, was sufficiently evident to Martha's practical mind." The interest of the story declines from this climax of folly; and though the consequences of the engagement, concealed from all but Mr. and Mrs. Erle and Helen, are not badly described, the effort of imagining such a woman as Martha madly in love with such a silly fellow as the Doctor is too great an exertion. Lionel discovers the state of affairs, and blames the Erles for countenancing a clandestine engagement and promoting Mr. Arnold's interests. He succeeds in making a great deal of mischief, and, working on Ambrose's smouldering jealousy, forces him to break off the engagement. Lionel's sordid motive is plainly discoverable in the end, and the only touch of melodrama is the Benson episode.

It would be unfair to the possible readers of *Martha Brown* to follow the plot of the story further. If Ambrose had been a more manly character, we should have read it with more satisfaction; as it is, we look with curiosity on a type of man supposed to be capable of awakening the interest and satisfying the strong affections of a sensible woman. Ambrose is what has been happily termed a man evolved out of the internal consciousness of a woman. The author makes us feel that Ambrose was very delightful to Martha; but, except his contempt for "the miserable money," we cannot acknowledge any other claim to her favour. He was very good to his patients, and devoted to them, which we hope is no very unusual trait in the profession. Authoresses exhibit themselves in the hero they create; and what a strange—we are thankful to say all but impossible—being is this feminine ideal! How the shrewd author of *Dorothy* has spoilt her work by introducing such a blunder as the idiotic Doctor, we are at a loss to comprehend. A different character, and a slightly different construction, might have made *Martha Brown* end as well as it began. The tone of the book is cheerful, often sprightly, with here and there a humorous touch, as in the capital description of the sayings and doings of Pippin. The writer does not willingly dwell on the hardships, sorrows, or disappointments of life. They only serve as a foil to the events she really likes to depict, and invariably lead to the happy end which makes the reader part company in good humour with this unaffected one-volume story, and with a writer who takes such a comfortable view of life.

NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OR

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

CONTENTS OF No. 254, AUGUST 9, 1862:—

America.	The State of Parties.	Garibaldi.
	Inferential Promise of Marriage.	
	The Cotton Supply.	Irish Crime.
	The Volunteer Commission.	
Duiness as a Sensation.	Manners make the Man.	
The Archæological Institute at Worcester.		
The Prince Consort's Memorial.	Sunday at the Crystal Palace.	
The Stephenson Window.	The Thames Embankment.	
Binocular Vision and the Painter's Art.	Brighton Races.	
Anagrams.	Principles of Taxation.	
Esquires' English at Home.	Ravenshoe.	
Thierry on the Roman Empire.		
he Parascas.	Martha Brown.	

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Under the Management of Miss LOUISA PYNE and Mr. W. HARRISON, Sole Lessee.

The SEVENTH SEASON of the ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA will commence at the above Theatre on MONDAY, AUGUST 25.

ROYAL ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. George

Vining.—Monday, and during the week, "FORTY WINKS," Mr. George Vining and Miss Caroline Carson. First time, a New Farce, by J. Oxenford, Esq., entitled, "BRISTOL DIAMONDS," Mr. and Mrs. Matthews. To be followed by "ENDYMION, or the NAUGHTY BOY WHO CRIED for the MOON," Mr. Miller, Herbert, St. Cass, and Benson. Next, "Belmore, Dewar, and Charles." To conclude with, first time, "A RETURN TICKET." The Misses Roucke will make their first appearance. Commences at half-past 7. Acting Manager, Mr. Kinloch.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS at ST. JAMES'S HALL.

The celebrated and original Christy's Minstrels will appear on Monday evening next, August 11, and every evening during the week, at 8. Morning performance on Saturdays, at 3. Stalls, 2s.; Arcs, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

Will Close this day, Saturday, August 9.

SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The

Fifty-eighth Annual Exhibition, 5 Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Seven. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

EXHIBITION of ROMAN PHOTOGRAPHS.—Until

Saturday, August 25, at the Architectural Galleries, 9 Conduit Street, Regent Street, will be EXHIBITED DAILY, between the hours of 11 and 6, a Collection of upwards of 600 PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS of Rome, Sculptures of the Vatican, &c., by Mr. R. Macpherson. Admission, 1s.; Season Ticket, 2s.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES'S TOUR in the

EAST.—The Photographic Pictures of the many remarkable and interesting Places in the Holy Land, Egypt, &c., made by Mr. Francis Bedford during the Tour in which, by command, he accompanied His Royal Highness, are, by special permission graciously accorded. Exhibited daily at the German Gallery, 101 New Bond Street, from 10 to 6 o'clock. Admission, One Shilling.

THE WORSHIP of BACCHUS, Size 13-ft. 4-in. by 7-ft. 8-in.,

Painted by Mr. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, now on Exhibition, in the Gallery, 21 Wellington Street Strand, two doors from Box Entrance of the Lyceum Theatre. Open daily from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. Admission, 1s.

AN EXTRAORDINARY PHOTOGRAPH.—Messrs. DAY

& SON have just published a reduced Copy of a LARGE PHOTOGRAPH of some MEMBERS of the BRITISH ASSOCIATION, which has been executed by Mr. A. BROTHERS, photographer, Manchester, for Wm. Fairbairn, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S., &c., President of the Association for the year 1861. The group comprises twenty-two portraits, among which are those of Dr. Fairbairn, the Astronomer Royal, Sir Frederick I. Murchison, Sir David Brewster, Lord Wrottesley, General Sabine, and other scientifically celebrated men of the age. All are excellent likenesses. Price One Guinea each, mounted on Plate paper. As only a limited number of copies will be produced, subscribers' names should be forwarded at once to Messrs. Day & Son, 115 Fleet Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields; or to Mr. A. Brothers, photographer, 11 St. Ann's Square, Manchester.

City of London. First-class Investment in newly-built Freehold Business premises, having a title direct from the City, and let on lease for 21 years to tenants of undoubted responsibility.

MESRS. DEBENHAM & TEWSON will Sell at the Mart,

on Wednesday, August 28, at 12 o'clock, the capital newly-erected FREEHOLD PREMISES, 28 Fetter Lane, comprising a substantial building of 1 stories, situate at the corner of Plough Court. Let on Lease to Messrs. Morrell and Gouland, silversmiths, for a term of 21 years, at the moderate rental of £105 per annum. The tenants consent to repair and pay all rates and taxes, and have made a considerable outlay in improvement to the premises. Particulars and Conditions of Sale of C. R. Randall, Esq., Solicitor, 14 Tokenhouse Yard, and of the Auctioneers, 50 Cheapside.

RAY SOCIETY.—Volume for 1860.—Dr. Carpenter's Intro-

duction to the Study of the Foraminifera has now been distributed to all the Members. H. T. STANTON, Sec.

Mountsfield, Lewisham, S.E.

August 1, 1862.

RAY SOCIETY.—Volume for 1861.—Dr. Hofmeister on the

Germination, Development, and Fruitification of the Higher Cryptogams, and on the Fruitification of the Conifers, translated by Frederick Curry, M.A., F.R.S., &c., has now been distributed to all the Members. H. T. STANTON, Sec.

Mountsfield, Lewisham, S.E.

August 1, 1862.

UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL ASSOCIATION.—LIMITED.

THIS ASSOCIATION, entirely conducted by Graduates of

Oxford and Cambridge, SUPPLIES masters of schools and heads of families with TUTORIAL in every way competent liberal terms would be given.—Address, 14, Queen's Office, Maitland, N.W. Office hours from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.

E. R. LOMER, M.A., Secretary.

NEGLECTED EDUCATION.—The Advertiser wishes to

procure for a Boy of Twelve, who is very backward and difficult to teach, a careful, patient, and good-tempered Master, and a respectable, though not luxurious, home. The instruction required would only be simple and rudimentary, but must be thorough. To a person in every way competent liberal terms would be given.—Address, 14, Queen's Office, Maitland, N.W.

USEFUL COMPANION.—A Young Lady wishes for a

Situation with a Lady residing in the Country, or at the Seaside. Is Manual and accurate good society. E. G. Overhead's Library, 10 Caroline Place, Marylebone Hill, Hampstead, N.W.

ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, RADLEY.

The Lord Bishop of Oxford.

His Grace the Duke of Marlborough.
The Hon. G. C. Talbot.
Lieut.-Col. Robert Moorsom.
Robert Phillimore, Esq., D.C.L.
The Lord Richard Cavendish.
The Warden of All Souls, Oxford.
J. G. Hubbard, Esq., M.P.

Rev. Richard Whitmore Norman, M.A., Exeter Coll., Oxford.

W. Hasboll, Captain R.N., Barras.

Rev. R. S. Wilson, M.A., Fellow of Brasenose Coll., Oxford.

Rev. E. N. Reynolds, A.M., Emmanuel Coll., Cambridge.

J. H. Rawdon, M.A., Brasenose Coll., Oxford.

Rev. A. L. Rusey, M.A., Ch. Ch., Oxford.

C. A. Houghton, B.A., Exeter Coll., Oxford.

R. F. Clarke, B.A., Fellow of St. John's Coll., Oxford.

W. W. Jackson, B.A., Balliol Coll., Oxford.

N. Lutz, Esq., Wadham Coll., Oxford.

George Wharton, B.A., Queen's Coll., Cambridge.

Assistant Tutor.

Rev. W. G. Longden, A.M., Fellow of Queen's Coll., Cambridge.

Rev. H. Gibbins, A.M., Trinity Coll., Dublin.

Lecturer in History.

Sidney Owen, M.A., Ch. Ch., Oxford.

Director of French.

M. Jules Bus.

Drawing, Millinery Drawing, and Water Colours.

W. H. F. Hutchinson, Esq.,

Gymnasium.

A. MacLaren, Esq.

The College will open on September 12, 1862.

The Scholarship of £20, founded by Sir Walter James Bart., for annual competition by candidates under eighteen years of age; and the Scholarship of £30, founded by William Gibbs, Esq., for candidates under fifteen years of age, will be competed for at Michaelmas next. Parents of boys not members of the School, but desirous of competing for either Scholarship, may apply to the Junior Bursar, George Price, Esq., St. Peter's College, Radley, Abingdon.

LEAMINGTON COLLEGE.—Visitor: The Lord Bishop of Worcester.

Head Master: The Rev. E. St. John Parry, M.A., Balliol College, Oxford; Editor of "The Times" in the "Bibliotheca Classica." Assistant Masters: Joseph Gaskier, Esq., B.A., Pembroke College, Cambridge; W. A. Rouse, Esq., B.A., Trinity College, Cambridge (who has special charge of the Modern Department), with a competent staff of Tutors and Masters. Board, £20; Tuition Fees, £10 10s.

The College will Re-open on Tuesday, August 19, 1862.

Boarders received by the Rev. E. St. John Parry, M.A., Head Master.

For Prospectuses, &c., apply to the Rev. the Master, or to the Secretary.

By Order of the Trustees.

A. S. FIELD, Secretary.

THE CLAPHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL will reassemble on

Tuesday, August 12. The arrangements of this School provide for a complete preparation for the highest degrees of the Universities, for the Indian Civil Service, for Woolwich and Sandhurst, and for any of the appointments now thrown open to public Competitive Examination. For Prospectuses apply to the Rev. Alfred Wrigley, M.A., &c., or to Messrs. Gill & Daldy, 106 Fleet Street, E.C.

THE KING'S SCHOOL, SHERBORNE, DORSET.—The

Second Master—A. M. Curtis, Esq., M.A., late Fellow and Classical Lecturer of Trinity College, Oxford—receives a limited number of boarders in his house. For terms and further particulars, applications should be addressed to A. M. Curtis, Esq., Westbury, Sherborne, Dorset.

A CAMBRIDGE M.A., having small Parochial Charge, would

be glad to meet with a Gentleman as Pupil for Holy Orders. One who is reading either for the Cambridge Voluntary, or Bishop's Examination. Advertiser lives in a small village in Oxfordshire, about 5 miles from London.—Address M.A., South Stoke, Wallingford, Berks.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, & DIRECT COMMISSIONS.

—A Married Clergyman, M.A., Wrangler and Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, living near Windsor, several of whose Pupils have obtained high places at Woolwich and Sandhurst, two of them having taken the first place in the Examinations for Direct Commissions, occasionally has Vacancies. Address the Vicar of Dorney, near Windsor.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, THE LINE, AND THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

TWO CAMBRIDGE MEN, experienced in Tuition, receive TWELVE PUPILS, who are reading for the above, and prepare them thoroughly and quickly. Terms Moderate. Apply for Prospectuses, &c. to M. A., 5 Angel Terrace, Brighton, S.

FRANCE.—PRIVATE TUITION for the Army, Oxford,

Public Schools, Civil Service, &c.—A Married Clergyman, Graduate of Oxford, receives FOUR PUPILS. Great Facilities for Modern Languages. Sea-side Residence. Address, Rev. M. A. Oxon, Pavillon Lefevre, Rue Sainte-Adre, Havre, France.

V.R.—ROYAL TURKISH BATHS, BLOOMSBURY.

ALWAYS READY. Public and Private. Cards free by post. St. Queen Square, Russell Square, W.C., near the British Museum. Mistletoe and the Foundling Hospital.

* * * From Six to Nine p.m., ONE SHILLING, with every luxury.

IMPERIAL HOTEL, Great Malvern.—The Public is respect-

fully informed that the IMPERIAL HOTEL will be OPENED on Monday, August 12 next, for the Reception of Visitors. The tariff will be so arranged that families and gentlemen may engage suites of apartments or single rooms, at a fixed charge per day, including attendance, and may either take their meals privately or at the table d'hôte, public breakfast, tea, and supper. A wholesale wine and spirit establishment, for the sale of wines and beverages of the highest class, will be attached to the hotel. Warm, cold, vapour, douche, running Sitz, and shower baths, will be obtainable at all times in the hotel, a portion of which is set apart for these baths. A covered way will conduct the visitors direct from the railway platform to the hotel.

GEORGE CURTIS, Manager.

HYDROPATHIC SANATORIUM.—SUDBROOK PARK,

Richmond Hill, Surrey.—Physician, Dr. E. W. LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin. The TURKISH BATH on the premises, under Dr. Lane's medical direction. Consultations in London at the City Turkish and Hydropathic Baths, 3 South Street, Finsbury, every Tuesday and Friday, between 1 and 4.

KENSINGTON.—An Establishment, intended for only a small

number of residents, is open to Young Ladies requiring a careful and systematic course of Education, or seeking the advantages of eminent masters for specific studies. Terms and further particulars may be had on application to the Lady Superintendent, 38 Addison Gardens, Kensington, W.

TO CONTINENTAL TRAVELLERS.—PASSPORTS and

VISAS prepared without personal attendance. Expense and trouble saved by applying to C. GOODMAN'S Guide and Travelling Depot, 407 Strand, three doors east of the Adelphi Theatre.—N.B. Circular of Instructions post free.

SUPERIOR CHEAP BOOKS.—Surplus Copies of Motley's

"Dutch Republic," Galton's "Vacation Tourist," "Mrs. Delany's Life," "Du Chailu's 'Africa,' " "Dr. Wolff's Life," "Aids to Faith," Montaigne's "Monsieur de la Roche," "Brunet's Life," and many other Books are now on Sale at Greatly Reduced Prices. Catalogues gratis.

Baker's Library, 10 Holles Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.

TO BOOK-BUYERS.—Second-hand Books in General Literature

from the important Libraries of the late Dr. Hawtrey, Sir F. Palgrave, &c. Some cheap Classics from the sale of Mr. H. Baldock. Send Stamp for Postage. W. HAYN, 69 Oxford Street, London.

TO BOOK-BUYERS.—Books sent Free, in addition to the

Discount of 25, in the 1s. on all Orders above 50.—C. GRIFFITHS, 22 Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, W. All Orders must be accompanied by a Remittance.

OLD BOOKS.—JOHN WILSON'S Miscellaneous CATA-

LOGUE for AUGUST is now ready, and will be forwarded free for one stamp. Libraries and Parcels of Books purchased for cash. JOHN WILSON, 63 Great Russell Street, London, five doors west of the British Museum.

TO COUNTRY VISITORS.—A small but powerful Double

GLASS, alike serviceable at the Theatre, Exhibition, Races, or Sea-side, which may be worn round the neck as a pair of hand spectacles, a most acceptable present for country friends. Price 25s. at Callaghan's, Optician, 25a New Bond Street, W., corner of Conduit Street. W. B. Sent post free on remittance. Sole Agent to Vostlander, Vienna.

HIS HIGHNESS THE VICEROY'S CANDLES.—Pure

Paraffin, 1s. 6d. per pound; City Sperm, 1s. 6d. per pound; Transparent Coloured Candles, 2s. per pound. Wauchope & Chubb, Shipbuilders and Contractors to H.M.'s Board of Works, &c. &c. 16 Bishopsgate Street Within, London.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

No. 1 OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON, E.C.—INSTITUTED 1805.

DIRECTORS.

JAMES GORDON MURDOCH, Esq., Chairman.

HENRY DAVIDSON, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.

Thomas Geo. Barclay, Esq.

James C. G. Bell, Esq.

Charles Cave, Esq.

Edward H. Chapman, Esq.

George Wm. Colman, Esq.

George Henry Cutler, Esq.

James Field, Esq.

George Hilbert, Esq.

Samuel Hilbert, Esq.

Thos. Newman Hunt, Esq.

Frederick Pattison, Esq.

William R. Robinson, Esq.

Martin T. Smith, Esq., M.P.

A. C. Smith, Esq.

PROFITS.—Four-fifths, or 80 per cent., of the Profits are assigned to Policies every fifth year.

The assured are entitled to participate after payment of one premium. BONUS.—The Decennial Additions made to Policies issued before the 4th of January, 1862, vary from 478 to 416 1/2s. per cent. on the sums insured, according to their respective dates. The Quinquennial Additions made to Policies issued after the 4th of January, 1862, vary in like manner from 458 1/2s. to 41 1/2s. per cent. on the sums insured.

PURCHASE OF POLICIES.—A Liberal Allowance is made on the Surrender of a Policy, either by a cash payment or the issue of a policy free of premium.

LOANS.—The Directors will lend sums of £50 and upwards on the security of policies effected with this Company for the whole term of life, when they have acquired an adequate value. Insurances without Participation in Profits may be effected at reduced rates.

Prospectuses and further information may be had at the Chief Office, as above; at the Branch Office, 16 Pall Mall; or of the Agents in Town and Country. SAMUEL INGALL, Actuary.

EQUITABLE ASSURANCE OFFICE,

NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS.

The Right Hon. Lord TREDEGAR, President.

Wm. Fred. Pollock, Esq., V.P.

James Spicer, Esq., V.P.

John Charles Bury, Esq., V.P.

Lord G. H. Cavendish, M.P.

Frederick Cowper, Esq.

Charles Curlew, Esq.

Charles Dineley, Esq.

Richard Gosling, Esq.

Peter Martineau, Esq.

John Aldin Moore, Esq.

Sir Alexander Morison, M.D.

John Charles Temple, Esq.

Richard Trining, Esq.

H. S. H. Wollaston, Esq.

The EQUITABLE, established in 1762, was one of the earliest Offices on the mutual principle.

The entire profits are divisible among its Members, no portion of the same being directed either for dividends on shares, as in "Proprietary" Offices, or for commission to agents. During the century of its existence it has paid £16,400,000 in claims, and £15,300,000 for bonuses on the same.

The invested capital, on the 31st of December 1861, exceeded Five millions and a half sterling. The reserve at the last "rest," in December 1859, exceeded £770,000, as a basis for future divisions.

Under the Bye-Law of the 19th of December 1816, the oldest 5,000 policies are admitted to New Assurers in the current year (1862) will be placed among that number after payment of their first premium, and will become entitled to a rateable share in the bonus to be made in December 1860, and in all future benefits of the Office.

SURRENDER OF POLICIES.—The full value is paid on surrender, without any deduction. LOANS ON POLICIES.—The Directors will make advances on deposit of the Policies. A Court of Directors is held every Wednesday, from 11 to 1 o'clock, to receive proposals for New Assurances; and a short Account of the Society may be had on application, personally or by post, at the Office.

ARTHUR MORGAN, Actuary.

BRITANNIA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Empowered by Special Act of Parliament, 4 Viet. c. 9.

AND

BRITANNIA MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION.

Empowered by Her Majesty's Special Letters Patent, 1 Victoria Street, Bank, London.

Chairman—Major-General ALEXANDER, Blackheath Park.

Every description of Life Assurance business transacted, with or without participation in profits.

EXTRACTS FROM TABLES.

Without Profits				With Profits			
Age	Half Premium	Whole Premium	Rem. of Life	Age	Annual Premium	Half Yearly Premium	Quarterly Premium
Years							
30	1 7 0	2 3 0	2 3 0	30	3 2 0	1 6 0	1 6 0
40	1 9 0	3 18 4	3 18 4	40	3 2 0	1 4 4	1 4 4
50	2 2 6	4 5 0	4 5 0	50	3 2 0	1 4 6	1 4 6
60	3 6 8	6 13 4	6 13 4	60	3 2 0	1 4 9	1 4 9

ANDREW FRANCIS, Secretary.

NORWICH UNION LIFE INSURANCE SOCIETY.

Established 1808 on the principle of Mutual Insurance.

THE WHOLE OF THE PROFITS BELONG TO THE ASSURED.

Accumulations exceed £2,000,000.—Income £237,000.

Amount Assured and Bonuses, £5,576,465.

Bonuses assigned to the Amount of £1,601,156.

The rates of premium are 10 per cent. less than those of most offices.—A benefit equivalent to an annual bonus. One-half of the first five annual premiums may remain as a permanent charge upon policies effected for the whole duration of life.

For Prospectuses apply to the Society's Offices, 6 Crescent, New Bridge Street, E.C.; and Surrey Street, Norwich.

ECCLESIASTICAL AND DOMESTIC DECORATION, &c.

HARLAND & FISHER beg to call attention to the NEW

SHOW-ROOMS FOR CHURCH FURNITURE, DECORATION, STAINED GLASS, GOTHIC PAPEL-HANGING, &c. &c., which have been recently added to their Establishment. Designs and Estimates furnished, or an Illustrated Price Catalogue, upon application.—33 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

STAINED GLASS WINDOWS

FOR CHURCHES AND DWELLINGS.

(Price Medal—International Exhibition, 1862.)

HEATON, BUTLER, & BYNE.

An ILLUSTRATED PRICED CATALOGUE, with TREATISE, Post-free, 2s. 6d.

WORKS—24 CARDINGTON STREET, HAMPTSTEAD ROAD, N.W.

CHUBB & SON.—"For Perfection of Workmanship, and Construction of Locks; also for the

CHUBB'S PATENT SAFES—the most secure against Fire and

CHUBB'S FIRE-PROOF STRONG-ROOM DOORS.

CHUBB'S PATENT DETECTOR and STREET-DOOR LATCHES.

CHUBB'S CASH and DEED BOXES.

Illustrated Price List gratis and post free.

CHUBB & SON, 57 St. Paul's Churchyard, London; Liverpool; Manchester; Wolverhampton.

DR. DE JONGH'S

(Knight of the Order of Leopold of Belgium)

LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL,

prescribed by the most eminent Medical Men as the safest, speediest, and most effectual

remedy for CONSUMPTION, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, COUGHS, RHEUMATISM, GENERAL

DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE SKIN, RICKETS, INFANTILE WASTING,

AND ALL SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS.

Is incomparably superior to every other kind.

SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.

Sir HENRY MARSH, Bart., M.D., Physician in Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland. "I consider Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil to be a very pure Oil, not likely to create disgust, and a therapeutic agent of great value."

Dr. GRANVILLE, F.R.S., Author of "The Spas of Germany." "Dr. Granville has found that Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil produces the desired effect in a shorter time than other kinds, and that it does not cause the nausea and indigestion too often consequent on the administration of the Pale Oil."

Dr. LAWRENCE, Physician to H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. "I invariably prescribe Dr. de Jongh's Cod Liver Oil in preference to any other, feeling assured that I am recommending a genuine article, and not a manufactured compound, in which the efficacy of this invaluable medicine is destroyed."

Dr. de JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL is sold only in IMPERIAL Half-pints, 2s. 6d. Fints, 4s. 6d.; Quarts, 8s.; capuled and labelled with his stamp and signature, and which none can possibly be genuine, by respectable Chemists and Druggists.

ANSAR, HARFORD, & CO. 77 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

CAUTION.—Beware of Proposed Substitutions.

THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE for SILVER.—The REAL NICKEL SILVER. Introduced more than 25 years ago by WILLIAM S. BURTON, who has placed by the patent of Messrs. Elkington and Co., in London, all comparison the very best article next to sterling silver that can be employed as such, either usefully or ornamentally, as by no possible test can it be distinguished from real silver.
A small useful set, guaranteed of first quality for finish and durability as follows—

	Fiddle or Old Silver Pattern.	Thread or Brunswick Pattern.	Irish Pattern.	King's or Military, &c.
12 Table Forks.....	1 15 0	2 4 0	2 10 0	2 15 0
12 Table Spoons.....	1 15 0	2 4 0	2 10 0	2 15 0
12 Dessert Forks.....	1 4 0	1 12 0	1 12 0	1 12 0
12 Dessert Spoons.....	1 4 0	1 12 0	1 12 0	1 12 0
12 Tea Spoons.....	0 16 0	1 2 0	1 2 0	1 7 0
6 Tea Spoons, gilt bowl.....	0 10 0	0 12 0	0 12 0	0 12 0
2 Sauce Ladles.....	0 6 0	0 8 0	0 8 0	0 9 0
1 Gravy Spoon.....	0 6 0	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 12 0
1 Small Spoon, gilt bowl.....	0 3 0	0 4 0	0 4 0	0 5 0
1 Mustard Spoon, gilt bowl.....	0 3 0	0 2 0	0 2 0	0 3 0
1 Pair of Sugar Tongs.....	0 2 0	0 3 0	0 4 0	0 4 0
1 Pair of Fish Carvers.....	1 0 0	1 2 0	1 10 0	1 12 0
1 Butter Knife.....	0 3 0	0 5 0	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Soup Ladle.....	0 10 0	0 17 0	0 17 0	1 0 0
1 Sugar Sifter.....	0 3 0	0 4 0	0 5 0	0 6 0
Total.....	9 19 9	13 10 3	14 10 6	16 4 0

Any article to be had singly at the same prices. An oak chest to contain the above, and a complete number of knives, &c. 42 lbs. Tea and Coffee Sets, Dish Covers and Corner Dishes, Crost and Liqueur Frames, &c., at proportionate prices. All kinds of re-plating done by the patent process.

BEDSTEADS, BATHS, and LAMPS.—WILLIAM S. BURTON has SIX LARGE SHOW-ROOMS devoted exclusively to the SEPARATE DISPLAY of Lamps, Baths, and Metal Bedsteads. The stock of each is at once the largest, newest, and most varied ever submitted to the public, and marked at prices proportionate to the value of the goods. He has endeavored to make his Establishment the most distinguished in this country.

Bedsteads from..... 12s. 6d. to 25s. 0d. each.
Showers Baths, from..... 5s. 6d. to 40s. 0d. each.
Chest (Moderator), from..... 6s. 0d. to 47s. 6d. each.
All other kinds at the same rate.
Pure Colza Oil..... 4s. 6d. per gallon.

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGERY CATALOGUE may be had gratis, and free by post. It contains a grand list of Five Hundred Illustrations of his Illustrated Stock of Sterling Silver and Electroplate, Nickel Silver, and Britannia Metal Goods, Dish-Covers, Hot Water Dishes, Stoves, Fenders, Marble Chimney Pieces, Kitchen Ranges, Lamps, Gasaliers, Tea Trays, Urns, and Kettles, Clocks, Table Cutlery, Baths, Toilet Wares, Turnery, Iron and Brass Bedsteads, Bedding, Bed-room Caskets, Furniture, &c., with Lists of Prices and Plans of the Twenty large Show-Rooms, at 29 Oxford Street, W., 1, 1a, 2, 3, and 4 Newman Street; 4, 5, and 6 Perry's Place; and 1 Newman's Mews.

OSLER'S GLASS CHANDELIERS.
Wall Lights and Mantelpiece Lusters, for Gas and Candles. Glass Dinner Services, for Twelve Persons, from 7s. 6d. Glass Desert Services, for Twelve Persons, from 2s. All articles marked in Plain Figures.
Ornamental Glass, English and Foreign, suitable for Presents. Mess. Export, and Furnishing orders promptly executed.
LONDON.—Show Rooms, 45 Oxford Street, W.
BIRMINGHAM.—Manufacturers and Show Rooms, Broad Street.
Established 1857.

MESSRS. MECCHI and BAZIN'S LIST.—The quality may be judged by their display under the Eastern Dome of the International Exhibition; also in the Cutlery Department, Class XXXII, and in the North Gallery, Class XXXVI. Photographic Albums, mounted in Cases, Silver Boxes, Tourist riding Cases, Pocket-books, Purses, Bagatelle Tables, Chess-Boards, Brushes, Combs, Toilet Apparatus, Desks, Workboxes, Inkstands; the Magic Strop and Paste, superior Razors, Scissors, and Penknives; the best Table Cutlery and Electroplate; Paper Mache' Tea-trays, Wafers, and a variety of first-class ornamental pieces in Papier Mache'; Parian Novelties in Ormolu, Potage Balances, Conifer Bases, Picnic Cases, Wicker Luncheon Baskets, Wine and Spirit Flasks, Medieval Articles, and a variety of elegances suitable for presents.
Mr. Bazin having been appointed by Her Majesty's Commissioners a Juror in Class XXXVI. of the International Exhibition (dressing-cases, &c.), the firm were by this circumstance precluded from competing for a prize medal. A medal was awarded them in class XXXII. (cutlery).
112 Regent Street, W., and
4 Leadenhall Street, E.C. (London fourth house from Cornhill).
Catalogues post free.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862. Class 30.—Attention is requested to SNEE'S SPRING MATTRESS, Tucker's Patent, or Sommer Tucker. Comfortable, clean, simple, portable and inexpensive. Purchasers are respectfully warned against cheap imitations and imitations. Reduced price of size No. 1, for Bedsteads 3 feet wide, 2s. Other sizes in proportion. To be obtained of almost all respectable Upholsterers and Bedding Warehousemen.
Special Notice should be taken that each Spring Mattress bears upon the side the Label "Tucker's Patent".

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862.—CARPETS made by MESSRS. HENRISSON, of Durham, celebrated throughout the Trade for the superiority of their quality. The attention of Visitors is especially directed to these Goods, which are exhibited under the Space No. 5820, Class 30, in the Nave near the Eastern Dome, occupied by WM. SKEEL & SONS, at whose warehouses, No. 6 FINSBURY PARKWAY, E.C., the Carpets may be seen. Prices and any other information may be obtained from Wm. Skeel & Sons' attendant at the Exhibition.

HANDSOME BRASS and IRON BEDSTEADS.—HEAL & SON'S Show Rooms contain a large assortment of Brass Bedsteads, suitable both for Home use and for Tropical Climates; handsome Iron Bedsteads with Brass Mountings and elegantly japanned. Iron Bedsteads for Servants; every description of Wood Bedstead that is manufactured, in Mahogany, Birch, Walnut Trees woods, Polished Deal and Japanned, all fitted with Bedding and Furniture complete, as well as every description of Bedroom Furniture Manufacturers, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.

HEAL & SON'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, containing Designs and Prices of 100 Bedsteads, as well as of 50 different articles of Bedroom Furniture, sent free by Post.—HEAL & SON, Bedstead, Bedding, and Bedroom Furniture Manufacturers, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.

DENT'S CHRONOMETERS, WATCHES, and CLOCKS.
M. F. DENT, 33 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, Watch, Clock, and Chronometer Maker, by special appointment, to Her Majesty the Queen.
33 COCKSPUR STREET, CHARGING CROSS (corner of Spring Gardens), London.

FURNISH your house with the BEST ARTICLES: they are the cheapest in the end.—DRAKE & Co.'s priced FURNISHING LIST may be had on application or post-free. This List embraces the leading articles from all the various departments of their establishment, and is arranged to facilitate purchasers in the selection of goods. It comprises Table Cutlery, Electroplate, Lamps, Baths, Fenders, Fire-iron, Iron Bedsteads, Bedding, Britannia Metal, Copper, Tin, and Brass Goods, Culinary Utensils, Turnery, Brushes, Mats, &c. DRAKE & Co., London Bridge. Established 1790.

FURNITURE CARRIAGE FREE to any part of the Kingdom.
Drawing-room Suites, complete..... 250
Dining-room Suites, complete..... 30
Bed-room Suites, complete..... 30
Warranted First-Class.
P. & S. BEYFUS, 144 OXFORD STREET, and 91 to 95 CITY ROAD.
Illustrated Catalogues gratis and post-free on application.

NOTICE.—THRESHER'S INDIA TWEED SUITS. THRESHER'S CASHMERE FLANNEL SHIRTS, and THRESHER'S INDIA GAUZE WAISTCOATS were invented and are manufactured exclusively by THRESHER & Co., 102 Strand, and for which they were awarded the International Exhibition Medal of 1862; the Exhibit on Medal of 1861; and the Madras Medal of 1862. The high character and universal approval of these articles have led to a number of inferior imitations, all of which are advertised under similar but triflingly altered names, and therefore Messrs. Thresher & Co. feel it necessary to announce that the India Gauze Waistcoats, the Cashmere Flannel Shirts, and the India Tweed Suits can only be procured at their Establishment, 102 STRAND, next door to Somerset House, London. Lists of prices forwarded on application.

INDIA OUTFITS.—THRESHER & GLENNY, next door to Somerset House, Strand, forward (on application) Lists of the necessary Outfits for every appointment, with Prices of each Article. N.B.—Thresher's India Gauze Waistcoats, India Tweed Suits, and Cashmere Flannel Shirts, can only be procured at this Establishment.

KNICKERBOCKERS, and Hose to match.—Sold by THRESHER & GLENNY, Outfitters, 102 Strand, next door to Somerset House, London. N.B. Lists of prices forwarded free of expense.

"TAILORS' ASSOCIATION."—Clothes of best style and quality, and most reasonable price, can be had at this establishment.—Price-List free by post. 36, Castle Street East, Oxford Street, W. (opposite the Pantheon). COOPER & CO.

SHERWOOD NIGHT LIGHTS, Sixpence a Box, are recommended as being second only to "Price's Patent Child's."—FALMOUTH, VAUGHAN.

PRICE'S GLYCERINE may be had from any Chemist in 4lb., 1lb., and 1s. Bottles; the stoppers of which are secured by a capsule lettered "PRICE'S PATENT."—FALMOUTH, VAUGHAN, LONDON, E.

CAPTAIN WHITE'S ORIENTAL PICKLE, CURRY or MULLIGATAWNY PASTE, Curry Powder, and Curry Sauce, may be obtained from all Sauce Vendors, and wholesale of CROSSE & BLACKWELL, Purveyors to the Queen, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON.

SAUCE.—LEA & PERRINS' WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE. Pronounced by Connoisseurs "THE ONLY GOOD SAUCE." None Genuine without Name on wrapper, label, bottle, and stopper.
S Sold by CROSS & BLACKWELL; Barclay & Sons; and Grocers and Oilmen universally.

TURTLE—McCALL'S WEST INDIA.—Superior quality, and prepared by new process. Flavour unsurpassed. Best Turtle Soup, quart, 10s. 6d. pint, 5s. 6d.; half-pint, 3s. Calligee and Calligee, 10s. 6d. per pound. Sold by leading Oil and Italian Warehousemen, Wholesale Chemists, and others; and wholesale of J. McCALL & CO., Provision Stores, 187 Houndsditch, N.E.

ICE.—REFRIGERATORS of every kind and variety, for preserving Ice, and cooling Wine, Water, Butter, Cream, Jellies, and Provisions of all kinds. For which the Prize Medal of 1862 has been awarded for "EXCELLENCE of MANUFACTURE." PATENT FRYING MACHINES, for making and moulding Dessert Ices in one operation. WATER CARAFE FREEZERS; or, CHAMPAGNE FRAPPE FAIS. IMPROVED FREEZING POWDERS, and everything connected with Freezing of the best, cheapest, most modern, and reliable character, and particularly adapted for Home Use. PURE SPRING WATER ICE, in BLOCKS, delivered to most parts of Town daily; and packages of 2s. 6d., 5s., 10s., and upwards, forwarded any distance by "Goods Trains," without perceptible waste. Proprietors Free.
WENHAM LAKE ICE COMPANY, 110 STRAND, LONDON.

THE attention of Gentlemen is respectfully invited to our Stock of Foreign Wines and Liqueurs:—
Sherry, 31s. 5s. 3s. 2s. 1s. 6d. 4s. 5s. and 6s. per dozen.
Port bottled in wood, 28s. 30s. 4s. per dozen.
Port, old, in bottle, from 26s. to 8s. per dozen.
Medoc and Brandy, from 15s. to 25s. per dozen.
Leoville, Margaux, and Lafite, &c. at proportionate prices, as detailed in Price List.
ARTHUR, COOPER, & CO.

OLD BOTTLED PORT.—20,000 dozens of the best Vineyards and Vineyards, laid down during the last Forty years, including a Bin, Fourteen years in Bottle, of 500 Dozen, bottled by the late Mr. Fenwick, known to the Trade as his celebrated "SIX VINTAGE" Wine, dry, full of Beer, and of immense flavour, delicacy, and bouquet. Samples forwarded on receipt of Post Office Order.
GEORGE SMITH, 26 Great Tower Street, London, E.C.; and 17 and 18 Park Row, Greenwich, S.E.
Price Lists free by Post. Established A.D. 1750.

PIESSE & LUBIN'S HUNGARY WATER, cooling, refreshing, invigorating. "I am not surprised to learn," says Humboldt, "that orators, clerical men, lecturers, authors, and poets give it the preference, for it refreshes the memory." Empirically the scent for warm weather. A case of six bottles, 10s.; single samples, 2s.—2 New Bond Street, W.

BREIDENBACH'S WOOD VIOLETS SCENT, 2s. 6d.
BREIDENBACH'S WOOD VIOLET PHLOMEOE.
BREIDENBACH'S WOOD VIOLET COLD CREAM.
BREIDENBACH'S WOOD VIOLET MILK for the Complexion.
BREIDENBACH'S WOOD VIOLET SACHET.
BREIDENBACH'S LAST NEW PERFUME.
H. BREIDENBACH,
157B NEW BOND STREET (FACING REDMAYNES).

STRUVE'S SELTZER, FACHINGEN, VICHY, MARIENBAD, and other MINERAL WATERS.—ROYAL GERMAN SPA, Brighton.—Under Her Majesty's special patronage.—The Bottled Waters are sold at the Pump Room, Brighton, and open for the 28th February 1862, at the Dispensary, WAUGH & CO., Pharmaceutical Chemists to the Queen, 177 Regent Street, London, W., and other respectable houses in London and the provincial towns, where a prospectus, with the highest medical testimonials, may be obtained gratis.
CAUTION.—Owing to the use of Struve's bottles by other parties, please to observe that Struve's name is on the label and red ink stamp affixed to every bottle of Struve's manufacture.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH and PAINLESS DENTISTRY.
Messrs. Lewis Mosely & Sons beg to direct attention to their improved Gum-coloured Enamelled base for Artificial Teeth, &c., which supersedes all metals or other agents now in general use, and as it is moulded in a soft state, all inequalities of the gums or roots of teeth are carefully protected, thus insuring an unerring fit and a perfect system of painless Dentistry. Consultation and every information free, and success guaranteed in all cases by Lewis Mosely & Sons, 30 Berners Street, Oxford Street, W.

THE YOUNG MAN from the COUNTRY.—It appears that the young man from the country has been indulging rather too freely in the good things of London. Salmon, whitebait, ducks and green peas, and "potatoes pot deep" of sherry cobbler and champagne have been too much for his digestion, and would have "got over him" had not a friend recommended him to a patent and popular remedy. The temporary derangement of the young man's health has been entirely repaired by the use of FARR'S LIFE PILLS, to which all now successfully resort when attacked by any kind of indigestion. May be obtained of any medicine vendor, in boxes, 1s., 10s., 2s. 6d., and in family packets, 1s. each.

OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA, established upwards of thirty years, is the best and only certain remedy ever discovered for preserving, strengthening, beautifying, or restoring the Hair, Whiskers, or Moustache, and preventing them turning grey.—Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d., 6s., and 12s., by C. A. OLDRIDGE, 25 Wellington Street, London, W.C., and by all Chemists and Perfumers. For Children and Ladies' Hair it is most efficacious and unrivalled.

DINNEFORD'S PURE FLUID MAGNESIA has been, during twenty-five years, emphatically sanctioned by the Medical Profession, and universally accepted by the public, as the best Remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion, and as a Mild Aperient for delicate constitutions, more especially for Ladies and Children. It is prepared, in a state of perfect purity and uniform strength, only by DINNEFORD & CO., 172 New Bond Street, London, and sold by all respectable Chemists throughout the world.

GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH. USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY, and pronounced by HER MAJESTY'S LAUNDRESS to be the FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED. Sold by all Chemists, Grocers, &c. &c.—WOTHERSPOON and CO., Glasgow and London.

EATING'S PERSIAN INSECT-DESTROYING POWDER. unrivalled in destroying Fleas, Bugs, Flies, Beetles, Moths, and every species of Insect, and harmless to animal life. Sold in Packages, 1s. and 2s. 6d. each (1s. package sent free by post for 14 stamps), by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, 79 St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.

SIR JAMES MURRAY'S PATENT FLUID MAGNESIA, CORDIAL CAMPHOR, and LEMON SYRUP. Bottles now double the size and effect. At all the chief Druggists, and the Works, 101 Strand, London; with Dispensing Jars and Books.

NEW LATIN CLASS-BOOK FOR SCHOOLS. Now ready, bound, 2s.
VIRGIL: with Vocabulary, Notes, and Memoir. By WILLIAM M'DOWALL.
By the same Author.

CÆSAR: with Vocabulary, Notes, Map, and Historical Memoir. New Edition, bound, 2s.
S Mr. M'Dowall's Cæsar is one of the Educational Works published by Oliver & Boyd, Edinburgh, and exhibited at the International Exhibition, for the merit of which a medal has been awarded.
Edinburgh: OLIVER & BOYD. London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. CCXXXIII, is published THIS DAY.

CONTENTS:

- I. THE BRUNELS.
- II. DEAN HOOK'S ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.
- III. SUSSEX.
- IV. THE VOLUNTEERS AND NATIONAL DEFENCE.
- V. MODERN POETRY—DREYDEN TO COWPER.
- VI. INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.
- VII. SANDWICH ISLANDS.
- VIII. THE CHURCH AND BICENTENARY MOVEMENT.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street.

This day is published,

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, No. LXXXII.

CONTENTS:

- I. HISTORY, PHILOSOPHY, AND MR. GOLDWIN SMITH.
- II. ANGLO-SAXON AND ANGLO-NORMAN CHRISTIANITY.
- III. BRITISH ALPINE BOTANY.
- IV. EDWARD IRVING.
- V. ESSAYISTS, OLD AND NEW.
- VI. LORD STANHOPE'S LIFE OF PITT.
- VII. LORD STANHOPE'S BORNHO.
- VIII. LORD CANNING.

Edinburgh: T. & T. CLARK. London: HAMILTON, ADAMS, & CO.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE REVIEW, August 9, 1862. 3d.

CONTENTS:

- The State of Crime in 1861—Social Science in Spain—Communist of Paris—The Family Divisions of Scotland—Female Education—The Public Records—African Commerce and the Fouta—Expiring Laws—Political Economy for the Million—The Day.
- The Monthly Part for July in neat wrapper is now ready, 1s. Office, 10 Whitefriars Street, Fleet Street. Sold by all News-vendors in Town and Country.

AUGUST QUARTERLY NUMBER, No. XXXI. 1s.

THE ST. JAMES'S MEDLEY.

CONTENTS:

- James VI. and Sir Robert Cecil. Recollections and Superstitions of Somersetshire.
- A Peal of Bells. The Parable of the Lost Life.
- The Land Slip. The Late Mr. Buckle.
- Temptation—Chapters 8, 9, 10. Scientific Progress.
- King Poet. Our Library Table—Reviews of Books.
- The Origin of Species. London: JOHN MITCHELL, 33 Old Bond Street.

THE LORD DUNDREARY IN "LONDON SOCIETY."

These Amusing Pictures and Sketches, by Popular Artists and Writers, will begin in the next Number. New Subscribers who wish to have the various Humorous Sketches and Illustrations of the London Season and the Holiday Season, should commence with the July Number—the first of a new Volume.

The August Number, containing eighteen Illustrations and two Tales, Jack Esol's Letter, Fashionable Promenades, Cricketers, &c., is now ready.

One Shilling, Monthly. Office: 49 Fleet Street, E.C.

THE MEDICAL TIMES AND GAZETTE contains a practical

series of articles on Medical Education, particularly with reference to the time and expense requisite for obtaining the various qualifications. The number for July 28 contains observations on Preliminary Education, and on the Matriculation of the University of London, with a minute account of the details and expenses, &c., of Medical Education at Oxford.

In the number for August 2 is a similar report on Cambridge. That for August 9 contains a report on Medical Education at Dublin. London, the Scottish and Provincial Schools, will follow.

From these articles, parents may learn the preliminary education necessary, the annual cost, and the time required, so that they may be able to count the entire cost beforehand of medical education in each of its degrees and branches.

Published by J. P. Lippincott, New Burlington Street, W., and may be had of all Booksellers and News-men. 6d., stamped 7d.

THE LITERARY BUDGET.

New Weekly Literary Paper. 3d.

CONTENTS:

- Journalism and the "Cornhill"—The Intellect of Women—Prose Verse and Poetic Prose—Modern Fine Style—Mr. Thackeray as an Editor—Popular Art Criticism—Personality in Novel Writing—Living by the Pen—Mr. Bulwer's "The Wives of Men"—Twelvemonths of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's Writings—Legal Education—The Literature and Science of the Turf—The "Athens" and Mr. Spedding, &c. Music, Drama, Fine Arts, Literary Gossip, &c.
- Office, 7, Burleigh Street, Strand; and may be had of all Booksellers and News-men, and at the railway bookstalls.

FASHIONS and DRESS.—A Paris Coloured Fashion Sheet is given away every week with the "QUEEN," the LADY'S WEEKLY JOURNAL. Also, Coloured Fashion Sheet, full of the latest fashions, with full instructions for working. Also, a superb Portrait, with Biography, of some Lady of Fashion or Eminence. 6d.; a copy for 7 stamps. 246 Strand, W.C.

SITE OF THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL—DWELLINGS for INDUSTRIAL POOR.—THE BUILDERS of Friday contains the Plan of proposed Site for the Prince Consort Memorial—View and Plan of Dwellings for the Industrial Poor of Hull—Papers on Stones and Metals in Great Exhibition—The Picturesque in Architecture—Ancient Pavement in England—The Spirit of Modern Work—and its usual amount of News, Artistic, Constructive, and Sanitary.

1 York Street, Covent Garden; and all News-men.

DEBILITY; its Causes and Cure.—See Extra Double Number of "Health." Post Free for Six Stamps, from "Health" Office, 6 Raquet Court, Fleet Street, London, and all Booksellers.

MR. HARVEY ON DEAFNESS.

Just published, Third Edition, 2s. 6d.; post free 3s. stamps.

THE EAR IN HEALTH and DISEASE, and on the Prevention of Deafness. By WILLIAM HARVEY, F.R.C.S., Surgeon to the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, Soho Square.

Just published, Third Edition, 1s.; post free 1s. stamps.

ON DEAFNESS and NOISES in the EAR, arising from Rheumatism, Gout, and Neuralgic Headache.—REESMAN, 356 Strand, W.

MAPS and GUIDES.—EDWARD STANFORD, 6 Charing Cross, S.W., has ON SALE, at all times, the best MAPS and GUIDE BOOKS to ALL PARTS of the WORLD, from One Shilling upwards. Also, Guides in Foreign Languages, the Exhibition Catalogues, Handbooks, &c.

London: EDWARD STANFORD, Agent, by appointment, for the sale of Ordnance Maps, Geological Survey Maps, and Admiralty Charts, 6 Charing Cross, S.W.

LONDON.—MAPS of LONDON, in cases, published by EDWARD STANFORD, 6 Charing Cross, S.W.—Collins' Standard Map, with 3,000 street references, plain, 1s.; coloured, 1s. 6d.; mounted, 2s. 6d. Stanford's British Metropolis, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d. Davies' British Metropolis, coloured and mounted, 7s. 6d., or, with continuation to the Crystal Palace, 11s. Stanford's London and its Suburbs, 7s. 11s.

London: EDWARD STANFORD, 6 Charing Cross, S.W., who will forward, on application, a descriptive List of Maps and Guides to London.

ENVIRONS of LONDON.—MAPS of the ENVIRONS of LONDON, in cases, published by EDWARD STANFORD, 6 Charing Cross, S.W.—Stanford's Twelve Miles round London, plain, 2s. 6d.; coloured, 3s. 6d.; mounted, 5s. 6d. Environs of London, reduced from the Ordnance Survey, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d. Davies' Map of the Environs of London, coloured and mounted, 7s. 6d.

London: EDWARD STANFORD, 6 Charing Cross, S.W., who will forward, on application, a descriptive List of Maps and Guides to London and its suburbs.

ORDNANCE SURVEY of ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, and IRELAND.—Edward Stanford, 6 Charing Cross, S.W., Agent by appointment for the sale of Ordnance Maps, has recently published an Appendix to his Ordnance Catalogue (which can be had upon application, or by post for one stamp), in which will be found detailed particulars of the whole of the Maps published by the Board of Ordnance, together with an Index Map, defining the contents of each section, and distinguishing the whole from the quarter sheets. Those on the scale of one inch to a mile are sold separately, price 2s. each, or coloured, 4s.; and when published in quarters, any quarter may be had for 6d., or coloured, 1s.; they can also be had conveniently mounted, in case, price 4s. 6d. each, or coloured, 6s. 6d. each.

London: EDWARD STANFORD, 6 Charing Cross, S.W.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY of the BRITISH ISLES.—The MAPS, Horizontal and Vertical Sections, Memoirs and Books of the Geological Survey of Great Britain and Ireland, published under the superintendence of Sir Roderick I. Murchison, D.C.L., Director of the Survey, and sold by Edward Stanford, the appointed Agent. For detailed Particulars and Index to these Maps see Stanford's Catalogue of the Geological Survey Maps, to be had free on application, or by post for one stamp.

London: EDWARD STANFORD, 6 Charing Cross, S.W.

The Fourth Edition, with numerous Illustrations by eminent Artists, 8vo. 21s. elegantly bound in cloth; or 4to. with Proof Impressions, 21s. 6d.

THE MIND: its Powers, Beauties, and Pleasures. By CHARLES SWAIN, F.R.S.L.

"On rising from the perusal of this poem, we know not which most to admire, its mind or its heart, its soul or its dream. It is the production of a master spirit, and Swain need not fear that it shall not outlive him. The other poems, which form one half of the volume, are full of mind, nature, sweetness, and taste."—*Fraser's Magazine*.

ENGLISH MELODIES. Fcp. 8vo. 6s. cloth; or with bevelled covers, gilt, 7s.

"Of all our song writers there is none more lovable, none more musical than Charles Swain. There is life and soul in his verse."—*Critic*.

LETTERS of LAURA D'AUVERNE. Fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth; or with bevelled covers, 4s. 6d.

"Charles Swain is one of our few poets of whom posterity will take note."—*Literary Gazette*.

London: LONGMAN, GREEN, & Co., 14 Ludgate Hill.

This day is published, New and cheaper Edition, 1 vol. 8vo. 12s. 6d.

THE RURAL LIFE of ENGLAND. By WILLIAM HOWITT.

With Illustrations on Wood by Bewick and Williams.

By the same Author, New Edition, with many Woodcuts, VISITS to REMARKABLE PLACES—Old Halls, Battle-Fields, and Scenes illustrative of Remarkable Passages in English History and Poetry. 2 vols. square 8vo. 25s.

London: LONGMAN, GREEN, & Co., 14 Ludgate Hill.

Post 8vo. with Frontispiece and 2 Maps,

HERZEGOVINA; or, Omer Pacha and the Christian Rebels;

with a Brief Account of Servia, its Social, Political, and Financial Condition. By Lieutenant G. ARBUTHNOT, R.H.A., F.R.G.S.

London: LONGMAN, GREEN, & Co., 14 Ludgate Hill.

On Thursday next will be published, 1 vol. post 8vo.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY of CHARLES V.; the original

MSS. of which, in the Portuguese language, have been recently discovered in the Bibliothèque Impériale, Paris. Copyright English Edition. Translated by LEONARD FRANCIS SIMPSON, M.R.S.L.

London: LONGMAN, GREEN, & Co., 14 Ludgate Hill.

DE LA RIVE'S REMINISCENCES of CAVOUR. Now ready, 1 vol. 8vo. cloth, 8s. 6d.

REMINISCENCES of the LIFE and CHARACTER of

Count CAVOUR. By WILLIAM DE LA RIVE. Translated from the French by EDWARD ROMILLY.

London: LONGMAN, GREEN, & Co., 14 Ludgate Hill.

WORKS by DR. LEONHARD SCHMITZ, F.R.S.E.

A MANUAL of ANCIENT HISTORY, from the Remotest

Times to the Overthrow of the Western Empire, A.D. 476. By Dr. LEONHARD SCHMITZ, F.R.S.E., Rector of the High School of Edinburgh. With copious Chronological Tables. Fourth Edition, 2 vols. 7s. 6d.

The first volume (price 4s.), besides the history of the Asiatic nations and of Egypt, contains a History of Greece adapted to the lower and middle forms of the public schools.

The second volume (price 3s.) contains a History of Rome adapted to the same class of boys.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Dr. Schmitz has produced a full and masterly survey of Ancient History. His Manual is one of the best that can be placed in the student's hands."—*Athenaeum*.

"Of Ancient History these volumes present a comprehensive and complete summary, admirably adapted either for educational use or for general reading."—*Literary Gazette*.

By the same Author,

A MANUAL of ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY, with a Map

showing the Retreat of the 10,000 Greeks under Xenophon. 6s.

A HISTORY of the MIDDLE AGES. 2 vols.

Vol. I. From the Overthrow of the Western Empire, in 476, to the commencement of the Crusades in 1096. 7s. 6d.

Vol. II. is preparing.

Edinburgh: JOHN MENZIES, 2 HARVEY Street; BEYON & MACKENZIE, 90 George Street. London: RIVINGTONS, Waterloo Place.

"THE WAITING ISLES;" a Sermon preached at the

Farwell Service of the Mission to the Sandwich Islands, in Westminster Abbey, July 23, 1862. By the Right Rev. the Bishop of Hereford.

London: HETTINGER, Waterloo Place.

Just published, 8vo. pp. 314, cloth, 12s.

THE SPAS of EUROPE. By JULIUS ALTHAUS, M.D., Author

of "A Treatise on Medical Electricity," &c. London: TAYLOR & Co., 69 Paternoster Row.

"An acknowledged want of the Age."

THE CONTINENTAL TIMES. 6d.

TIME-TABLES of CONTINENTAL RAILS—Monthly and Weekly. MARLBOROUGH & Co.

Now ready, 2s.

THE CITY of the GREAT KING: an Essay in Blank Verse

contrasting the True and False Churches. F. ALZAH, 11 Clement's Lane, Lombard Street, E.C.

Just published, a New Edition of this popular work, with Additions, cloth, 2s.

FALLACIES of the FACULTY. By Dr. DICKSON.

"Any educated person, who will carefully read this work and compare it with his own experience, will at once perceive how much Dr. Dickson's theory has the advantage over any other, and how readily a man may understand his own ailments, and in most cases himself adopt timely remedies."—*Journal of Education*.

TINSLEY BROTHERS, 15 Catherine Street, Strand. And all Libraries.

NEW ENGINEERING YEAR BOOK.

Now ready, post 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d.

THE ANNUAL RETROSPECT of ENGINEERING AND

ARCHITECTURE; a Record of Progress in the Sciences of Civil, Military, and Naval Construction. Vol. I. (January to December, 1861). Edited by GEORGE R. BURNELL, C.E., F.R.S.E., F.S.A.

Lockwood & Co., 7 Stationers' Hall Court, E.C.

THE MILITARY POSITION of ENGLAND. By THOMAS

BERTON DAVENY, M.A., Lincoln College, Oxford.

"A remarkably able and lucid essay. The language is singularly perspicuous, full of spirit, and always appropriate, while the illustrations from history are both apt and impartial."—*Spectator*. "A series of clever military essays."—*Naval and Military Gazette*.

London: JAMES & SONS, 15 Paternoster Row.

3 vols. post 8vo. 12s. 6d.

ABBEYS and ATTICS; or, Amateurs and Artists. By

JULIAN STICKLAND. W. FREEMAN, 102 Fleet Street.

Just published, double-crown 4to. price One Guinea and a half.

A TREATISE on FORTIFICATION. By Capt. LEMN

F.G.S., F.R.S. London: W. MITCHELL, Military Publisher, 30 Charing Cross.

Just published, Fifth Edition, 2s. 6d. free by post, 3s. stamps.

DISEASES of the SKIN: a Guide to their Treatment and

Prevention, illustrated by cases. By THOMAS HENRY, F.R.C.S., Surgeon to the Western Dispensary for Diseases of the Skin, 71a Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. "This admirable we might almost say indispensable, little work comes to us in its fifth edition, enriched with an excellent and most temperate chapter on the Turkish bath."—*Acquaint Critic*, &c.

T. RICHARDS, 37 Great Queen Street.

179

ARNOLD'S PRACTICAL INTRODUCTIONS TO THE GREEK LANGUAGE.

THE FIRST GREEK BOOK; on the Plan of "Henry's First Latin Book." Fourth Edition, 12mo. 2s.

THE SECOND GREEK BOOK (on the same Plan); containing an Elementary Treatise on the Greek Particles and the Formation of Greek Derivatives. 2s. 6d.

THE THIRD GREEK BOOK; containing a Selection from Xenophon's Cyropaedia, with Explanatory Notes, Syntax, and Vocabulary. 3s. 6d.

THE FOURTH GREEK BOOK; or, the Last Four Books of Xenophon's Anabasis, containing the History of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand Greeks; with Explanatory Notes, and Grammatical References. 4s.

A PRACTICAL INTRODUCTION TO GREEK ACCIDENCE. With Easy Exercises and Vocabulary. Sixth Edition, 8vo. 6d.

AN ELEMENTARY GREEK GRAMMAR. 12mo. 5s.; or, with an Account of the Dialects, 6s.

A GREEK GRAMMAR; intended as a sufficient Grammar of References for Schools and Colleges. Second Edition, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

A SYNTAX of the GREEK LANGUAGE, especially of the Attic Dialect, for the use of Schools. By Dr. J. N. MAWES, Professor in the University of Copenhagen. Translated from the German by the Rev. HENRY BROWNE, M.A.; with an Appendix on the Greek Particles, by the Translator. 8vo. 9s. 6d.

A PRACTICAL INTRODUCTION TO GREEK PROSE COMPOSITION, Part the First. Ninth Edition, 8vo. 5s. 6d.

The object of this work is to enable the student, as soon as he can decline and conjugate with tolerable facility, to translate simple sentences after given examples, and with given words; the principles taught to be principally those of imitation and very frequent repetition. It is at once a Syntax, a Vocabulary, and an Exercise Book, and is used at all, or nearly all, the Public Schools.

THE SECOND PART of a PRACTICAL INTRODUCTION TO GREEK PROSE COMPOSITION. (On the Particles.) In this Part the Passages for Translation are of considerable length. 6s. 6d.

A GREEK and ENGLISH LEXICON for the POEMS of HOMER, and the HOMERIDÆ; illustrating the Domestic, Religious, Political, and Military Condition of the Heroic Age. With an explanation of the most difficult passages. Translated from the German of Crusius. 12mo. 5s.

A prospectus may be had of the publishers.

A COPIOUS PHRASEOLOGICAL ENGLISH-GREEK LEXICON, founded on a work prepared by J. W. FAHNESTOCK, Ph. Dr. of the Taylor Institution, Oxford. Revised, enlarged, and improved by the Rev. T. K. ARNOLD, M.A., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Henry Bowyer, M.A., Vicar of Fennyng, and Prebendary of Chichester. Second Edition, 8vo. 21s.

A prospectus may be had of the publishers.

A HANDBOOK of GREEK SYNONYMES. From the French of A. FALCON, Librarian of the Bibliothèque Royal, Paris. 12mo. 6s. 6d.

A HANDBOOK of GRECIAN ANTIQUITIES. By Professor ROBERT SMITH. Translated from the German Version of Dr. HOFFA, by the Ven. Archdeacon PAUL. With Notes and Questions. Second Edition, 3s. 6d.

THE ATHENIAN STAGE; a Handbook for Students. From the German of WITTENBERG, by the Ven. Archdeacon PAUL. With a Plan of a Greek Theatre. 4s.

LONDON: RIVINGTONS, WATERLOO PLACE.

ARNOLD'S ELEMENTARY COURSE OF LATIN.

HENRY'S FIRST LATIN BOOK. Sixteenth Edition, 12mo. 3s. The object of this work (which is founded on the principles of imitation and frequent repetition) is to enable the pupil to do exercises from the first day of his beginning his Accidence.

A SECOND LATIN BOOK, and PRACTICAL GRAMMAR. Intended as a Sequel to "Henry's First Latin Book." Eighth Edition, 12mo. 4s.

HISTORIÆ ANTIQVÆ EPITOME, from CORNELIUS NEPOS, JUVEN, &c. With English Notes, Rules for Construing, Questions, Geographical Lists, &c. Seventh Edition, 4s.

A FIRST CLASSICAL ATLAS, containing Fifteen Maps, coloured in outline; intended as a companion to the "Historiæ Antiquæ Epitome." 8vo. 7s. 6d.

ECLOGÆ OVIDIANÆ, with English Notes; PART I. (from the *Elætic Poems*). Tenth Edition, 12mo. 2s. 6d.

CORNELIUS NEPOS, PART I. With Critical Questions and Answers, and an imitative Exercise on each Chapter. Third Edition, 4s.

LONDON: RIVINGTONS, WATERLOO PLACE.

ARNOLD'S HIGHER COURSE OF LATIN.

A PRACTICAL INTRODUCTION to LATIN PROSE COMPOSITION. PART I. Twelfth Edition, 8vo. 6s. 6d.

This work is founded on the principles of imitation and frequent repetition. It is at once a Syntax, a Vocabulary, and an Exercise-book; and considerable attention has been paid to the subject of Synonymes. It is now used at all, or nearly all, the public schools.

A PRACTICAL INTRODUCTION to LATIN PROSE COMPOSITION. PART II. Containing the Doctrine of Latin Particles, with Vocabulary, an Antibarbarus, &c. Fourth Edition, 8vo. 6s.

LONGER LATIN EXERCISES. PART I. Third Edition, 8vo. 4s.

The object of this work is to supply boys with an easy collection of short passages, as an Exercise-book for those who have gone once, at least, through the First Part of the Editor's Practical Introduction to Latin Prose Composition.

LONGER LATIN EXERCISES. PART II. Containing a Selection of Passages of greater length, in genuine idiomatic English, for Translation into Latin. 4s.

MATERIALS for TRANSLATION into LATIN. Selected and arranged by AUGUSTUS GROTEFEND. Translated from the German by the Rev. H. H. ARNOLD, B.A., and Edited (with Notes and Excursions from Grotefend) by the late Rev. T. K. ARNOLD, M.A. Third Edition, 8vo. 7s. 6d.

A KEY to GROTEFEND'S MATERIALS for TRANSLATION. 4s.

DÖDERLEIN'S HANDBOOK of LATIN SYNONYMES. Translated from the German by the Rev. H. H. ARNOLD, B.A. Second Edition, revised, 12mo. 4s.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES. From the Swedish of Bojesen. Translated from Dr. HOFFA's German Version by the Ven. Archdeacon PAUL. Second Edition, 8vo. 6d.

LONDON: RIVINGTONS, WATERLOO PLACE.

MR. BENTLEY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

STIRRING TIMES UNDER CANVAS. By Captain HENSON. Post 8vo.

MEMOIRS of a CHEQUERED LIFE. By CHARLES STRETTON, Esq. 3 vols. 31s. 6d., with a Portrait of the Author from a Photograph.

NEW WORK OF FICTION.

RAISING the VEIL. By JOHN POMEROY. 2 vols. post 8vo.

NELLY ARMSTRONG. By the Author of "Rose Douglas." 8vo. 7s. 6d. Forming the New Volume of "Bentley's Standard Novels."

With an Introduction by the Author of "Mary Powell."

JERUSALEM the GOLDEN, and the WAY to IT. By the Rev. HERMAN DOUGLAS, M.A., Author of "Letters on Londoners over the Border." Small 8vo. with Illustrations, bound, 5s.

LONDON: RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET, Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

Just published, crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

FREDERICK LUCAS: A BIOGRAPHY.

By C. J. RIETHMÜLLER, Author of "Teuton;" a Poem.

"It is very seldom that so good a piece of biography is offered to the public. It is almost everything a biography of the kind ought to be."—*Saturday Review*.
"This is a pleasant memoir of a man who deserves to be remembered by his contemporaries, and to be respected wherever he is remembered."—*Spectator*.

LONDON: BELL & DALDY, 186 FLEET STREET.

Just published, crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

THE FRITHIOF SAGA: A POEM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE NORWEGIAN,

By the Rev. R. MUCKLESTON, M.A.

Rector of Dinedor, Herefordshire; late Fellow and Tutor of Worcester College, Oxford.

LONDON: BELL & DALDY, 186 FLEET STREET.

NEW AND CHOICE BOOKS.

All the best Works of the Season, and of the past twenty years, are in Circulation and on Sale at

MUDIE'S LIBRARY.

Revised Prospectuses, with Lists of Works recently added, and of Surplus Copies withdrawn for Sale, are now ready, and will be forwarded, postage free, on application.

CHARLES EDWARD MUDIE,

NEW OXFORD STREET, AND KING STREET, CHEAPSIDE.

BRANCH ESTABLISHMENTS: CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER; AND NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

CHEAP BOOKS.

Purchasers of Books for Public or Private Libraries are invited to apply for C. E. MUDIE'S LIST of SURPLUS COPIES of RECENT WORKS, withdrawn from his Library, for SALE. The August List contains "Aids to Faith," Montalbert's "Monks of the West," "A Strange Story," and more than a thousand other books of the past and present season, at greatly reduced prices.

CHARLES EDWARD MUDIE,

NEW OXFORD STREET, AND KING STREET, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON; CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER; AND NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

THE LIBRARY COMPANY LIMITED,

For the Circulation of English, Foreign, and Colonial Literature.

CHAIRMAN—WILLIAM CONINGHAM, Esq., M.P.

SINGLE SUBSCRIPTION—HALF-A-GUINEA PER ANNUM.

No work of general interest is, on any pretext whatever, excluded from the collection.

A List of the Town and Country Depôts (where Subscriptions can be paid and Books exchanged), terms, and all other information, can be had, postage free, on application.

By order,

FRANK FOWLER,

Secretary.

Central Offices: 25 Pall Mall, S.W.

DE VIRIS ILLUSTRIBUS URBIS ROMÆ, a Romulo ad Augustum: an Elementary Latin Reading-Book; being a Series of Biographical Chapters on Roman History, chronologically arranged; simplified from the Text of Livy and other Roman writers; adapted, with Annotations and a Vocabulary, from the work of FRANCIS LINGGERS. By the Editor of the "Graded Series of English Reading Books." Small 8vo. 3s.

LONDON: RIVINGTONS, WATERLOO PLACE.

"Mr. Murray's excellent and uniform series."—*English Churchman*.

HISTORICAL CLASS-BOOKS

FOR ADVANCED SCHOLARS.

These Works are designed to supply a long-acknowledged want in our School Literature—Histories in volumes of moderate size, adapted for the Upper and Middle Forms in Schools.

THE FOLLOWING ARE NOW READY.

THE STUDENT'S HUME: a History of England, from the Earliest Times to the Revolution of 1688. Based on the History by DAVID HUME, corrected and continued to 1858. 25th Thousand. Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

THE STUDENT'S HISTORY of FRANCE. From the Earliest Times to the Establishment of the Second Empire, 1852. Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

THE STUDENT'S HISTORY of GREECE. From the Earliest Times to the Roman Conquest. With the History of Literature and Art. By Dr. WM. SMITH. 20th Thousand. Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

THE STUDENT'S HISTORY of ROME. From the Earliest Times to the Establishment of the Empire. With the History of Literature and Art. By DEAN LIDDELL. 18th Thousand. Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

THE STUDENT'S GIBBON: an Epitome of the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By EDWARD GIBBON. 10th Thousand. Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

THE STUDENT'S MANUAL of ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY. Based on the Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography. Edited by Dr. WM. SMITH. Woodcuts. Post 8vo. 9s.

THE STUDENT'S HANDBOOK of DESCRIPTIVE and PRACTICAL ASTRONOMY. By GEORGE F. CHAMBERS. Illustrations. Post 8vo. 12s.

THE STUDENT'S MANUAL of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By GEORGE P. MARSH. Edited, with Additions and Notes, by Dr. WM. SMITH. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL HISTORIES.

A HISTORY of ENGLAND, from the Invasion by the Romans down to 1858. By MRS. MARKHAM. 136th Thousand. Woodcuts. 12mo. 6s.

A HISTORY of FRANCE, from the Conquest by the Gauls to the Death of Louis-Philippe. By MRS. MARKHAM. 50th Thousand. Woodcuts. 12mo. 6s.

A HISTORY of GERMANY, from the Invasion of the Kingdom by the Romans under Marius to the Present Time. By MRS. MARKHAM. 15th Thousand. Woodcuts. 12mo. 6s.

LITTLE ARTHUR'S HISTORY of ENGLAND. By Lady CALLCOTT. 112th Thousand. Woodcuts. 18mo. 2s. 6d.

DR. WM. SMITH'S SMALLER HISTORY of GREECE, for the use of Junior Classes. Woodcuts. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

DR. WM. SMITH'S SMALLER HISTORY of ROME, for the use of Junior Classes. Woodcuts. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

DR. WM. SMITH'S SMALLER HISTORY of ENGLAND, for the use of Junior Classes. Woodcuts. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

POCKET GUIDE-BOOKS FOR TOURISTS.

LONDON.

STANFORD'S LONDON GUIDE, for the Stranger and Resident, containing full information respecting Conveyances, Places of Resort, Police and Postal Regulations, Public and Private Buildings, Museums, Scientific and other Institutions; with Excursions in the Environs. New Edition, with an Appendix containing an Account of the Contents of the International Exhibition as finally arranged, with 2 Maps, 3s. 6d.

PARIS.

STANFORD'S PARIS GUIDE. Containing Instructions on Routes, Hotels, Restaurateurs, Public Conveyances, Police Regulations, Tables of French Money and Measures, a short History of Paris, its Government, Public Buildings, Ecclesiastical Edifices, Curiosities, Places of Public Amusement, Environs of Paris, &c., with Plans of Paris, its Environs, and a Frontispiece. Third Edition, 3s. 6d. [Preparing.]

SOUTH COAST OF ENGLAND.

GUIDE to the SOUTH COAST of ENGLAND, from the Reculvers to the Land's End, and from Cape Cornwall to the Devon Foreland, including all the information necessary for Tourists and Visitors. With 4 Maps. By MACKENZIE E. C. WALCOTT, M.A. Price 7s.; or separately—

Kent, with Map, 2s.
Sussex, with Map, 2s.

Hants and Dorset, with Map, 2s.
Devon and Cornwall, with Map, 2s.

ISLE OF WIGHT.

A GUIDE to the ISLE of WIGHT, its Approaches and Places of Resort, and a general synopsis of its Topography, Agriculture, Products, Antiquities, and Architecture; History, Geology, Botany, and Zoology. By the Rev. E. VENABLES, M.A., and Eminent Local Naturalists. With Map, 7s. 6d.; or with the Map mounted on linen, and in a separate case, 10s. 6d.

WEYMOUTH.

A GUIDE to the GEOLOGY of WEYMOUTH and the ISLAND of PORTLAND. With Map and Illustrations. By ROBERT DAMON. 5s.

A Supplement to the above, consisting of Nine Lithographic Plates of Fossils, drawn by Bone. 2s. 6d.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

A GUIDE to JERSEY, GUERNSEY, SARK, HERM, JETHOU, ALDERNEY, &c., with Notes on their History, Geology, Climate, Agriculture, Laws, &c. By F. F. DALLY, Esq. Second Edition, with Map, 3s. 6d.; or separately, viz. Jersey, with Map, 2s.; Guernsey, with Map, 2s.

NORTH WALES.

A GUIDE THROUGH NORTH WALES and the ADJACENT BORDERS, including the Basin of the River Dee, and the Upper Basin of the Severn as far as Shrewsbury. Designed to accompany the Ordnance Maps, and arranged according to the natural structure of the country, so as to direct attention to all parts, whether traversed by public vehicles, or only accessible to private carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians. By WILLIAM CATHRAL, Author of "Wanderings in North Wales," &c. With Map, 5s.

LAKES.

A GUIDE to the LAKES, MOUNTAINS, and NORTH-WEST COAST of ENGLAND, from the Dee to the Solway, descriptive of Scenery, Historical, Legendary, and Archaeological, with Notices of their Botany and Geology. By MACKENZIE E. C. WALCOTT, M.A. With Map, 3s. 6d.

ISLE OF MAN.

A GUIDE to the ISLE of MAN, its Approaches and Places of Resort, with Walks, Drives, and Excursions, together with its History, Geology, Botany, Topography, Agriculture, &c. By the Rev. J. G. CUMMING. With Map, 4s. 6d.

EAST COAST OF ENGLAND.

A GUIDE to the EAST COAST of ENGLAND, from the Thames to the Tweed, descriptive of Scenery, Historical, Legendary, and Archaeological; with Notes of its Botany and Geology. By MACKENZIE E. C. WALCOTT, M.A. With Map, 5s.; or separately—
Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, with Map, 2s.
Lincoln and Yorkshire, with Map, 2s.
Durham and Northumberland, with Map, 2s.

CATHEDRALS of the UNITED KINGDOM: their History, Architecture, and Traditions; Notices of their Eminent Ecclesiastics and the Monuments of their Illustrious Dead; also short Notes of the Objects of Interest in each Cathedral City, and a popular Introduction to Church Architecture. By MACKENZIE E. C. WALCOTT, M.A. Second Edition. 5s.

MINSTERS and ABBEY RUINS of the UNITED KINGDOM: their History, Architecture, Monuments, and Traditions. With Notices of the larger Parish Churches and Collegiate Chapels. By MACKENZIE E. C. WALCOTT, M.A. 4s.

LONDON: EDWARD STANFORD, 6 CHARING CROSS, S.W.

Mr. Newby has just published

THE TEN MOST POPULAR NOVELS OF THE SEASON.

1. HEARTHS and WATCHFIRES.
2. THE LAST DAYS of a PACHELOR.
3. A GENTLEMAN'S STORY.
4. YORK HOUSE. By W. PLATT.
5. THE DULL STONE HOUSE.
6. RECA GARLAND.
7. RIGHT and LEFT. By Mrs. Newby.
8. A MARRIAGE at the MADEIRA.
9. MARY GRAHAM. By A. CRANSTON.
10. FERNE VALE.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. By CYRUS RABSON.

NEARLY READY,

STANFORD'S LIBRARY MAP

OF
ASIA,
CONSTRUCTED

By ALEXANDER KEITH JOHNSTON, F.R.S.E., F.R.G.S.

Editor of "The Physical Atlas," &c.

ENGRAVED IN THE FINEST STYLE, ON COPPER PLATES.

Size, 65 inches by 38; Scale, 110 miles to an inch.

Full coloured and mounted to fold in cloth case, £3; in morocco case, £3 13s. 6d.; on roller varnished, £3; on spring roller, £6.

This new and original Work is uniform with Stanford's Library Maps of Europe and Australasia, already published. It exhibits the Empires and other States of the Oriental World, with a stricter regard to their actual boundaries and divisions than any other publication has yet attempted. Although the size of the Map extends to the limits of convenience, its scale of 110 miles to an inch serves to show how inadequate a small map must be for the representation of so large an area. In proceeding with this unequalled series, the Publisher relies on the patronage of statesmen, merchants, and other important classes, whose pursuits induce them to appreciate and encourage geographical research.

LONDON: EDWARD STANFORD, 6 CHARING CROSS, S.W.

Now ready, Vol. I. 3s. 6d. cloth, to be completed in 2 vols.

HANDBOOK TO THE INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862.

By ROBERT HUNT, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.S.

(Published with the Authority of Her Majesty's Commissioners, and sold within the Building by their sanction.)

CONTENTS:

- CLASS I. Mining, Quarrying, Metallurgy, and Mineral Products.
- " II. Chemical and Pharmaceutical Processes.
- " III. Substances used as Food.
- " IV. Animal and Vegetable Substances used in Manufactures.
- " V. Railway Plant, including Locomotive Engines and Carriages.
- " VI. Carriages not connected with Rail or Tram Roads.
- " VII. Manufacturing Machines and Tools.
- " VIII. Machinery in General.
- " IX. Agricultural and Horticultural Machines and Implements.
- " X. Civil Engineering, Architectural, and Building Contrivances.
- " XI. Military Engineering, Armour and Accoutrements, Ordnance and Small Arms.
- " XII. Naval Architecture and Ships' Tackle.
- " XIII. Iron and General Hardware.

The Volume can also be had in five parts, 6d. each, per post 7d.

"The most satisfactory of the original publications issued in connexion with the Exhibition, and we are glad to be among those who derive information from it."—*Examiner*.

LONDON: EDWARD STANFORD, 6 CHARING CROSS, S.W.
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

Will be ready for delivery in a few days, and may be had at all respectable Booksellers, and Circulating Libraries.

LES ECOSSAIS EN FRANCE; LES FRANÇAIS EN ECOSSE.

Par FRANCISQUE-MICHEL,

Correspondant de l'Institut de France, de l'Académie Impériale de Vienne, de l'Académie Royale des Sciences de Turin, des Sociétés des Antiquaires de Londres, d'Ecosse et de Normandie. Membre honoraire de l'Association Archéologique Caennaise, &c.

"Les Ecosais en France; les Français en Ecosse," forming two octavo volumes of about 600 pages each, with more than 100 Colours of Arms and other illustrations, price £1 12s., in a highly ornamental binding, with emblematical design. There is also an edition in quarto, upon thick paper, with three engravings on steel, of Mary Queen of Scots, of King Charles VII., attended by his Archer Guard in full dress, and of a Scotch Archer in the costume of a later period, each page of the letter-press being lined with red. This edition, the impression of which is restricted to 100 copies—each of which will be numbered—costs three guineas, and contains a list of the subscribers.

In addition to many subscribers to the svo. edition the following have been obtained for the quarto:

Her Majesty's Library, Windsor Castle
His Highness Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte
His Grace the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon
The Marquis of Breadalbane
The Earl of Powis
The Earl of Home
Le Comte de Montalembert
Le Comte Henry de Laun-Lauze, Bordeaux
His Excellency M. Sylvain van de Weyer
The Lord Lindsay
D. Forbes Campbell, Esq.
T. Dempster Gordon, Esq.
Robert Chambers, Esq.
James Morrison, Esq., Glasgow
Adam Sim, Esq.
Rev. Robert Gordon, Edinburgh
Rev. Wm. Stevenson, D.D.
George Home Drummond
Mrs. Leigh Setonby
Seymour Teulon, Esq.

"Since the year 1857, when the Count of Salvandy, then one of the Ministers of Public Instruction, sent him into Great Britain to search our public libraries and archives for indited materials of French history, M. Michel has never lost sight of the purpose now at last so well executed; nor will any one, who sees the amount of vouchers collected, or who can estimate the labour bestowed, think that the author has been either tardy in his work or capricious in his plan. He has indeed performed for Scotch-Gallie annals little less than Varro effected for those of Rome and Italy:—descriptions temporum, aeternum jura, domesticam, bellicam disciplinam . . . operuit."—*Saturday Review*.

LONDON: TRÜBNER & CO., 60 PATERNOSTER ROW.

This day, by the Author of "The Woman in White,"

BASIL.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

An entirely New Edition, with Steel Frontispiece by JOHN GILBERT, handsomely bound in cloth, 8s.

LONDON: SAMPSON LOW, SON, & CO., 47 LUDGATE HILL.

NOTICE.—THE NEW NOVEL.

On Tuesday next, at all Libraries and Booksellers in Town and Country,

FOOTSTEPS BEHIND HIM:

A NOVEL.

By WILLIAM J. STEWART.

3 vols. post 8vo.

LONDON: SAMPSON LOW, SON, & CO., 47 LUDGATE HILL.

PRICE 3d. STAMPED 4d.

THE PARTHENON,

For AUGUST 9, contains:

REVIEWS OF:—

HOW WE GOT TO PEKIN.

ARTEMUS WARD.

ACCEPTED ADDRESSES.

CONVENT LIFE IN ITALY.

LADIES OF LOVEL-LEIGH.

HAREBELL CHIVES.

RIFLE IN CASHMERE.

SHUTTLEWORTH'S FOUR PERIODS OF PUBLIC EDUCATION.

NOTES FROM PAST LIFE, &c. &c.

REMINISCENCES OF COUNT CAVOUR.

THE FEAT MANUFACTURING MACHINE IN THE EXHIBITION.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM FLORENCE, LEIPZIG, AND THE DECCAN.

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF SCIENCE.

FOSSIL FLORA OF SINIGAGLIA.

SCULPTURE IN THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, &c. &c.

13 Burleigh Street, Strand; sold by all Booksellers and Newsagents.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE ART-JOURNAL

For AUGUST, 2s. 6d.

CONTAINS THE FIFTH DIVISION OF

THE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

OF THE

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION,

In which are comprised engraved specimens from works in the following manufactures of Art-Industry:—Jewellery, Gold and Silver Work, Br. and Silver Shields, Engraved Watch Cases, Brooches, Wood Carving, Ornamental Carved Leather Work, Printed Leather Cloth, "Kampulcon, Bookbinding, Stoves and Fenders, Gasaliers, an elaborately decorated Clock Case, Carved Ivory and Buckhorn Knife Handles, Sewing Machines, "Damask Cloths," "Chain-plates, Encaustic Tiles, Porcelain, Earthenware, Engraved Glass, Fans, Lace, Cabinet Work, &c. &c.

The Literary portion includes articles on "Pictures of the French, Belgian, Italian, and Spanish Schools in the Exhibition," "James Ward," with specimens of his works, by James Dafforne, Esq.; "London Street Architecture," "Notabilia of the Exhibition," "Public Statues in London," "Ephesus and the Temple of Diana," "Crystal Palace Picture Gallery," &c. &c.

The Line Engravings in this Number are

"THE POST OFFICE,"

Engraved by C. W. Sharpe, from the picture by F. Goodall, A.R.A.;

"EHRENBREITSTEIN,"

By J. Cousen, after J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

LONDON: JAMES S. VIRTUE, 36 IVY LANE,
AND INTERNATIONAL BAZAAR.

Now ready, 1 vol. 8vo.

THE PUBLIC LIFE OF LORD MACAULAY.

By FREDERICK ARNOLD, B.A.,

of Christ Church, Oxford.

Now ready, at every Library, 3 vols.

MR. B. JERROLD'S NEW NOVEL,

ENTITLED,

TWO LIVES.

By BLANCHARD JERROLD.

Now ready, at every Library,

MR. SALA'S NEW WORK,

ACCEPTED ADDRESSES.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA,

Author of "Seven Sons of Mammon," "Dutch Pictures."

* * It is from this work that Mr. Sala is giving public readings.

Now ready, uniform with the "Little Tour in Ireland," with Illustrations by Charles Keene, &c.

THE CAMBRIDGE GRISETTE:

A Tale of Student Life.

By HERBERT VAUGHAN.

TINSLEY BROTHERS, 18 CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.

BY HER MAJESTY'S MOST GRACIOUS PERMISSION.

Shortly will be published, 1 vol. 8vo.

MEDITATIONS ON DEATH AND ETERNITY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY FREDERICA ROWAN.

LONDON: TRÜBNER & CO., 60 PATERNOSTER ROW.

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

GRAVENHURST;

Or, Thoughts on Good and Evil.

By WILLIAM SMITH,

Author of "Thorndale," &c.

"One of those rare books which, being filled with noble and beautiful thoughts, deserves an attentive and thoughtful perusal."—*Westminster Review*.
"Our space will only allow us to mention, in passing, the charming volume of subtle thought, expressed in a graceful transparent style, which the author of 'Thorndale' has just issued under the title of 'Gravenhurst, or, Thoughts on Good and Evil.' We will simply recommend every reader, fond of thoughtful writing on the moral aspects of life, to carry 'Gravenhurst' with him into some delightful solitude."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITIONS.

I

A New Edition, being the Fifth.

Enlarged and more fully illustrated, cloth, 1s. 6d.

INTRODUCTORY TEXT-BOOK OF GEOLOGY.

By DAVID PAGE, F.G.S.

II

A New Edition, being the Tenth.

Enlarged and more fully illustrated, 6s.

ADVANCED TEXT-BOOK OF GEOLOGY,

DESCRIPTIVE AND INDUSTRIAL.

By DAVID PAGE, F.G.S.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

Of whom may be had, by the same Author,

HANDBOOK OF GEOLOGICAL TERMS AND GEOLOGY, 6s.

THE PAST and PRESENT LIFE of the GLOBE: Being a Sketch in Outline of the World's Life System, 6s.

A NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION.

TRAVELLING MAP OF SCOTLAND.

By ALEX. KEITH JOHNSTON, F.R.S.E., F.R.G.S.

With Index of easy reference to 9,250 Places on the Map.

In a Pocket-case, 7s. 6d.; or in Sheets, 6s.

"A Map which has certainly nothing like a rival in any map of the country previously published. For completeness, accuracy, and finish, it is perfect. Not a turnpike or carriage road, or important footpath throughout the length and breadth of the land, but has its representative here in double and single black lines."—*Scotsman*.

By the same Author,

A NEW TRAVELLING MAP

OF

ENGLAND AND WALES.

On Two Sheets, 6s.; or on Canvas in a Pocket-case, with Index of 11,700 Places on the Map, 6s.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

IMPORTANT HISTORICAL WORKS,

By MARK NAPIER, Esq., Advocate.

Just completed,

CLAVERHOUSE, VISCOUNT DUNDEE.

In 3 handsome vols. Illustrated with fine Portraits and Plates, 8vo. boards, £2 12s. 6d.

MEMORIALS AND LETTERS

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE

LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHN GRAHAM

OF

CLAVERHOUSE,

VISCOUNT DUNDEE.

THE GREAT AND VALLANT MONTROSE.

Uniform with the above, 2 vols. profusely illustrated with Portraits, 8vo. boards, 32s.

MEMOIRS OF JAMES GRAHAM,

FIRST MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

EDINBURGH: THOMAS GEORGE STEVENSON.
LONDON: HAMILTON, ADAMS, & CO.

CHAPMAN & HALL'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Price 6s.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW, No. XXIX.

CONTENTS:

1. FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLODY.
2. M. RENAN'S TRANSLATION OF JOB.
3. THE ROMAN INDEX OF FORBIDDEN BOOKS.
4. THE GROWTH OF THE EARLY ITALIAN POETRY.
5. BAXTER AND OWEN.
6. MODERN LATIN VERSE.
7. POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS PHASES OF THE ROMAN QUESTION.
8. THE SLAVE POWER AND THE SECESSION WAR.
9. BOOKS OF THE QUARTER SUITABLE FOR READING SOCIETIES.

MR. HARRISON AINSWORTH'S NEW WORK.

3 vols. post 8vo.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON;

Or, City Life in the Last Century.

By WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

"Mr. Ainsworth's matured experience as a novelist, the unfailing accuracy with which he reproduces pictures of the past, the life which he imparts to the actors in his well-constructed stories, and the most judicious hints that fill his pages, are safe guarantees for the entertainment of every reader. Around the well-conceived and equally well-executed character of Sir Graham Lorimer, whose year of office is Mr. Ainsworth's theme, are grouped a various assemblage, each of whom preserves a distinct individuality, whether he have history for his voucher, or be simply the creation of the author's brain. To the first category belong King George III., his favorite Bute, the great 'Commoner' Pitt, the 'Butcher' Cumberland, the renowned Jack Wilkes, and a host of celebrated personages; to the second, the several members of the Lord Mayor's family, his proud wife, his beautiful daughters, his spendthrift son, his really captivating niece, his faithful head clerk—a most original fellow, Alice Walworth—a City flirt of the first water, courtly aldermen, Jew money-lenders and sharpers, all of them essential to the story, which is most dramatic in its treatment."—*Examiner*.

2 vols. crown 8vo. 21s.

MARIETTA: A NOVEL.

By THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, Author of "La Beata," &c.

"A production worthy of a member of the Trollope family. We find in it a skilfully-executed and highly-finished picture of middle-class life in Florence; and the incidents have the great merit of novelty. We assure our readers they will find the story irresistible."—*Athenaeum*.

MR. CARLYLE'S FREDERICK THE GREAT.

Demy 8vo. with Portrait and Maps, Vol. III., 50s.

HISTORY OF FRIEDRICH THE SECOND,

CALLED

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

By THOMAS CARLYLE.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S NEW WORK.

Now ready, Second Edition, 2 vols. demy 8vo. 31s.

NORTH AMERICA.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Author of "The West Indies and the Spanish Main."

"This book should be welcomed both for its subject and its author, for this latest survey of the States is information on an engrossing topic, and it is information endorsed by a popular name. Mr. Trollope promised himself that he would write his own book about the United States on the ambition of his literary life, irrespective of their recent troubles. The circumstance that he has seen them seething in the cauldron of revolution, though not part of his original design, adds immensely to the animation and interest of the result."—*Times*, June 11.

FRANCATELLI'S NEW WORK.

Post 8vo. 12s.

THE ROYAL ENGLISH & FOREIGN CONFECTIONER:

A PRACTICAL TREATISE on the ART of CONFECTIONERY in all its BRANCHES.

By CHARLES ELMÉ FRANCATELLI.

Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

ROADS AND RAILS;

And their Practical Influence on Human Progress, Past, Present, and To Come.

By W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

"A suggestive book on matters about which few men are so well qualified to speak as the author. It will provoke discussion and win the notice of that wide circle of readers who, while they gratify a strong yearning after useful information, are by no means disinclined for the entertainment of a few good stories."—*Athenaeum*.

Post 8vo. 9s.

EUROPEAN SETTLEMENTS ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

WITH REMARKS on the SLAVE TRADE and the SUPPLY of COTTON.

By Capt. J. F. N. HEWETT, F.R.G.S.

Post 8vo. 10s. 6d. Second Series of

THE ENGLISH AT HOME.

By ALPHONSE ESQUIROS, Author of "The Dutch at Home."

Translated by LASCELLES WRAXALL.

"Again is M. Esquiros holding up the mirror to Englishmen with knowledge, good humour, patience, and accuracy. In this volume he discourses of clubs, theatres, the press, and the turf, fleetly, intelligently, with a little satire, involving much good sense and a faithful purpose of depicting us as we are. His picture of a Derby Day is vivid, variegated, and life-like."—*Athenaeum*.

CHAPMAN & HALL, 193 PICCADILLY.

CHAPPELL & CO.'S

NEW ROOMS,
50 NEW BOND STREET.

PIANOFORTES AND HARMONIUMS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

NEW AND SECOND-HAND,

FOR SALE OR HIRE.

These beautiful Rooms contain Pianofortes of every description, by every celebrated maker of London, &c., and form a collection unequalled by that of any other Establishment.

The Instruments are classified in the following manner:—

ROOM No. 1.—PIANOFORTES of every description from TEN to THIRTY-FIVE GUINEAS.

ROOM No. 2.—PIANOFORTES from THIRTY-FIVE to SIXTY GUINEAS.

ROOM No. 3.—PIANOFORTES from SIXTY to ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS and UPWARDS; also HARMONIUMS of the best kinds.

ROOM No. 4.—HARMONIUMS of every description from SIX to SIXTY GUINEAS and UPWARDS.

ROOMS Nos. 5, 6, 7, and 8, are appropriated to PIANOFORTES and HARMONIUMS for Hire, and include Instruments of every kind, by ALEXANDRE, BRADWOOD, COLLARD, ERARD, &c. &c.

Purchasers have thus the opportunity of hearing, side by side, Pianofortes by every recognised maker, and of forming a far more correct judgment of their various merits than can possibly be obtained by visiting the different factories, the acoustic properties of which necessarily differ greatly, and frequently deceive the ear even of the most skilful.

The superiority of tone of ALEXANDRE'S Harmoniums is too well established to need any comment. An immense assortment may be seen, suitable to the School-room, Church, or Drawing-room, ranging in price from Five to Eighty-five Guineas.

Any Instrument may be exchanged within six months of the date of purchase, should it fail to give entire satisfaction.

A perfectly new Pianoforte or Harmonium may be hired, if taken for twelve months certain.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862.

PRIZE MEDAL

AWARDED TO

CHAPPELL & CO.

PIANOFORTES.

CHAPPELL'S FOREIGN PIANO: a very elegant Pianoforte, of a small size, but with the full compass, check action, and perfect touch; admirably adapted to small rooms, yachts, boudoirs, &c. Excellent for keeping in tune; and the cheapest Pianoforte with check action yet made. Price 25 Guineas, either in rosewood or walnut. Height, 3 ft. 4 in.

CHAPPELL'S ENGLISH MODEL COTTAGE PIANOFORTE.—To amateurs preferring the pure English tone of the BROADWOOD and COLLARD quality, the English Model will be found the most perfectly satisfactory instrument at a moderate price. The action is of the same simple description as the above makers', and therefore especially adapted to the country, where the more complicated actions are objectionable to the tuners.

In elegant Rosewood case, with full fret, similar in all respects to other instruments at 50 Guineas, price 35 Guineas. In splendid walnut (similar to other 60 Guinea instruments), 40 Guineas.

CHAPPELL'S FOREIGN MODEL PIANOFORTE, price 50 Guineas; or, in handsome walnut, 60 Guineas.—This instrument has (unlike other Cottage Pianofortes) Three Strings, and the fullest Grand compass of Seven Octaves. It is strengthened by every possible means to endure the greatest amount of wear, and to stand perfectly in any climate. The workmanship is of the best description; the tone is round, full, and rich; and the power equal to that of a Bichord Grand. The case is of the most elegant description, in rosewood; the touch elastic; and the repetition very rapid. No Pianoforte, in all respects comparable, has hitherto been made in England at the same price. Every instrument will be warranted, and (if desired) exchanged within twelve months of the purchase.

SECOND-HAND PIANOFORTES and HARMONIUMS.—ALEXANDRE HARMONIUMS and PIANOFORTES of every description, nearly (if not quite) as good as new, at greatly reduced prices. Second-hand Instruments of every description, and in great variety, by BROADWOOD, COLLARD, ERARD, CHAPPELL, KIRKMAN, &c.

AN IMMENSE STOCK OF SECOND-HAND PIANOFORTES AND HARMONIUMS.

CHAPPELL & CO., 50 NEW BOND STREET.

PRIZE MEDAL

AWARDED TO

ALEXANDRE & CO.

HARMONIUMS.

NEW FIVE-GUINEA HARMONIUM, by ALEXANDRE, the best of all makers. In oak case with a compass of Four Octaves. Perfect for the Cottage, School, or Choir. Price Five Guineas. At CHAPPELL'S, 50 New Bond Street.

NEW SIX-GUINEA HARMONIUM, by ALEXANDRE, with Five Octaves, two footboards, and in oak case. These instruments are lower in price, and superior to all other cheap Harmoniums. Descriptive Lists on application to CHAPPELL & CO., 50 New Bond Street.

NEW CHURCH HARMONIUMS, with two rows of keys, by ALEXANDRE.—No. 1, with double key-board, 8 stops, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ rows of vibrators, in rosewood case, 45 Guineas. No. 2, with double key-board, 22 stops, and 6 rows of vibrators, in rosewood, or polished oak case, price 70 Guineas. These instruments surpass all others for Church purposes, and are equally adapted to the Organist's use in a Drawing-room. They are especially manufactured to resist the ill-effects of damp, which is too common in churches, and are consequently not liable to derangement. Testimonials to the great superiority of the Alexandre Harmoniums, from Professors STERNDALÉ BENNETT and Sir GEORGE OUSELEY; also, from Dr. RIMBAULT, Mr. GOSS, Mr. TURLE, Herr ENGEL, and the most eminent Professors and Organists, with full Descriptive Lists, will be forwarded on application to CHAPPELL & CO., 50 New Bond Street.

ALEXANDRE DRAWING-ROOM HARMONIUMS.

- | | |
|---|-------------|
| No. 1. Three stops, percussion action, additional blower, and in rosewood case | 25 Guineas. |
| " 2. Eight stops, percussion action, additional blower, and in rosewood case | 35 " |
| " 3. Sixteen stops, percussion action, additional blower, voix céleste, &c. (the best Harmonium that can be made) | 60 " |